WEEK ENDING AUG. 25, 1928

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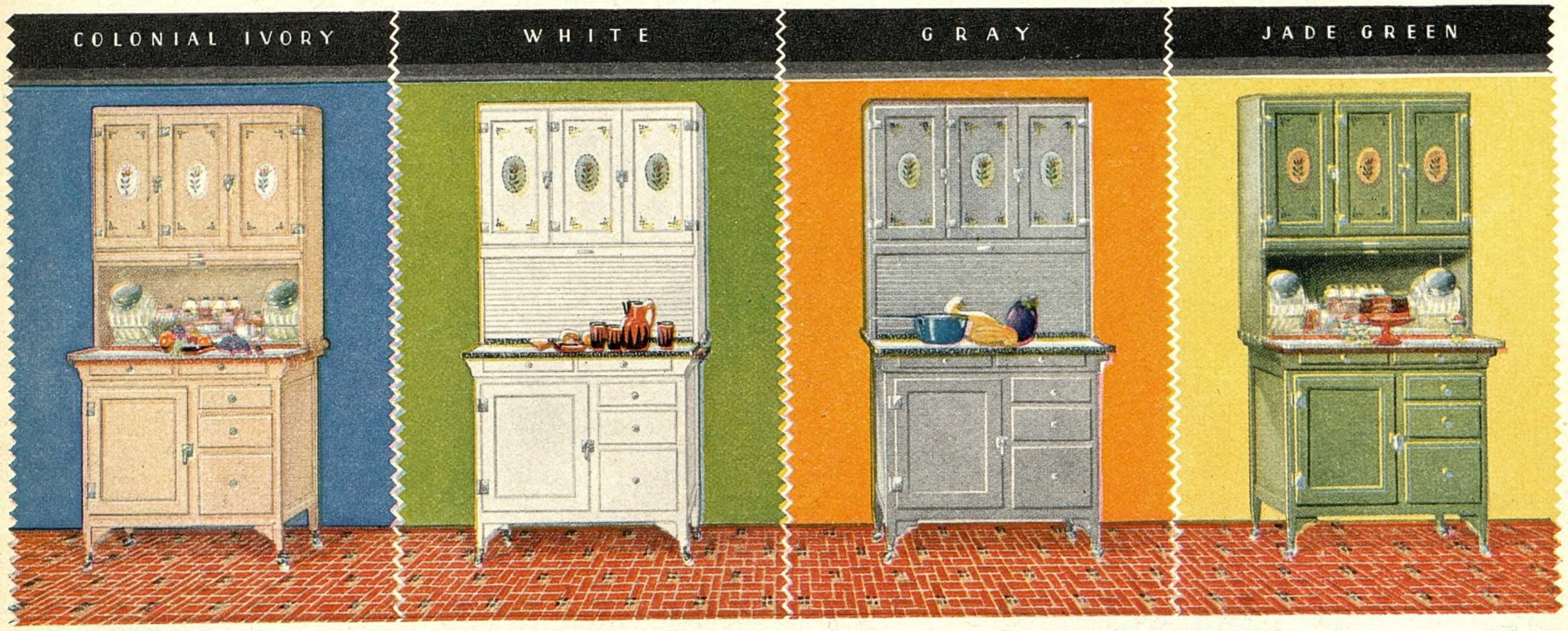
Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

COMFORT ~ ERSKINE ~ HAMILTON ~ MACARTHUR ~ SPRINGS

As little as $5 down

will place a colorful SELLERS *in your home*



How much is it worth to find a new joy in your kitchen hours?—to feel an irrepressible desire to SING, *even at dish-washing time? Is it worth* $5 NOW—*and a little bit each month for the next few months?*

$39.85

A genuine Sellers. Finest lumber and craftsmanship. *Klear*-Front porcelain work table. Twenty-five pound flour bin. Metal bread box. Non-jamming drawers. Ant-proof casters. Eight piece glassware set. A great value.

WITH just that small amount you can start *your* colorful kitchen. Can you imagine it? A gay, inspiring, flower-garden of a kitchen—with a new, stylish, Sellers Kitchenaire in the place of honor—to make irksome tasks easy and long hours short and happy.

Any Sellers dealer will deliver a Sellers Kitchenaire to your home for as little as a $5 down payment. You may choose the beautiful Jade Green, the Satin White, the dainty Colonial Ivory or the trim-looking Sellers Gray.

If your kitchen is very spacious or includes a breakfast porch, there is the newest idea of all—the Sellers Kitchen Ensemble—Cabinet, Utility Closets and a complete Breakfast Set all done in the same delightful colors and decorations. This, too, may be purchased on very attractive terms.

THEN—with a few touches of colorful lacquer, enamel and paint in furniture and woodwork—some colorful linoleum—dainty, flowered curtaining—a few pieces of the new bright-colored kitchenware—your colorful kitchen is complete. Thousands of women are bringing their cold, laboratory-like kitchens up-to-date in this way *and at very small expense.*

The Sellers, of course, while arrayed in new and attractive colors, is still the greatest of modern kitchen time- and labor-savers. In it you will find all of those exclusive utility features that have made the name Sellers famous in over a million kitchens.

Bring the brightness—the sunshine—the inspiration of colors into *your* kitchen hours. Start by seeing the nearest Sellers dealer today. Invest $5 now—and pay the balance bit by bit as you enjoy your beautiful modern kitchen.

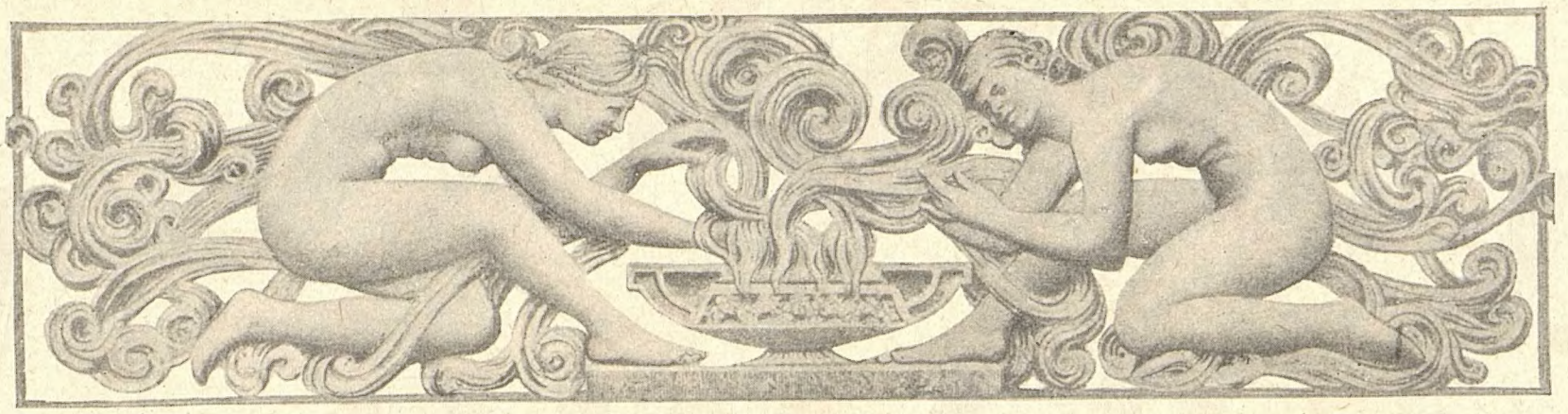
Have we your present address?

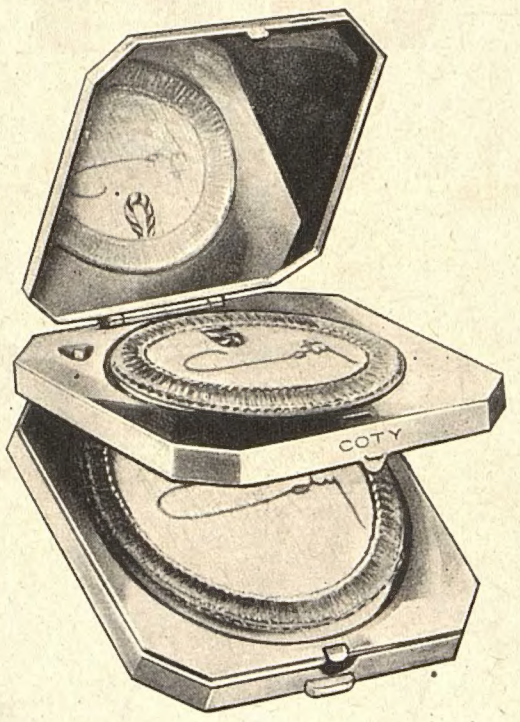
We have our newest piece of literature ready for you. It shows the Sellers line of kitchen cabinets in natural colors. It also shows interesting suggestions of colorful kitchens. Is your present address upon our list? If not, will you send it right away, please?

G. I. SELLERS & SONS CO., *Elwood, Ind.*
Dept. 408

SELLERS
KITCHEN CABINETS

Thousands of women have this book. Send for your copy . . . free





Rouge and Powder

Shade Combinations

BLANC (Poudre Compacte) *with* LIGHT (Rouge)
NATUREL " " *with* BRIGHT, LIGHT, MEDIUM *or* DARK (Rouge)
RACHEL " " *with* LIGHT, MEDIUM *or* DARK (Rouge)

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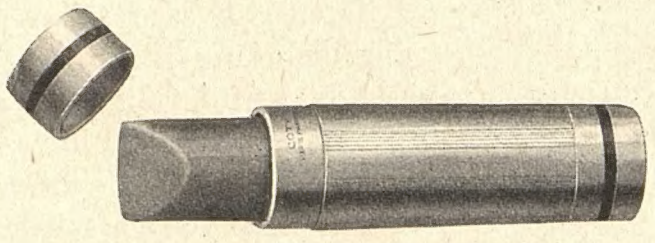
BOTH ROUGE AND POUDRE COMPACTE OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE

DOUBLE COMPACTE

COTY

Adorably chic—with a double aid to beauty for every moment in the day. COTY Rouge and Compact Powder together—in one's individual shades—and the little box of platinum tone the last word in smartness. For a companion in every charming bag—the COTY Olympic Lipstick—the double size—for bewitching accents of colour

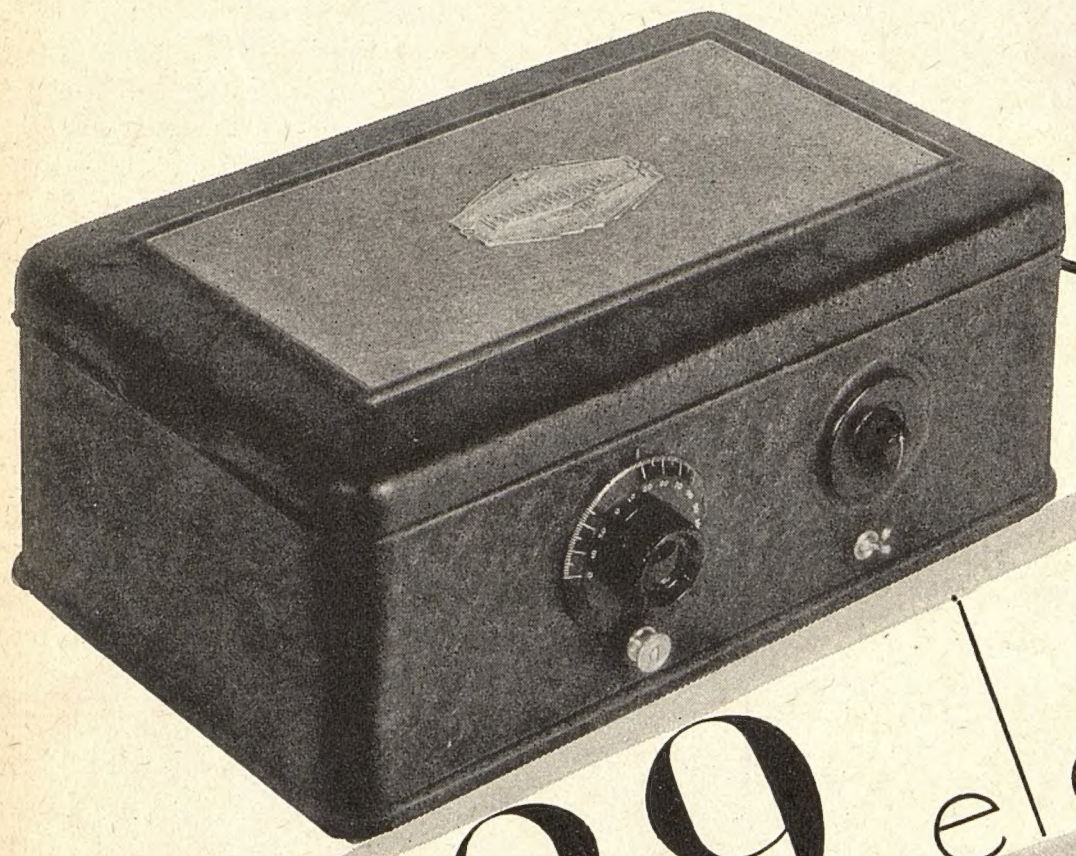


OLYMPIC LIPSTICK
The new double size, in five radiant shades for the glamourous accent of colour.
REFILLS—Obtainable everywhere.

"PERSONAL SERVICE BUREAU"
For guidance in choosing the correct Face Powder shade and expressive perfume odeur to intensify individuality

COTY INC.
714 Fifth Avenue, New York
CANADA—55 McGill College Ave., Montreal

ATWATER KENT RADIO



MODEL 40

the 1929 electric set!

that gives you all you ask of fine radio for

$77

(Without tubes)

Model 40 A. C. set. Satin-finished in brown and gold or deep golden bronze and gold. For 110-120 volt, 50-60 cycle, alternating current. Requires six A. C. tubes and one rectifying tube. $77.

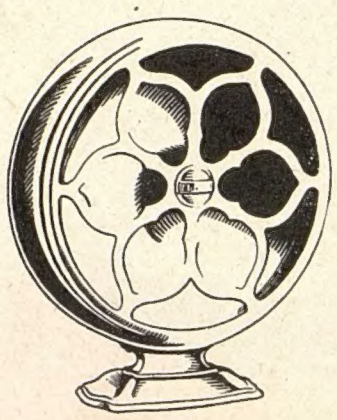
YOUR 1929 electric radio is here!

Get it now and enjoy it now. Tuck it into your car for your vacation. Plug in wherever there's a lamp socket. Dance to distant music, brought up close. Reserve your living-room seat for the speeches of Hoover and Smith. Follow the great airplane adventures. Tour the air tonight—any night—with this surer and simpler and better receiver.

Model 40 proudly steps forth as the 1929 successor of 1928's best seller—the famous Atwater Kent 37, approved by more than 200,000 families. Model 40 marks a decided advance. But the price—because of ever-increasing demand—is still lower—only $77!

Far greater sensitivity—that means a much greater range of stations at the command of the FULL-VISION Dial. The new built-in power unit, sealed against atmospheric action, is smaller and the whole set is five pounds lighter. The improved volume control carries the pure tone smoothly through every gradation of sound.

This set uses about as mucn electricity as a single 40-watt lamp—considerably less than a cent's worth an hour. Into it is built that sturdy *lastingness* which relieves 1,650,000 Atwater Kent owners of annoyance and service fees.



Model 42 A. C. set with automatic line voltage regulator, $86, and Model 44, an extra-powerful, extra-sensitive seven-tube A. C. set, $106.

Battery sets, $49 and $68 (less tubes and batteries).

"Radio's truest voice"

Atwater Kent Radio Speaker: Models E, E-2, E-3, same quality, different in size, each $20.

Twenty-six years of precision manufacturing, including six years of radio, give this simple, beautiful, reliable Model 40 a fineness not to be described in words. See it and try it—to believe. The nearest Atwater Kent dealer offers you a home demonstration. Don't miss a day of this greatest radio year. *The* set of 1929 is ready for you *now.*

On the air—every Sunday night—Atwater Kent Hour—listen in!

Prices slightly higher West of the Rockies

Write for illustrated booklet of Atwater Kent Radio

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING CO.
A. Atwater Kent, President
4749 Wissahickon Avenue · Philadelphia, Pa.

AUG. 25, 1928

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

THAT MULTILATERAL TREATY

In the cloud and fog and obscurity that have enveloped that extremely important step in our foreign relations called the multilateral treaty—a matter which seems to have been further hidden by the heat of our own Presidential campaign—we have not evidently realized that Secretary Kellogg and President Coolidge are taking a step as overt almost and far more secret than did Woodrow Wilson when he tried to get us into the League of Nations.

With Wilson the attempt was no secret. He went to Versailles with trumpets. He tried to force the League of Nations treaty through the Senate. The issue went into the next election, and the treaty was defeated overwhelmingly.

Now Messrs. Coolidge and Kellogg, misguided as they are, are trying to achieve the same thing by the back way.

Probably few even observed the reports of a most important and illuminating speech made the other day by Sir William Joynson-Hicks, the British Home Secretary, in which he declared the United States was enlarging its navy while urging other nations to join it in outlawing war.

As a matter of fact, the United States isn't enlarging its navy, and Sir William was taken to task in Parliament for his statement. But the inference is clear. If we *were* enlarging our navy it would be all wrong. England, France, and Germany expect us to throw down our arms if we are permitted to subscribe to a treaty in which England makes reservations concerning matters within the British Empire, and France makes reservations concerning engagements she has already made with her allies (the nations encircling Germany). Mr. Kellogg, however, has provided no reservations for America, not even to maintain the Monroe Doctrine.

We apparently are expected to trust only to this treaty for defense, and do nothing about our navy. It is well known that we did not increase our battleship program—and still there are sneers from Sir William Joynson-Hicks.

It is no exaggeration—it is the exact truth—to say that the fate of this treaty is more important to this nation than the Presidential election.

The treaty has been surreptitiously and secretly fostered by pacifist organizations. It has almost been put over. Secretary Kellogg already has announced that the United States is ready to sign. A date has been set for the signing ceremonies.

We do not know whether the Senate will fly in the face of this carefully cultivated pacifism. But we do know that the people of this country have not abandoned their belief in the Monroe Doctrine. We know that, without the aid of any European nation, we are able to arrange our own relations with the nations to the south of us. In the past if any European power ever attempted an act subversive of the Monroe Doctrine this nation was the court of last resort in deciding what was to be done. We hope this will continue to be true.

We hope the Senate will add a reservation to the treaty sustaining the Monroe Doctrine in its full strength, so that the final decision as to our own affairs may continue to rest with us.

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George Sylvester Viereck

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Bert Green

August 25, 1928 LIBERTY Vol. 5, No. 34
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Make entertaining a simple, joyous job!

THE hostess who has a General Electric Refrigerator has solved one of the most difficult problems of entertaining. She can have smart delicacies to serve, with very little trouble—and very little expense.

If she plans to have guests in the evening, she can prepare a simple mousse or parfait in the morning—or even the day before. She knows it will be chilled to a point of perfection that only the finest confectioner can rival. She knows, too, that her drinks will be really cold; that many gleaming ice-cubes will be piled up—ready.

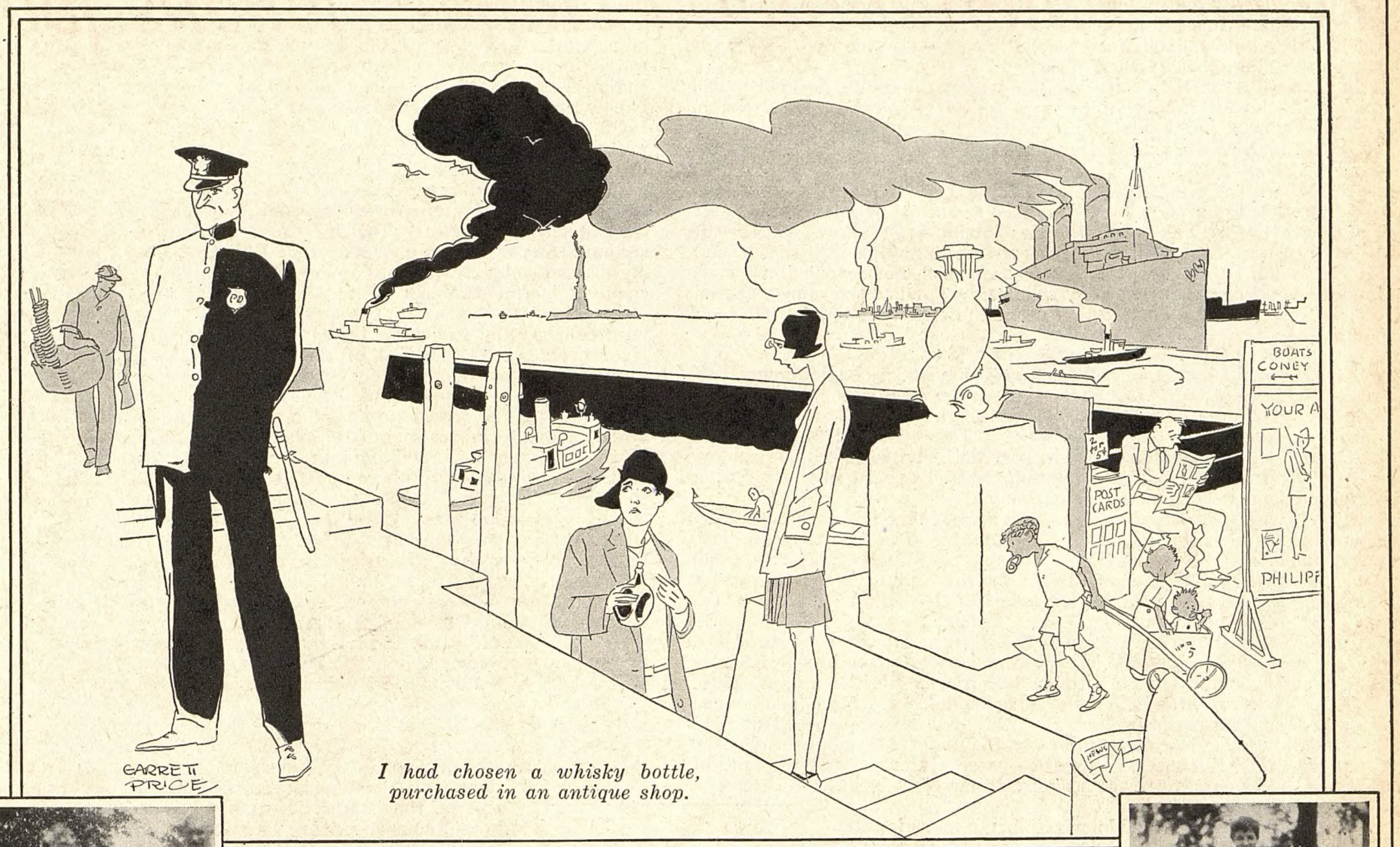
And for her every-day tasks she blesses her General Electric Refrigerator, which is different from all others. She is glad that it is automatic and quiet, never needs oiling. That all its machinery is safely stowed away in an air-tight casing—that the constant circulation of air through the coils prevents dust from settling.

This roomy, economical, easy-to-keep-clean refrigerator has revolutionized household tasks! You, too, can enjoy this "years ahead" refrigerator and make your entertaining a simple, joyous job. Write us for descriptive booklet L-8.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Refrigerator

ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION DEPARTMENT · OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY · HANNA BUILDING · CLEVELAND, OHIO



I had chosen a whisky bottle, purchased in an antique shop.

The author enjoying a moment of country life at Catskill, New York.

Gasoline GYPSIES

The Cross-Country Diary of Two Girls from Town

By

GRACE ROBINSON

Pictures by GARRETT PRICE

Ester, the author's flapper sister, who accompanies her on the long jaunt.

(Reading time: 23 minutes 56 seconds.)

MISS ROBINSON has started an automobile tour across the continent, keeping a detailed diary of her experiences. She is accompanied by her sister and proposes to see exactly how two girls may fare in the adventure of driving from the Atlantic to the Pacific. This is the first installment of her diary; others will appear as soon as we get them.

GOODBY BROADWAY

Thursday, June 28.

"HURRAH—we're off!" shouted my flapper sister, Ester.

"Yes, we're off," I echoed, holding out my hand to give notice that I was making a right turn. We were starting from New York on a marvelous adventure—a cross-country automobile trip. We had turned gypsies—and we couldn't get away too quickly from the burning pavements and the sweltering humidity that were sending tenement folk to perilous roofs to sleep.

We took off at 5 P. M. today from my home in Horatio Street, in the old Greenwich Village section of the metropolis. It was late, friends remarked, for the start of a 4,000 mile jaunt. But tomorrow is Friday, and I have an aversion to starting a journey on Friday.

It was in April that I determined to make this coast to coast trek. Not a prearranged "tour." Just a rambling journey, with no compulsory stops and no dread routine to give us a formal feeling or a sensation of hurry.

All my life I have been the victim of a perennial wanderlust. Every year, as far back as I can remember, the arrival of springtime has thrust upon me an almost irresistible desire to throw home and job to the winds and start out. Start somewhere—anywhere—on foot, by automobile, by rail if necessary—to go places and see things.

This year, in the delirium of this annual fever, I hit upon a bold plan. I suggested to the publisher of LIBERTY that the perfect summer assignment for a tired writer would be a cross continent motor trip. Americans were becoming a nomad race, I assured him. This change of temper on the part of a whole nation ought to be investigated. Who shall follow the eccentric quirks of a publisher's mind? For some reason, he consented to this crazy plan. I was told to go.

At that time I didn't know how to drive a car. That seemed unimportant—a small matter to be dismissed on some convenient afternoon. That view was a delusion on my part—as I will show later. I chose my sister for my companion on the trip. She is a physical instructor. She swims, canoes, plays tennis and golf, rides horseback, and drives a car. She is strong and husky. At the same time, she has the spiritual and emotional weaknesses of a true flapper.

We had determined to be stout hearted females, shifting our own baggage, changing our own tires, and if necessary defending ourselves from

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[GASOLINE GYPSIES
Continued from page seven]

attack in the wild and woolly West. But today it seemed advisable to make one small concession to the robustness of men.

The smart gold damask lined trunks that fitted on the back of our car proved amazingly heavy when packed.

In a case like this it always pays to be generous. We decided to call for our friend Mr. Robert Conway, a reporter on the *Daily News*, in lower Manhattan, and start our trip with him as passenger as far as his home in New Jersey. He would be so pleased he would shift the trunks without noticing the weight.

All this worked out perfectly. When we hit on this plan it was too early for Bob to have got "good night" from his city desk. So Ester and I drove to the Battery for a bottle of Atlantic Ocean water. A bottle of Atlantic water carried along for eventual dumping into the distant Pacific would, I thought, give us a pleasant sense of responsibility. It would lend a kind of unity to our wanderings, and at the same time not be burdensome enough to detract from the care free spirit that is to dominate our trip.

CAREFULLY I piloted our imposing eight cylinder chariot down Hudson Street and into West Street, through a maze of rumbling trucks and through groups of shouting, half naked children. These youngsters were making pitiful attempts to cool off. They had devised a wire tool that would turn on the street hydrants, and, having loosed the cooling stream from its iron confines, they played and danced in the spouting torrent. Poor little fauns of the pavement!

Twice I was soaked to the skin. Driving over the hot asphalt, my car came within the radius of a hydrant fountain. The first time my bath was accidental. The second time I foolishly blew my horn, and the small fiends instantly applied a board to the hydrant mouth so that the water came full force through the open window of the sedan. In the hot air, however, I soon dried out.

I pulled up at the westerly side of the Battery, where stone steps lead down into the water. To the left was the round Aquarium where Jenny Lind sang in the old days before the building became an abiding place for fish. To the right, a little way out in the harbor, Ellis Island loomed low and dismal through the damp air. Ellis Island, gateway of America. Ellis Island, through which millions of the underfed, the miserable, the downtrodden of Europe have passed—passed in order that they might sleep on New York fire escapes on stifling New York nights.

To the left of Ellis Island loomed Liberty, her gigantic outlines visible through the humid mist. She was easily a mile and a half away; her distance seemed about 200 feet. Near the spot where we parked our car is the landing place on New York asphalt of more celebrities than have set foot on any other single spot in the world. It is the docking place of the Macom, Gotham's official welcoming craft. The Macom has chugged down the bay to convey Commander Byrd, Colonel Lindbergh, and hundreds of other great personages to a thundering New York welcome. Here on this historic ground occurred our first battle. I hadn't parked the car at a perfect right angle to the curb; it was slightly aslant. My young sister, who has driven more than I have, protested.

"The car's all right," I insisted.

"It's all wrong," she retorted. "That's no way to park."

"It's O. K. Come on. Take my picture while I scoop up water from the harbor, so we'll have something to carry to the Pacific."

"The car looks silly this way! Go and take your old picture yourself." She pouted and tossed her head in the most irritating way imaginable.

"Say, do you want to go to California or don't you?"

That ominous speech subdued her with the speed of a magical incantation. She operated our new camera while I, feeling slightly ridiculous, made desperate attempts to induce a small portion of the briny Atlantic to enter my narrow necked brown bottle. Never have I seen New York harbor so playful. Again and again the waves surged over my new Deauville sandals and splashed on my freshly cleaned sports dress while a handful of street urchins looked on in wonderment.

Like most ceremonies, this one was not entirely successful. When the bottle was two-thirds full, we departed.

For the first time I realized that my choice of bottles had been imprudent. Intrigued by its odd three cornered shape, I had chosen a whisky bottle, purchased in an antique shop. Now I hastily secreted it under the coat on my arm, fearful of being stopped by an officer. A wicked, unpatriotic whisky bottle, filled with innocent New York harbor water. All the way across the continent I shall have to hide my quaint little bottle from cruel eyes that misunderstand!

We drove to the *Daily News* office, across the street from the great Woolworth Building, and picked up Bob Conway. In Horatio Street we stopped, and Bob hoisted the trunks onto the rack at the back of the car. Then we packed in our new gray blankets, our little tent and poncho, two portable typewriters, various small bags, and a great bundle of notebooks and copy paper. In ten minutes we were headed uptown.

The broad Hudson, left arm of New York harbor, was alive with commercial craft. No amount of musing on Indians and Henry Hudson could make one forget that here was one of the mightiest seaports of all time. This island of Manhattan, whose west shore we were now following northward, was purchased from the Indians in 1626 by Peter Minuit, first regular governor of the settlement founded by the Dutch West India Company. He got the greatest bargain in history, paying the Indians sixty guilders (twenty-four dollars) for the pile of rock which is now the richest borough of America's most populous city.

On the broad and murky river the tugboats snorted savagely at their job of pushing and pulling heavier craft. They are the sauciest tugboats in the world—nowhere else, travelers will tell you, does one see tugs with such a human appearance of fight and energy. At our left was a long procession of huge gray docks, splotched here and there with red—the funnels of ocean liners that lay quietly in their berths. At Seventy-second Street we turned into Riverside Drive, where the westerly rim of Manhattan suddenly becomes a parklike thoroughfare of great elegance. Ornate apartment houses with gold braided doormen flanked our route of travel on the right. On the left were trees and narrow green lawns with benches and walks for those who sought refreshment in the cool river breezes. At the foot of the steep embankment the New York Central Railway roared along—a persistent reminder that no spot in this humming metropolis could be entirely given over to peace and quiet.

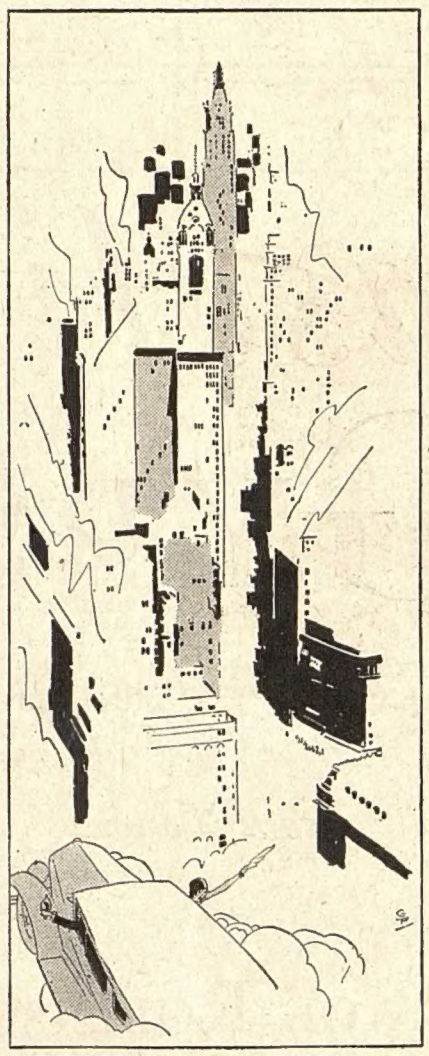
We crossed the Hudson on the 125th Street ferry, with hundreds of sweaty commuters impatient to reach their pleasant Jersey homes. Then off the ferry, and a swift climb up the rocky Palisades, from which Manhattan on the opposite shore seemed an inferno of smoke and heat. Presently we emerged into the leafiness and damp coolness that is suburban New Jersey.

At Cresskill we were asked to eat dinner and stay all night with the hospitable Conways. My sister thought this a poor beginning for a hardy cross-country jaunt, and prepared to camp on the Conway lawn. When the giant Jersey mosquitoes started chewing at her legs, she became effete and Eastern again, and gratefully accepted an indoor bed. During the evening Robert McCulloch, a young lawyer friend, dropped in and presented my sister with a compass for the trip. We had finished the first leg of a 4,000 mile journey and had covered just twenty miles.

The two Roberts made great sport of our rapid progress. "What's your destination for tomorrow night—Alpine Ferry?" they twitted. (Alpine is two miles north of Cresskill.) During the evening I heard the Democrats at Houston, Texas, nominate Governor Smith for President. As I listened over the radio to the majestic roll call of the States, it occurred to me that this was a momentous adventure we were embarking on. We would traverse rivers, mountains, plains, and deserts of vast magnitude. We would cross rich farmlands and crowded, busy cities. A high powered motor would speed us on our westward route, and yet it would be weeks before we saw the sun set in the Pacific—western boundary of a magnificent domain, our United States of America.

Later there was a walk in the moonlight to the Camp Merritt Monument. This marks the site of that great embarkation camp through which millions of American soldiers passed on their way to the trenches in France. But I did not think about the monument then. My mind was on other things.

It was not easy to say farewell to our attractive young men, and it was 2 A. M. when I finally sank into bed.



In ten minutes we were headed uptown.

Friday, June 29.

RAIN was pouring when we left Cresskill this morning. Mrs. Conway gave us poached eggs, toast, milk, and coffee, and in melodious Italian wished us a pleasant journey. She assured us, however, that America could not be as beautiful as her beloved Europe. A great beauty in her younger days, she married the sculptor, John S. Conway, and lived all her early life abroad.

As I drove northward through the avenues of elms and oaks, cleanly washed by the heavy shower, I wondered how any country anywhere could be lovelier than New Jersey. The rain tapping on the roof of our car gave us a pleasant sense of security within. We halted a moment on top of the high Palisades and looked across the Hudson to the city of Yonkers, barely visible in the blowing mist. I felt confident—almost omnipotent—guiding our great shiny car through the suburban traffic and over the slippery asphalt roads. I wished Mr. Degenhardt could see me now!

Mr. A. E. Degenhardt, of the Y. M. C. A. auto school in New York, is one of those males whose nerves have been sacrificed in the job of teaching me to drive. There were also Mr. E. Harold Simmons, who on one occasion substituted for Mr. Degenhardt, and Mr. George Pritchard.

It was Mr. Degenhardt who chiefly bore the brunt of my early driving. It was he who experienced the novel if not enviable sensation of sitting by my side when I first drove up Broadway. On the first day, Mr. Simmons taught me the shifts. The gear shift arrangement was an H. You came toward yourself for first, you crossed over the H and up its right arm for second, and you pulled straight back, down the H's right leg, for third.

"Simple!" I thought. "Driving will be a cinch."

On the second day I had Mr. Pritchard, and to my horror he made me sit in the driver's seat and go up and down West Street—boulevard for

half the trucks in New York. On the third day I had Mr. Degenhardt. He is what New York calls "hard-bur-rled."

"We'll go on Broadway," he announced briefly. Mr. Degenhardt has black eyes that gleam red at times, and the whites are very white indeed. When he glared at me sideways, I got an impression of a bloodthirsty Turk. I am alluding now only to the physical impression Mr. Degenhardt made on me. I would not for the world disparage his character or teaching ability, which I believe to be above reproach. No one who is being taught to drive is at the time capable of appreciating the subtle finenesses of the person who is doing the teaching.

ON this particular morning—during my essay at Broadway traffic—Mr. Degenhardt seemed to me an ogre. The Y. M. C. A. method of "traffic first—easy country driving afterward" is undoubtedly correct. I am grateful for it now. But at the start it is a frightful experience.

"Why did you stop?" inquired Mr. Degenhardt when, after one block, I applied the brakes with a jerk that should have jarred loose all our back teeth.

"Didn't you see that man with the ice? I almost ran over him."

"You were ten feet from him."

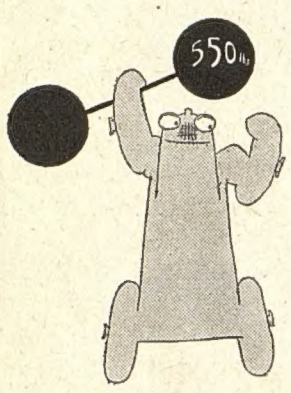
Then a red light went on. I started the operation of stopping a block in advance, and came to a halt fifteen feet behind a taxicab. "Go right up—up—up—" urged my instructor. "Get right behind the other traffic."

"But I can't see how far the nose of the car goes. I can't even see the right mud guard," I cried in desperation. "And I have no idea what's going on behind."

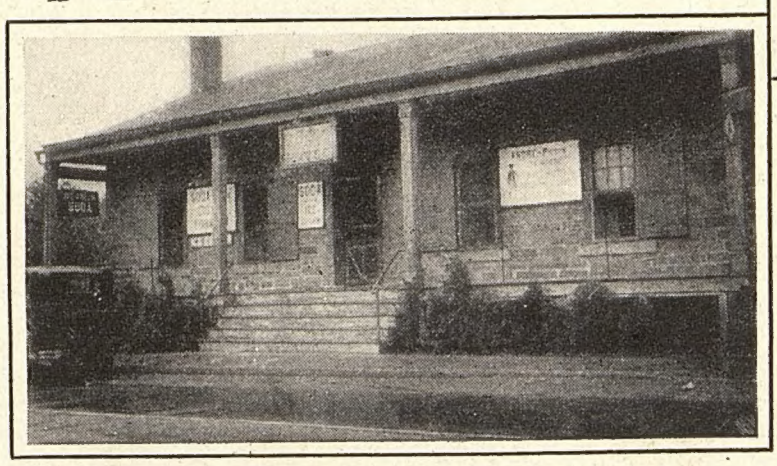
"Don't worry about behind. It will take care of itself. Don't worry about clearance. That will take care of itself. Just drive."

I wondered whether automobile instructors ever go crazy in that horrible traffic. Probably Mr. Degenhardt was really a mental case. Couldn't he *see* the peril on every side? At every moment I expected to be sideswiped. The mud guards of the car stretched out on each side like demon wings frantic to entangle themselves with all other mud guards on Broadway in the Sixties. Presently I realized I was doing very well. In some miraculous way I always stopped just in time to avoid collisions. To my pleased astonishment, I had been driving on Broadway fifteen minutes and hadn't killed anybody yet.

Then I grew wise to the secret of my proficiency. Mr. Degenhardt, on his side, had a duplicate foot brake and a duplicate clutch. It didn't matter whether I stopped or not. The car, controlled by Mr. Degenhardt's ready feet, would stop without me. This was disappointing. But I must admit it was also comforting. At any rate, I would not be killed or maimed while learning to drive; and the thousands of pedestrians who darted across my path would get home alive to their families.



I learned that horsepower has nothing to do with a horse.



The old inn at Tappan where Major André was court-martialed and sentenced.

Subsequent lessons consisted of more Broadway driving, of learning to turn corners—slowly, very slowly—and of turning around in a narrow street. For this last we went to one of the side streets that lead to Riverside Drive. At first I shot back and forth across the pavement like a meteor suffering from a speed complex, running up onto curbs and menacing not only sidewalk pedestrians but also the façades of stone buildings. In time I made turns that were almost perfect.

Then there was the complicated trick of starting on a hill in traffic.

"You must not slip back even an inch," insisted Mr. Degenhardt. "If you do, you bump into the car behind you."

He showed me how to use the emergency brake when stopped on a hill by a red light. When the signal to proceed came, I was to feed the gas with my right foot, let the clutch out slowly with my left, and when the clutch shuddered violently I was to let down the emergency brake and go. When all your hands and feet learn their cues you can advance on a hill without slipping back the smallest fraction of an inch when you release the brake.

I have learned since that the same trick can be turned by using the hand throttle and the foot brake. But Mr. Degenhardt knew better than to encumber my poor head with more than bare essentials.

On Wednesday nights I attended the Y. M. C. A. motion picture lectures on automobile mechanism. These were exciting. I learned that horsepower has nothing to do with a horse. It is the unit of force or energy required to lift 550 pounds one foot in one second. I learned that the beautiful designs the manufacturers put on tires are meant as a nonskid device. The pistons in the cylinders were presented to my astonished gaze as so many cannons with great potato mashers in them that went down, pushed by an explosion, and came up by rebound. It was a clever idea, I thought, to turn explosions to account in that way.

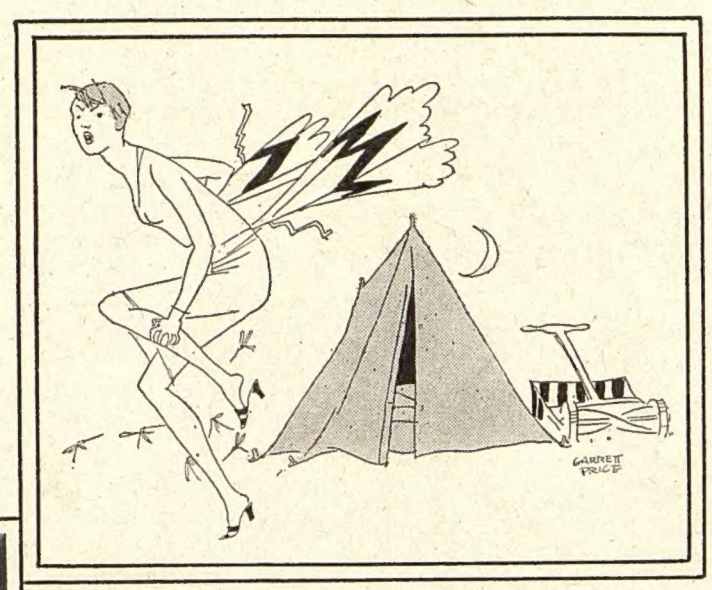
Then gears! Who shall estimate the illimitableness of the gear idea? With enough gears one could pull planets from their paths and spin them in orbits of one's liking, I perceived.

During my last road lesson, I saw a young girl run over by a taxicab. I heard her scream "Mamma!" and saw the front wheels pass over her body. Even my instructor was a bit unnerved by this spectacle—an accident that happens every day in the streets of a big city.

Then came that awful day when *I took my driver's test.* I was not alone. Mr. Degenhardt's other pupils came too, and a more scared looking bunch of men and women I have never seen. Mr. Degenhardt was more jaunty than usual as he perched on an iron fence to watch each one start. I know now that he was casting his responsibility on the knees of the gods. He had done all he could. If we failed, it was our own fault.

We started in a side street off Riverside Drive. I have never driven so badly, before or since, as that morning with the inspector at my elbow. I made a meteorlike left turn across Riverside Drive. On the turn around I hit the curb with a jolt that almost threw the official from his seat. I attributed this partly to the fact that I was wearing glasses for the first time. Discovering that I was slightly nearsighted and might not be able to pass the New York State eye test, I had visited the oculist before taking the examination.

At first, distances seemed shrunken or lengthened to me. The inspector was forbidden, by law, to tell me whether I passed. There were three or four anxious days, and then—prize of prizes—my driver's license arrived one morning through the mail. I was now a driver—legally, at least. The State of New York did not realize how bad I was. Much more driving, in both city and country traffic, was necessary before I arrived at my present confidence with the wheel.



When the giant Jersey mosquitoes started chewing her legs, Ester gratefully accepted an indoor bed.

Reminiscences of these difficult days swept through my mind as we progressed through pleasant New Jersey, with 3,980 miles of road ahead. I wondered why driving had been so difficult for me to learn. Just over the Jersey State line, where New York State reaches over to the west bank of the Hudson, we hit the village of Palisades. It remains today as it was in Revolutionary times, a group of old stone and wood houses, clambering up the Palisades from the water's edge. Once it was considered the coming town on the Hudson's west bank. Today it is an artists' colony—preserved by lovers of beauty from the gas stations and stores that mar most tedious little villages.

At the bottom of the steep, winding road, on the brink of the river, we met an old boatman.

"Do you live here?" I asked.

"Yes; I run the boat across to Dobbs Ferry for the men who go to New York to business."

"Where does the boat leave from?"

"From this dock. We call this here Sneden's Landing. It's the oldest ferry in these parts—older than the Yonkers or the Nyack ferries. My people go to Dobbs Ferry, and then take the train to New York."

"Do you have many passengers?"

"No—only ten or twelve a day. They pay my wages. Sometimes one of the womenfolks goes to the city. We have family trip tickets as well as daily tickets."

"Where is your boat?"

"THERE she lies yonder." He pointed to a small gasoline launch lying a quarter of the way across the river. "On bad days like today I have to take my passengers out there in a rowboat and change them into the ferryboat. I can't bring the ferry to land in the rain."

"You say this ferry line is very old?"

"Yes, indeed. When the Revolutionary soldiers captured Major John André in Tarrytown, they brought him across on the Sneden's Landing ferry before takin' him to be hanged at Tappan."

"Is it possible to buy one of these lovely old houses?"

"No. Mrs. Tinetti owns 'em all. She inherited 'em from her father, a man named Lawrence. She studied sculpture in Europe and married an Italian sculptor. That's how she's a Tinetti."

"She hasn't changed the old houses much."

"No; just restored 'em a little. Just made 'em easy to live in. She leases 'em—to artists, mostly. Always has a long waiting list. There's not a house here that's less than a hundred years old."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[GASOLINE GYPSIES Continued from page nine]

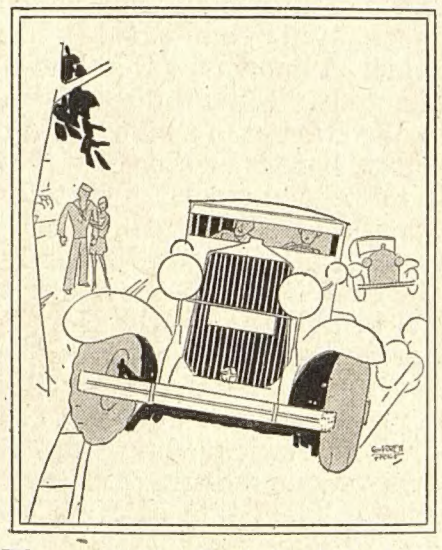
"How do you keep sightseers and hikers away?"

"We do have a turrible time—a turrible time to keep the place quiet. On sunny days the artists sit about and sketch. They want to be left alone."

"Have you always lived here?"

"No'm. Once I was captain of the Mussel Shell roundup in Montana. In the saddle from mornin' till night. It was a hard life. I like this better."

Except for the boatman, there was not another inhabitant in sight. Regretfully we left this charming old town, with its hedges and flower gardens, and proceeded to Tappan. We stopped at a red stone house in the principal street. A crude sign informed us that this was the "1776 house—André Prison. Built 1755. Restored 1897."



Then came that awful day when I took my driver's test.

This is the old inn where the British spy, Major André, was court-martialed and sentenced to death. The great maple bar, with a wooden railing as thick as a horse's leg, is still there. But, alas! nothing stronger than birch beer crosses the stalwart counter where in Revolutionary days travelers with clanking spurs drank good ale. The bar was tended by a plump woman in a pink ruffled cap.

"Why don't you sell real liquor?" I asked.

"We make more money out of ice cream and candy," was her astonishing answer.

"Do you like the place?"

"No; we want to sell it."

"Is this the room where Major André was imprisoned and is that the old fireplace?"

"That's the old fireplace—but this isn't the room. The room is in here."

She led me across a hall with wide floor boards, and into a stuffy apartment with marble topped tables. This led to a smaller inside room with only one window.

This was André's five day prison. Here was a gate leg table, patched with packing box wood, and old rush bottomed chairs, standing stiffly about as if they hadn't yet recovered from the grim formality of the historic scene. I could almost see the unfortunate officer waiting gloomily for his doom.

In the larger room in front, our hostess assured us, André heard his death warrant. Then he was promptly hanged from a tree on a near-by hill.

Searching my memory, I was chagrined to find I couldn't remember the incident in which André figured. Our plump hostess didn't know. I asked her husband, who had come in.

"André got the West Point fortification plans from Benedict Arnold. Arnold was safe with the British. But André was caught."

Leaving Tappan, we drove to Nyack, as I wanted to cross the Hudson at this point and go through the Washington Irving country. The ferry ride across was glorious. The rain had stopped, and a blind harpist and his aide, a violinist, made pleasant music as we plowed through the water.

They played Blue Heaven, Dream Kisses, and Diane, which so delighted Ester that she gave them a quarter when the fiddler came around with a hat.

THE Hudson here is called the Tappan Zee, and is three miles wide. The ride takes a good twenty minutes. All the cumbersome docks and wharves we had long since left behind us. Here the Hudson banks are a graceful succession of green hills and misty blue mountains. It is the longest ferry ride near New York—"keen," according to my flapper sister.

We drove off the ferry at Tarrytown, in a region rich in Revolutionary memories and in associations with Washington Irving.

He is buried in Sleepy Hollow, which is traversed by a stream with a bridge. Here *Ichabod Crane* fled helter-skelter from the pursuit of the *Headless Horseman*.

Driving north through Peekskill, we crossed the Hudson again, over Bear Mountain Bridge, reached by an approach several miles long and policed by snappy looking bridge policemen. They too were "keen," in the language of the young generation represented at my side.

If our entire jaunt yields nothing more beautiful than the Hudson at Bear Mountain Bridge, I shall consider it worth while. Here were mountains caught in a blue mistiness, and a river turning its course majestically to the west. And the bridge—two slim steel giants, projecting forms of utmost grace against the matchless scene, with the roadway hanging tenuously below.

It seemed a temporary phenomenon of nature, like a sunset or a rainbow, that must soon vanish away—not a landscape of definite and enduring form.

We ate a belated lunch at Bear Mountain Inn, a huge rustic structure on the mountain. When I parked the car in the neatly graveled inclosure, a state trooper stepped up and said:

"A little farther back, lady. The car in front of you won't be able to get out."

I stepped on the starter to do his bidding. A tan garbed carriage man with a gray mustache shot into the scene.

"Stay where you are, madam. Don't move an inch," he shouted testily, glaring at the trooper.

"What shall I do?" I appealed to the minion of the law. His square chin went up three inches, but he made no reply.

"Pay no attention, madam," cried the excited attendant in tan. "You are all right where you are." This seemed the easier course, since I was ravenous for food, so I let the car stay. Later the trooper confided to me that the elderly restaurant employee waged a continual feud with him as to where automobiles should park. He, it seemed, was at a disadvantage in the warfare, because the State rotated its troopers, and much of the time he was not at this post.

When I came out after lunch, the hemmed in car in front had disappeared—whether lifted out by an obliging mountain deity, I do not know. Surely human hands could not have moved it.

We ate excellent salmon steak, meanwhile feasting our eyes on Bear Mountain through the glass doors of the inn. A pretty blonde waitress served us. She wore a white shirt, blue vest, and white skirt. She didn't know what her uniform represented, and looked at me blankly when I opined it might be Swiss.

AT West Point Military Reservation we were stopped by a polite young soldier with the red letters "M. P." on his sleeve. He gave us a card.

"When you leave you will be obliged to go by the same entrance you came in," he warned us, smiling. This was not convenient for our purpose.

"Just forget that," counseled my sister in a low tone. She is always optimistic where men are concerned.

We drove past various drill fields and red brick academic buildings to the chapel—a gray stone structure set on a great height, and commanding a magnificent view of the mountains. Above the door was a cross, cut out in stone, and within the cross, its hilt lying in the horizontal bar of the cross, was a stone sword. This device was a reminder of the general warlike purpose of the place, even in the sanctuary.

We drove out the north entrance and were stopped by another polite soldier, who reminded us that we should have left by the south portal.

Ester put on her best flapper face and most persuasive flapper tones:

"Oh, officer! We can't go back now. We've *got* to make Albany tonight."

The young man was as butter in the sun.

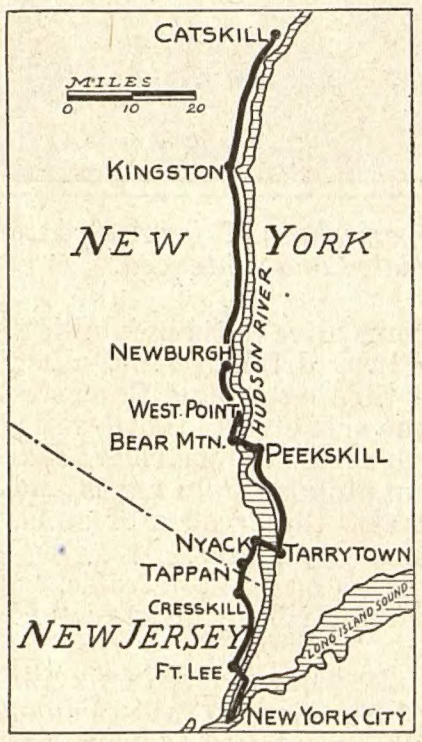
"All right. But next time you'll have to go out the way you came in."

And out we dashed, leaving him there smiling.

At Newburgh we saw a one story stone house that had been Washington's headquarters. A fine old elm tree drapes its branches over the window where the general slept. It was here that Washington was offered the title of king by the officers of his army.

The custodian had gone for the day, so we couldn't go inside. A native smoking on the steps assured me that the very sheets General and Mrs. Washington used still lay on the old four poster bed upstairs.

"I doubt that," I retorted. "The old sheets may be there, but I doubt if Martha Washington ever used them. It doesn't seem likely a campaigning general would tote his wife about with him."



A sketch map of the Gasoline Gypsies' route from New York to Catskill.

We reached Kingston and, driving north in the darkness, ran into a blinding rain that forced all cars to creep with caution. At 10:30 we reached the town of Catskill, and turned in for shelter at the White Horse Inn. We had had nothing to eat since our late luncheon, but were too weary for heavy food.

To my great delight, Mr. Kranis, our German Jewish host, offered me pot cheese and cream produced by his cow Daisy.

Imagine being able to get pot cheese—great, rich curds of it—and thick cream, in a pouring rainstorm at a casual little inn far from home! With this delicacy, and a big pitcher of milk, and bread and butter, we had a delicious repast.

Mr. Kranis took his own car out of his garage so our weary bus would have dry quarters for the rest of the night.

We were glad to retire to our plainly furnished room with its white iron bed.

I was asleep before I had even pulled up the covers.

And no wonder!

Except for the brief stop at Bear Mountain Inn, for the first time in my life I had driven an automobile ten consecutive hours!

Another installment of Miss Robinson's diary will appear in next week's Liberty. From Catskill, the Gasoline Gypsies continue their adventuresome journey through the lake country of northern New York. Climb into the car and they will tell you their experiences as they roll along.

The Stone Floor

A Story of China and a Girl's Brave Heart

By
WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

Pictures by
LEO BATES

The American girl—queer little trick in her peachblow nightdress—holding with all her might to a tiny silk garment, a Chinese shamefacedly dragging at the other end.

(Reading time: 20 minutes 31 seconds.)

BANNOCK of the North China *Globe* sat alone in his compartment of a Chinese Pacific train, just now entering Quontung Mountains. He was out on a bandit abduction story—the case of an Englishman named Liscom, taken from his banking and trading agency at Wang Cheng four weeks before. Liscom's friends had sat tight for days, expecting a big ransom amount to be named; but no word had come from the Chinese—no directions as to the first steps of rescue.

Two big bandit systems openly operated in the district. The leaders, Hop Wah and Hung Shiang, were known to be rivals and bitter enemies. Liscom's friends did not know into which of these outfits the missing man had fallen. To ascertain that was Bannock's present business; also to connect with an American mining operator at Wang Cheng named Dave Crown, called "Big Face" by the Chinese.

This American was held in solid esteem by certain Chinese factions. The tip had gone out that he was the man to negotiate with the bandits for Liscom, if anyone could. Crown was more or less a mystery man to the Europeans. However, Bannock does not quite reach him in the present adventure, so further elucidation is unnecessary.

NIGHT was closing in. The train had stopped at a nameless Chinese town, with Wang Cheng still hours distant. In the dusk outside, promenading solo on the brick walk in front of the rest house, was the lightest sort of pink-gold dress, and stockings you couldn't be sure of—none but an American girl would travel like that.

"An English or French woman would be in the usual serge or alpaca," Bannock smiled—which brought to mind a saying frequently heard among foreigners in China: "One marries a French woman for charm, an English woman for ambition, and an American woman for money."

Bannock's dinner was brought in. Fish and lamb tasted quite the same, the pudding furry, the coffee ill. It wasn't all the fault of the cooking. The long, dusty afternoon in-country from Peking had dragged. There had been too much smoke, too many drinks. At home in New York or Chicago, Bannock would have been considered just a reporter. Here he was "journalist" and "American correspondent," spoken of in one American office as "our man in China." His salary was ample here, where in America he would have known the sense of restless lack.

He was under thirty, yet Peking was wide open to him, except at her very elegant top. He had dropped with a frictionless glide in the past four years into the European attitude toward life. It was a mark of approval on the part of the imperial Chinese that they less frequently distinguished him from the Europeans.

THE coaches creaked and banged. Bannock had turned in early, and finally slept. He awoke at 2 in the morning, the train having been stopped with unusual abruptness. There were no lights but a three-quarter moon.

This certainly was not a town, for just then he saw a red rip of rifle fire in the dark; then heard a clatter of shots forward. Bannock swung on his bathrobe over his pajama coat and stretched back, automatically drawing on

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The girl looked suddenly strange to Bannock.

[THE STONE FLOOR Cont'd from page 11]

his trousers. Yelling of Chinese reached him from ahead, and it was taken up the full length of the train. A glance out into the moonlight, he saw many moving figures.

"I've surely run on to a bandit story, if not Liscom's," he thought, locating his wallet and case. In his open bag he touched the butt of an automatic pistol. "No, I'd better leave that alone," he decided.

The bandits were pouring into the coaches. The curtains of his own compartment were yanked aside, one Chinese dragging at his bare ankle, the hand hard like metal. Bannock stood up, hands partly raised, and pushed his feet into his slippers without bending—one of his headiest moves so far.

Now he was forced out into the passage, and knew a sudden searing anger at the way the Chinese were handling the American girl two or three doors forward. Not a cry out of her—queer little trick in her peachblow nightdress—sitting in a chair which was blocked in the compartment door, and holding with all her might to a tiny silk garment of the same shade as the nightdress, a Chinese shamefacedly dragging at the other end.

Then, with a fine, free gesture, one bare foot slashed out and disengaged her tormentor; upon which the girl vanished hastily back of the curtain. The whole drama of the hold-up was then forgotten in Bannock's tension for her safely to get into those step-ins.

OUTSIDE, the incessant scatter of shots carried on. The passengers were presently hustled out. Bannock looked up at the far, dim stars, felt the sharp bite of altitude cold. In the light of the torches he met the girl's eyes—a swift, angry arraignment of him, as if he were the cause of it all.

"You stood by . . . in there. I believe you were laughing at me."

"Not at all. They're a hundred to one. One has to comprehend the situation first—" Then he added, with equally ill effect:

"If you hadn't been so busy trying to kick that fellow's face in, you might have reached for your bathrobe. Then I wouldn't have to—give you mine."

"I won't take yours."

"Oh, yes," he said drearily.

Her swift look took him in. He had his pajama coat besides, while her single covering was a lacy nothing.

Bannock placed the precious bathrobe over her shoulders with an attempt at appearing sweet tempered. Now they were prodded round the engine in front and faced the particularly hideous possibility to Bannock of being indefinitely marched for the rest of the night—not merely a train hold-up; passengers to be taken into captivity.

Yes, a fenceless, moonlit waste now rose into dim hills, the main body of Chinese still back sacking the train. Already chilled, yanked out of sleep at the lowest point of lifelessness, Bannock was inclined to be lost in his own grief, until he noted that the girl was barefooted—and this was no English lawn they were walking over. Slowly into his brain came the inevitable necessity; but a full length ugliness resisted. "She'll take 'em; that's the worst of it," he thought.

"Here, get into these slippers," he called, standing on one foot.

Her answer held a different tone: "I'm not quite so poor a sport as that."

"But you can't walk on that stony stuff—"

"M-m-m-my feet aren't so tender as you'd think—"

"How's that?"

"I've danced a lot—barefoot. That helps."

She meant it. She held out. The night was calm and endless, the trail steadily more rugged and pitiless. His feet were bruised through the pliable leather of the bath slippers.

Someone behind—a passenger, a white man—had lost control of himself, letting the whole night know it. But the barefoot girl forever moved before his eyes . . . wincing to the hips as she stepped upon a thorn or jagged stone. Several times he heard her breathe forth a cry; but within a second she changed it into a laugh:

"N-n-n-next time I'll know enough to put my shoes on—"

Bannock gradually was drawn into a sort of inner room of himself—called to the carpet, so to speak. In this inner room he had a straight, grim look at the thing four years of China had made him. He could see for the first time how, day by day, his original ideas of life had changed. He knew now what was meant by the sorry whisperings of the old men—how China slowly and surely wilts down the morale of a white man who doesn't fight her to a standstill each day.

THE wind came up before the dawn. He had heard and read of dawn winds round the world. Now he knew one first hand. No hearsay about this searching, roaring, blood congealing dawn wind. Later he began to know that he was thirsty. Queer to be blown about and shivering on the shoulder of a mountain and still be thirstier and thirstier—for just water—like a man poisoned.

"Do you really believe it can be getting light?" Her voice at last.

"If it isn't, it never will," he said.

"You're English, aren't you?"

"No; U. S."

"Oh, good. I thought at first, by your words and voice—"

That was a slam. Once he had been proud of that English intonation. After that they moved through a no man's land, neither night nor day; silences broken by insane shrieking gusts of wind, those bare feet forever in front, hips swaying, head jerking forward . . . until, through the gray air, the sound of falling water. Mountain water, making music on the stones.

"Are you thirsty too?" she called.

He couldn't answer without an oath hurtling out too. As he bent, a Chinese head was thrust between him and the stream. He lifted it out of his way as you would pick up a traveling bag out of the aisle. Then, after thousands of drinks, a real drink at last. Dawn wind and mountain water—he knew what was indicated henceforth by such terms, and the girl in his bathrobe bringing up her cupped hands to her mouth in the spooky light.

On the trail again. The sun was coming up. The sun was getting hot. His head was uncovered. He panted for that deadly dawn wind again. He knew now a third reality—that embraced the other two: that he was out of step, out of touch, with the whole natural sequence of outside doings, a victim of civilization.

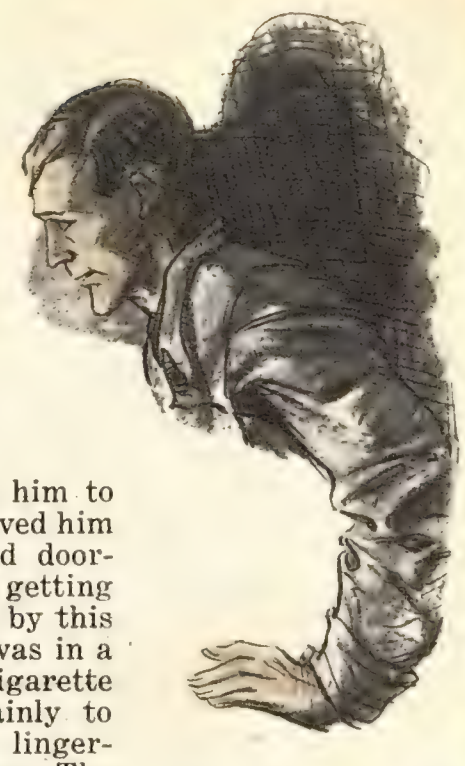
Moreover, there was blood on the stones. Yes, from her feet. Moreover, when she turned he saw that her face was pinched white, the nose as if a clothespin had just been taken off. Two or three times her breath forced a small cry, which she changed into a laugh before it was fully out.

"We're getting high," she said.

Ten hours—the last two zigzagging up a great cliff. Blinded from the high noon scorch, Bannock staggered into a rocky clearing surrounded by a circle of stone huts, the bulk of which formed part of the main wall—the bandit stronghold. Vaguely he heard the girl's words.

"I've treated your bathrobe very badly," she panted, behind him for once. "The thorns have torn out the batting. Why, you look—"

Bannock smiled a sickly grin and dropped down in the narrow shade of the wall; but a



Bannock had a straight grim look at the thing four years of China had made him.

Chinese booted him to his feet and shoved him into a darkened doorway. It was all getting ungrippable by this time. Now he was in a room where cigarette smoke tried vainly to fight down the lingering scent of opium. The world was tipping badly—as if he were on elephant back; but that was certainly a Chinaman sitting there on the piece of matting on the stone floor, a red velvet pillow beside him—an old-timer, panting in a thick necked way. Moreover, the squinty gleam of this Oriental's eye had a sheer satanic look.

"What you doin' here?" was the opening question.

Bannock told of his paper, but didn't mention his present quest for one Dave Crown.

"Got some cigalettes—Virgin' tobac'?"

"Your men took everything," Bannock replied with great effort—and then his arms waved and he fell in a heap. . . .

It was the end of the day when he woke. For some reason the old leader had kept him in his own quarters.

"All better?" he asked before Bannock had fully come to. "Sure, Melican all better—Melican plenty guts. That your girl—come 'long?"

"Oh, yes—" said Bannock; "barefoot—"

"She a-ri'—she goo' girl. Plenty fine legs. You mally that girl?"

"Not yet."

"Soon?"

"Yes, pretty soon."

"Hop Wah too old—too dam old." He reflected further. "Fine clos she got. Hop Wah washee plenty clos like that. Thirty year washee clos—Melica. Plenty rich. Make muh money. Two dollah week. Make pile money. Drive car. Eat pork every day. Come here—own China—boss everybody roun'. Dam Chinee up, down—have easy time. . . . You—me go see pretty girl now."

HE picked up a folded railway blanket and led the way across the open area to a stone hut where firelight wavered. There she was, sitting up close to the chimney by a fire of twigs, showing no further damages.

"Bring-ee blanket!" Hop Wah gleefully called.

"Only one? You go get two blankets, Hop Wah!"

Bannock wasn't sure he was hearing straight.

"No got two blanket. One blanket goo' for two; keep plentee warm. Goo' ni'—no come back—"

The girl turned to Bannock.

"You certainly were knocked out. I was in there all through the afternoon. We couldn't wake you up."

"You know this old man?"

She laughed. "No; but I saw he was homesick for the States. Besides, he's so like our old laundryman in Los Angeles that I dropped into treating him the same. He seems to like it.

"This fire isn't going to last," she added, bracing her back against the wall. "You come and sit close. We can put the blanket over our knees. I don't believe Hop Wah can dig up another."

"So you caught on that he's homesick for America and liked to be bossed around by his

old customers," Bannock said in deep thought.

She laughed drowsily. "He wants to get back to his tubs."

Night wind came in. There was no door to the stone hut. "Are you cold now?" he asked.

"Not very. Just sleepy." She laughed again. "You slept all afternoon. It must be queer to you to be sitting up against your own bathrobe like this."

The fire had gone out. She was slipping forward. He had never been so lame before. Also he knew hunger—a separate and formidable thing. He thought of hundreds of course dinners he had nibbled at. He straightened her lopping head, and she gently groaned, "Don't; it hurts," and he was quite sure she was asleep.

Once in the night he awoke hearing her say: "Water!"

"There's water here," he replied. "I'll get you a drink."

She roused. "It isn't that I'm thirsty. It's my feet. I was dreaming—to let them stand in that cool mountain water—"

Again she was fast asleep. No other kind of girl could pass out like that—or get the hang of a bandit leader in his own camp first afternoon.

IT was dawn. He stared out the doorway. Activities were already astir at one of the stone huts opposite. They were bringing in a small pack of pariah dogs, half wild. The Chinese held them by bamboo sticks with a noose at the end.

"They sure love pets," Bannock muttered curiously. The snapping and biting and howling diminished as strokes fell, one by one. "Oh, I see; that's the kitchen. Just as well she isn't awake to see that."

Later, when a dish of stew came, he gave it a long look. "I begin to feel my hackles standing up," he said, taking the first bite.

Hop Wah called in midforenoon and gazed around socially.

"Ever drive car?" he inquired.

The girl nodded.

"Yes," Bannock said.

"Hop Wah drive own car—Melica. Pick up washee—up hill, down street. Take washee downtown—make other Chinee do all work—all day washee, iron, starch."

He pointed across to one of the huts. "You know who lives there?"

Bannock shook his head.

"We go look-see."

THEY crossed and entered. A white haired effigy of a man sat in the corner—bearded, hopeless, unwashed—yet a white man. It was like the high moment of a drama or a picture when the imbecile voice droned out: "You may carry my papers to the inner office, Marian. I'll do my dictating in there this morning, thank you." High, empty, grave tones that sapped one's vitality just to listen to.

"Been here years?" Bannock asked.

"Five week, no more," said Hop Wah. "Go sick right away. No guts—frightened out of his head. Ol' man Liscom—worth muh money, but go spoil hisself right off. No fit to pass back. Worth muh money, but who pay money for thing like that?"

Bannock was then shown a smileless Englishman, one of his fellow passengers on the train from Peking, in a flannel nightdress with a black frock coat over that.

"Holy coat," Hop breathed.

Could this be the one who had cried out in that uncontrolled way on the march? Now Bannock could not miss the advantage of being American in Hop Wah's camp. The others were scarcely considered.

He was now led to the ancient doorless temple that stood at the head of the path from below. Here the sentries were sprawled about, the figures dotting the lower trails. The cliff curved so that segments of the lower switchbacks were visible from where they stood.

"No take this place," Hop Wah mused contentedly. "Stan' three hunder year. Every little while Hung Shiang come; my men say boom-boom few times; Hung Shiang go back sick."

Hung Shiang—that was the name of the other bandit leader, Bannock recalled. It seemed opportune at this time to risk mention of the man he had come in-country to find.

"You know him—the American, Dave Crown?"

"Sure, Hop Wah know Big Face, Dave Clown. Velly big man. Hop Wah big man, too. Hung Shiang—not so muh."

"Is Big Face a friend of yours?"

Hop Wah placidly laughed. "Goo' frien'—velly goo' frien' for Hop Wah—" He was keening up. "Velly goo' frien'. Put Hop Wah's head on stick. All rest go way down."

Hop indicated that alone of his person his head would be kept if he fell into the hands of Big Face; that the rest from the neck down would be tossed to the pariah dogs.

"Big Face heap sabe Chinee man," Hop mused. "Big Face plenty smart. Hop Wah plenty smart. Hung Shiang not so muh—never drive car in Melica."

HER name for the present was Lucy Jewell. He studied her closely through the days.

"I never hated anybody so much as I did you at first," she had confided.

He studied her bowed head over the fire, her profile athwart the firelight in the evening. They were hungry virtually all the time; lean and hardened, and dark from the sun. It either made or broke a man—life like this.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Bannock placed the precious bathrobe over her shoulders with an attempt at appearing sweet tempered.

[THE STONE FLOOR
Continued from page thirteen]

He watched her spread her blanket, scour the pot, eat the stuff that was brought.

"What do you suppose this is made of?" she asked, holding up a bit of stew in her fingers.

"Probably bird of some kind." Yet he wondered how long before he would be backing into a corner to growl over his dish. Was it carrion that had helped to make Liscom look like that? "Rev. Frockcoat says it isn't what goes into a man's mouth that defiles him," Bannock added, "but what comes out."

A life of pouring, silent sun, of blowing, skiting rain—top of the mountain wide open to sun, stars, storms. And the rest was Hop Wah and the monumental simplicity of the stone floor. No feminine tricks here; nothing that he had heretofore supposed girl or woman would be like—and yet canny, compact, deep-eyed. Sometimes he sat for hours wondering what was happening in the States to produce a creature like this.

"I've got something to tell you," she said at the end of the seventh day. "I can trust you now. I didn't tell you or Hop Wah my right name. Lucy's all right. But it isn't Jewell—that's the only thing I could think of, when Hop Wah asked. It's Lucy Crown."

Bannock rolled back on the stone floor and laughed.

"David Crown's daughter? How did you know enough not to tell?"

"My father warned me not to, unless I knew whom I was talking to. He seems to have stout enemies as well as stout friends."

"Why, you'd look like the imperial treasure to Hop Wah if he knew. He's off-side your father politically. The fact is, your father chooses to pay tribute to Hung Shiang, not to him. By the way, your father must be pretty hard hit to know of your plight—"

"He's pretty quiet about it—so far."

Bannock glanced quickly her way, catching the curious tone of the last two words.

"It won't hurt him for once to be up against a situation that won't give. You know, he undertakes to boss everything."

Considerably privileged by this time, Bannock crossed to the old chief's quarters later that afternoon.

On a little stand near by was a cane cozy, and Bannock lifted the lid. A sweet breath came to him from the fusion of tea leaves, the pot full and still hot.

"Just right—just in time," he thought, picking up cozy, cups and all. "How nice this will look in our apartment."

He hurried back. Lucy helped him empty the pot, eight small cups between them.

She leaned against the wall dreamily. "It brings back boarding schools, hotels, cigarettes, chocolates . . . it brings back being civilized. I don't know as I like the feel again. I think our hardest test when we get out will be to hold on to what we've found out here—not to sink back."

"Just what is it you think we've found here?" Bannock asked.

He realized, in the silence before she answered, that he was looking into a tanned, wind dried face in which two of the coolest, calmest blue eyes held him.

"I've got myself back, and I was slipping rather badly," she slowly said. Her gaze held his a second longer. "And the way you look and talk now—from the way you looked and talked then—makes me think you've found something, too."

. . . . .

The next forenoon, before Bannock went to look for Hop Wah, the latter entered. Water was on to boil in the black iron pot.

"What you do with all that?" he asked.

"Wash my clothes," said Lucy.

Hop wrinkled up his face.

"You no sabe wash. Hop Wah allee time wash Melica. Too much wash—no good here. Catchee chicken for you—put in that pot. Boil chicken for you man—eh? More better than all time wash."

Lucy's eyes gleamed. What she thought was that old Hop Wah was as subtle a matchmaker as Mother Nature herself.

There was a gray morning, at last, of cloud whirls and wind gusts, and a new and different racket among the sentries at the little temple at the head of the trail. Hop Wah succinctly remarked:

"Plenty boom-boom pretty soon."

"Is Hung Shiang about to try it again?" Bannock asked.

Hop nodded. He looked off into space with a depreciative, apologetic look for Hung Shiang. "Every little while he come, beat his head 'gainst this place. No can do. No can take."

The fact that the stronghold had stood 300 years sufficed for Hop Wah. For an American it might be taken for a sign that it was about through.

The ascending column at length became visible on the lower switchbacks. At midforenoon the word reached Hop Wah that white men accompanied Hung Shiang's forces.

Finally a bit of news was brought which Hop Wah digested in silence on the stone floor for several minutes before slowly questioning aloud: "Why you s'pose he do that? Big Face come himself."

The other two stood in the open doorway. That was the moment of the first blow of rain. It crossed the mountain top with a sweep. The girl looked suddenly strange to Bannock—taller, more lithe; no longer that huddled look in his quilted bathrobe.

HOP WAH did not notice or hear the rain, head sunk in pondering. Again he was muttering:

"Melican no stay home. Melican go out all time, make war. Big Face come here. Think Hop Wah no kill. Big Face don't know Hop Wah Melican too."

He sank deeper into his silence, his hands drawn into his waist, his long, empty sleeves fluffed out upon his knees. Gusts of rain that swept in were unobserved; only the sentries coming with reports interrupted this extended meditation.

"Big Face big man," Bannock and the girl heard him say at last. "Hop Wah all set kill big man— no can lose—got die sometime."

Yet Bannock knew there was a horror about it to Hop Wah.

He turned to Lucy Crown, but she made no sign. Hop arose, beckoning them to follow, and moved out toward the temple. He pointed down through the spears of rain to where the trail showed clear cut in the gray light.

"Fo' fi' minute Big Face show against white rock. Hop Wah say boom-boom. Hop Wah step down—take whole province."

Bannock covertly watched his companion. Her eyes were on the lower column winding through the scrub of rocks and trees, her head uncovered in the drenching shower. The water straightened her brown hair and poured down her cheeks.

Minutes passed. The bandit company, stretched out endlessly on the rocks before them, looked up and waited for the chief's signal. Finally Hop Wah's hand raised; they heard his croupy laugh.

The girl caught his lifted sleeve.

"You mustn't shoot, Hop Wah. That's my father coming up."

That was the moment of show-down to Bannock—freedom, gold, the game all in the balance. Then he saw Hop Wah's face streaked and old, the gleam of his eye dying out.

"You no fool—no lie?"

"No, Hop Wah. I gave you the wrong name. It's Lucy Crown."

LIFELESSLY dull, those snapping eyes. "You worth fo' million dollar gold!" he muttered in awed tone, but dreams of wealth and power brought no light to his eyes. "Why you no tell?"

"I had to know you better, Hop Wah," she said with swift gentleness. "I wanted to be sure I could trust you. You'd never have a minute's rest if you fired on my father. Foreign armies would come—" She finished in a trace of his own fashion of speech. "American boys come—take this mountain—good joke. You tired playing bandit. You be our boy—come see us. You go back to America—drive car, eat pork—have dream pipe every day."

That instant against the white rocks a flutter opened like a parachute—a big white cloth unfurled.

Hop Wah jerked up from his gray revery, giving orders for his men to hold their fire.

"Big Face come treat with Hop Wah for his li'l girl!" he said excitedly. "We go down quick—make talk—all three."

Presently, on the descent, they heard a discreet cough, and turned to see the somber face of the Rev. Frockcoat essaying to follow. Hop scowled, his hand lifted; but Lucy casually intervened. "Let him come. He's a minister. They sometimes help."

Then, for a space on the down trail, it happened that Bannock walked at Hop Wah's side. The old Chinese was momentarily more exalted. His deadly fear that Big Face would push on and force eventualities was lifted. He spoke of the father; he spoke of the daughter; then he peered up into the face of Bannock with a hurried final message:

"She plenty guts. She sabe Chineeman allee same her father." Bannock saw the return of the whimsical glint. "You mally Dave Clown's li'l girl. She make fine house. She make fine baby boy—grow up strong. You sit back, smoke. No have work no more. Hop Wah come see. Where you go to live—Sam Vumslisco, Sleattle, Los Ang, Sim Looie—plenty fine place?"

They reached a halt in heavy thickets far below. Rain had stopped. Sun shone through the leaves. Hop Wah left them to advance alone toward the white flag.

Bannock and the girl suddenly found themselves together.

"Lord, Lucy, you're a whirlwind," he said, snapping her to him, soaked robe and all. "I'm going, too—wherever, whatever—"

She pulled his head down a second time; but just then they saw the somber face of Rev. Frockcoat showing more shocked than usual through the leaves.

"The most inconspicuous thing would be for us to get married right now—while we wait," she whispered hurriedly, "and then my father won't have anything to do or undo about that. Catchee Frockcoat—he's got his robe on already."

THE END

"Every little while Hung Shiang come; my men say boom-boom few times; Hung Shiang go back sick."

Prohibition AND Fundamentalism

Are They Symptoms of Failure?

By

JOHN ERSKINE

(Reading time: 11 minutes 7 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Professor Erskine is a member of the faculty of Columbia University and author of The Private Life of Helen of Troy, Adam and Eve, and various other sprightly tales of the past. This article was submitted by him to LIBERTY and is published as written. It represents Professor Erskine's views rather than LIBERTY'S.]

WHAT will future historians say of American Fundamentalism and American Prohibition?

Will they describe them as milestones in moral advance, or as the two major symptoms of moral and religious failure?

The movements appear to be independent, but perhaps they are not so. Though they have the appearance of energy, perhaps it is only the spasm of uneasiness, the presentiment of defeat.

They both made known their presence by strong emphasis on religious and moral ideals, as though they were tendencies toward a positive goal; yet qualities in each suggest discouragement rather than hope, and both frankly abandon faith in that inner life which, when Protestantism was new in the world, promised to take the place of authority and tradition.

It would be hard to prove that Fundamentalism came into being in answer to any need of society at large, but it is easy to notice those aspects of it which contradict or reverse the old Protestant attitude.

It is frankly an attempt to return to ecclesiastical authority, narrow and cruel; to compel even the well behaved and valued citizen to conform, whether or not common sense, or the knowledge which time has brought us, protests.

The authority, of course, is based, in the Protestant way, on the Bible; but, unfortunately, the Fundamentalist now believes only parts of the Bible. Protestantism always rested its case on the Sacred Book, having abandoned the authority and guidance of a traditional church, and to the devout the Book once was sacred. Now the sense of defeat shows itself in a partial allegiance. Only certain things in Scripture are now essential, and those things, by a perversity familiar in cases of frayed nerves and poor judgment, are the very things educated man now considers unimportant or indefensible.

Picture by W. T. BENDA

Fundamentalism pays little attention to the life or doctrine of Christ; rather it is concerned with the books of Moses, with the bad science of the ancient Hebrews, with their antiquated regulations for Sabbaths and holy days.

The living spirit of the Master once seemed a revelation to save us from the legalisms and the formalities into which religion, like other spiritual activities, may degenerate; but His breadth of vision played havoc with the Mosaic law, and Fundamentalism craves an external propriety, something which authority can take hold of, something which can be checked up and enforced.

For Fundamentalism, as for Prohibition, Christ is out of date. He declined to condemn a Sabbath breaker. He forgave a woman taken

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTEEN]

in adultery. He drank wine, and told us to drink it in memory of Him. With His modern and liberal ethics He got us all mixed up. Moses is the better man.

But here again the Fundamentalist is partial. His faith makes reservations. Though he finds it important for us to believe in the creation stories of Genesis, and in the date assigned to the world's beginning by Bishop Ussher, though he wants us to do away with secular pleasures on Sunday, because Moses prescribed a strict Sabbath, yet he himself would balk at keeping Sunday with the ceremonies which Moses prescribed.

What he wants is the power to make us keep Sunday, not according to the biblical rule, nor according to the dictates of our conscience, but as he wishes. He wants us to believe that the serpent really spoke to Eve, and that the whale really swallowed Jonah; but he will ignore the spiritual wisdom in the Psalms and the sophistication of Ecclesiastes.

It was perhaps a strategic error of the Protestant churches to identify their future with that of Prohibition; at least, some congregations show symptoms of regret that the identification has gone so far. Yet there was a logic in it—Prohibition and Fundamentalism are only different facets of the same state of mind.

It was the mission of the church, among other things, to teach and cultivate temperance, and if the church had succeeded in that direction, Prohibition would not have seemed necessary.

Muray photo

John Erskine, educator and author, who sets forth herewith his views on Prohibition as a manifestation of certain tendencies in religious and political activity.

Out of the sense of failure came the resort to authority, to compulsion, to methods not of the pulpit, but of politics and the police.

No doubt many a Fundamentalist would like to put us in jail if we disagree with him, but, except for a certain amount of legislation against evolutionary theories, he has not yet dared to strike openly against religious freedom. But Prohibition gave him his chance—and disclosed to the world his true ideal. Here he proceeds, as in his theology, by resting his case on a document, and on a document which he does not himself entirely respect. For the Bible he substitutes the Constitution. We must all be good Prohibitionists because it says so in the Eighteenth Amendment.

Of course, some other amendments guarantee to the individual such rights as make Prohibition unenforceable, but the Fundamentalist is not interested in those sections of the text. The Constitution also guarantees to the Negro certain political rights, but the Prohibitionists have not yet put themselves on record as admiring those parts.

IN the heat of argument we might be tempted to accuse the Fundamental Prohibitionist of some hypocrisy, but if he is illogical and inconsistent, it is no doubt against his will. His world is breaking up; his philosophy is fading; youth declines to follow him. It is but human for him to grasp at what he can, even though the gesture is not intellectually nor morally so satisfying as in happier circumstances it might be.

The alliance between Fundamentalism and Prohibition is illustrated by the number of ministers who are actively engaged in Prohibition propaganda and enforcement. It has been pointed out that the ministers, rather than their congregations, stand for Prohibition, and that if the movement depended only on the layman it might soon die. The layman hasn't the time to give to it. The minister apparently has. If this leisure came to the minister through the decrease in his parochial duties, we might suspect a tendency toward decay in Protestant congregations. But even in those cases where the minister would have a good congregation to work for if he were not working for Prohibition, his point of view is often quite as ominous for his religion.

This labor against drink, he will tell you, is practical religion, modern Christianity, worth far more than ceremonies and prayers. If he neglects his parish in order to put heart into the Eighteenth Amendment, he believes that thereby Protestantism is advancing, not declining.

His objection to prayers and ceremonies is, of course, of some antiquity; so is his preference for social service. The ointment ought always to be sold and the money given to the poor.

But, in a way, this identification of religion with the merely practical is, as every layman feels, another form of skepticism. If it came from an unbeliever we should suspect him of striking at the heart of the church. When it comes from a minister, we wonder whether he knows what collapse in his mission he is confessing.

Certainly religion ought to show practically—in our daily conduct, in our business; but when business and religion are identical, we shall ask which has influenced the other, and, since we have to pursue our business anyway, we shall need to pay no further attention to religion, its superfluous duplicate.

If he has the choice, the layman tends to see a difference between religion and business, between religion and politics. Conscious of a soul, he craves moments of spiritual exercise and illumination. But if the minister tells him to look for his religion in business, he will attend to business and soon forget both his religion and his minister.

We might expect the minister to foresee this consequence, but the two movements of Fundamentalism and Prohibition have revealed an increasing ignorance of human nature. The great leaders of Protestantism owed their influence to an understanding of what was in men's hearts in their day. Their successors have apparently forgotten the secret.

Perhaps the trouble lies, as many gloomy prophets foretold at the time of the Reformation, in the besetting danger of all Protestantism—in the low value it attaches to the experience of former generations. There is peril in tradition, too, and doubtless the reaction to the medieval church was brought on by grave faults. No doubt a tradition too narrowly followed becomes cramping and sterile, certain to be challenged by whatever is changing and modern in the world.

But along with the personal integrity, the individualistic faith, the loyalty to one's own conviction, which force men to depart from literal formulas and from outworn institutions, it's a good thing to have a fair share of common sense. Our personal convictions may be mistaken; we may be a little queer. It might be well to check up on ourselves by a decent respect for the opinion of mankind—of mankind in the past as well as in the present.

NOW, the Protestant soul is sometimes endowed with this common sense; the great leaders were. But if by chance we lack it, we have difficulty in making good the loss out of an individualistic philosophy. Tradition has this advantage, with its attendant perils—that it may hand on to us in usable form the experience of wiser men than we. Not that it certainly will, but it may.

At least, when men respect a tradition they have a better chance of acquiring general information about life than when they ignore the rest of the race and study only themselves. It is by tradition, for example, by bitter experience, that man acquires tolerance.

At the first sight we might be surprised that the coming of Fundamentalism and of Prohibition should have been accompanied by a revival of religious intolerance toward non-Protestants.

Our country is supposed to be overwhelmingly in favor of Prohibition, and certainly it is overwhelmingly Protestant.

Why should the Protestants at this moment make a political point of their fears that some other religion than their own may dominate them? Can it be that their fears are the suggestion of an uneasy conscience?

Certainly the Fundamentalists and the Prohibitionists have done more than anyone else to destroy religious and intellectual liberty in this country.

They have tried to use the government to enforce their opinions on those who disagree with them.

They have done what they could, in defiance of the American tradition, to identify church and state.

Is it unpleasant for them now to consider the discomfort which would result to themselves if a different church should outnumber them and should be so foolish as to imitate their policy?

No gesture of Protestantism is less assuring today than the propaganda against the so-called political peril of the Church of Rome. If that church really intends to seize the state, then it is a peril. But there are enough of us left, even if, like the present writer, we do not belong to that church, who can feel the irony—shall we say the impudence?—of such a charge coming from the Protestants.

We have not all lost our sense of humor, nor our love of fair play.

The Roman Church may, as they say, like to play politics secretly, but most of the Protestant churches have been openly lobbying in the legislatures, commending or condemning candidates, advising the congregation from the pulpit how to vote. The fact that the Protestant congregation quite often fails to follow the advice, or even declines to attend church to hear it, is no proof of virtue—rather of inefficiency and lack of discipline.

WHAT is to be the future of Protestantism in this country?

Churches and religions which forget the ideals which justified them usually die out.

More people than we like to admit have been estranged from religion in this country by the activities of the Prohibitionists and Fundamentalists. Some of these discouraged souls may be classified as skeptics of the old fashioned sort. More of them, we suspect, will develop a vague religion of their own—a sort of enlightened paganism, retaining those pieties of the family and state, and those personal standards of decency, which man seems to learn by communion with nature and with his own soul.

Already this is the essential faith of many people who allow their names to remain on the roster of the churches.

Or there may be a general revival in Protestantism of the spiritual life—a turning back from secular and political methods of salvation, an old reliance on the vision of the ideal world.

If this happy rebirth occurs, perhaps the inspiration for it is to come from that very part of Christendom against which Protestantism once revolted—from the traditional church, which, with all its faults, has not forgotten the needs of the human soul.

Some hint of this possibility is in the Gothic architecture which the Evangelical churches now imitate.

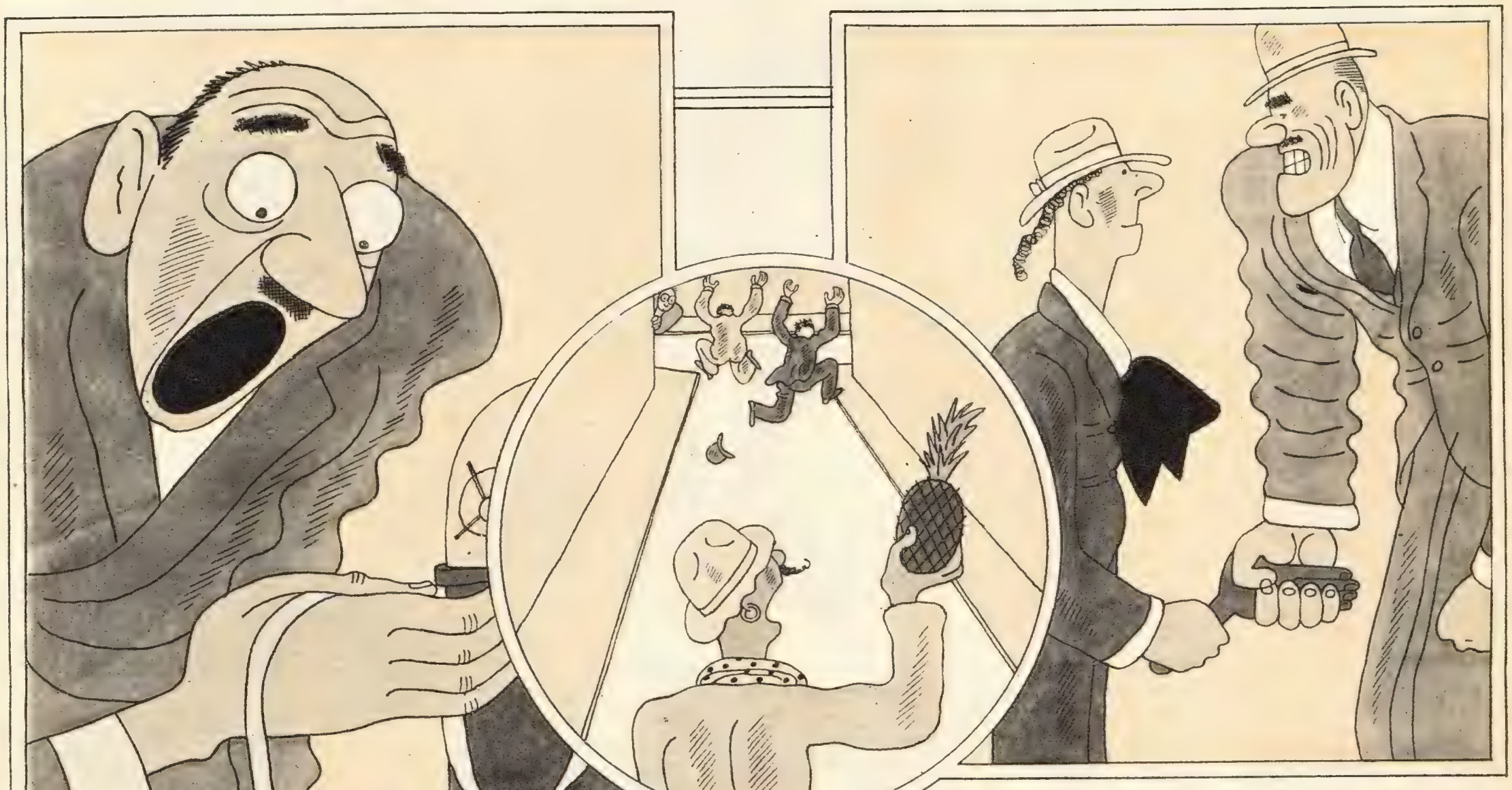
In these vaults of stone, these pillars and arches, these colored windows, there is a remembrance comforting to the starved heart which has tried to support immortal life on a hatred of Darwin and a love of Volstead.

THE END

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON



ONE OF THE MOST SURPRISING THINGS IN THE MODERN WORLD is the surprise expressed by financial experts every time stocks which have gone up come down again.

THE CHICAGO HUCKSTER who offered the wrong fruit for sale and did no business.

CASTIRON HAND for the use of pianists and violinists who number among their friends individuals who believe that a firm, strong handshake is an indication of character and manliness.

WHAT MR. ALFRED E. SMITH OF NEW YORK PROPOSES TO ACCOMPLISH.

A 1928 Pioneer

Making History with 7,000 Feet of Crash and Chatter

A Movie Review by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

(Reading time: 3 minutes 39 seconds.)

Helene Costello in one of the night club scenes from Lights of New York, the talkie film.

Hawk Miller, the night club boss, played by Wheeler Oakman (left); and two of the gangsters, Tom McGuire and Tom Dugan.

"IT'S as much a screen milestone as The Great Train Robbery," declared a man who sat ahead of me at the Manhattan opening of the Warner Brothers' all talkie film, Lights of New York.

"Yes," replied his feminine companion sadly, "and I suppose we've got to go through all that again."

This arresting fear of marching along another pioneer film path seems to grip most of the New York motion picture critics. They realize that the sound film is a novelty of infinite possibilities—and gosh, how they dread it!

Lights of New York is likely to be a landmark of the talkie. Heretofore we have had a number of full length films with patches of dialogue and music. Like these, Lights of New York comes from the Warners' studio and is a Vitaphone product. Unlike these, however, it is 100 per cent noise for every inch of its seven reels.

Most of the celluloid reviewers pronounced Lights of New York to be crude of story and amateurish of acting. Doubtless it is—but it is also an arresting experiment.

Lights of New York is another story of gangsters, bootleggers, cabaret scoundrels, and plain clothes men. Two young people come to the wicked city. *Eddie* innocently buys a barber shop that turns out to be a camouflaged den of booze peddlers. *Kitty* develops into one of those innocent cabaret cuties who inspire an evil proprietor to all sorts of dire deeds. This *Hawk Miller*, the big bad boy of Manhattan, frames *Eddie* in his efforts to possess *Kitty*. Then *Hawk* is killed.

I won't tell you who did it, but *Eddie* does have a hard time explaining.

This picture started out to be a brief fifteen minute sound film, to be called The Roaring Forties. The Warners were so enthusiastic that they elaborated the thing into a feature. It was directed by Bryan Foy, one of the late Eddie Foy's numerous sons.

Lights of New York is told with some captions and 7,000 feet of crash and chatter. Right now Hollywood is worrying about the voices of its actors. It ought to start worrying about what the voices are compelled to put over. The talkie needs dramatists who know how to write dialogue.

Lights of New York is at its best when it shows such items as a cabaret in full swing and night views of the Great White Way, which, by the way, were neatly done in the Warners' Hollywood studios.

This all talkie will disclose to you the exact plop caused by a kiss and by a dead body hitting the floor. The last comes in the big scene of the film, when an attempt is made to hide a killing from the police. The body is propped up in a barber's chair and a shave is faked. But the body flops to the feet of the surprised plain clothes men.

The talkie, of course, is in its infancy, although you cannot say the surface has not been scratched. The difficulties are obvious. Photography has to be sacrificed for sound. Close-ups are paralyzing. And the players appear to be worried continually about their voices. When they get together they group as if about to harmonize Sweet Adeline.

I am not one of those who think that the sound film is just a novelty. Of course, it has a ghastly quality right now. It shows up Hollywood's voices in all their raucity, magnifying every weakness.

The talkie pioneers are trying still to fit the usual film yarns to sound. They should build for sound. For instance, the Warners might have made *Eddie*, hero of Lights of New York, the bass drummer of his town band. When he hits New York, he would have walked up and down Broadway seeking a cabaret orchestra job.

A tornado would be shrieking over New York. *Eddie* would take a temporary job in an iron foundry, make good, and become a prize fight announcer. Thus, a business success, he could return home with *Kitty*, who meanwhile had worked her way up from cabaret dancer to hostess. The final shot would show them practicing their voices in a rose garden.

In the cast of Lights of New York you will find Helene Costello as the girl and Cullen Landis as the boy. They fall into the clutches of the evil night club boss, played by Wheeler Oakman. Then there is the boss' cast-off sweetie, done by Gladys Brockwell.

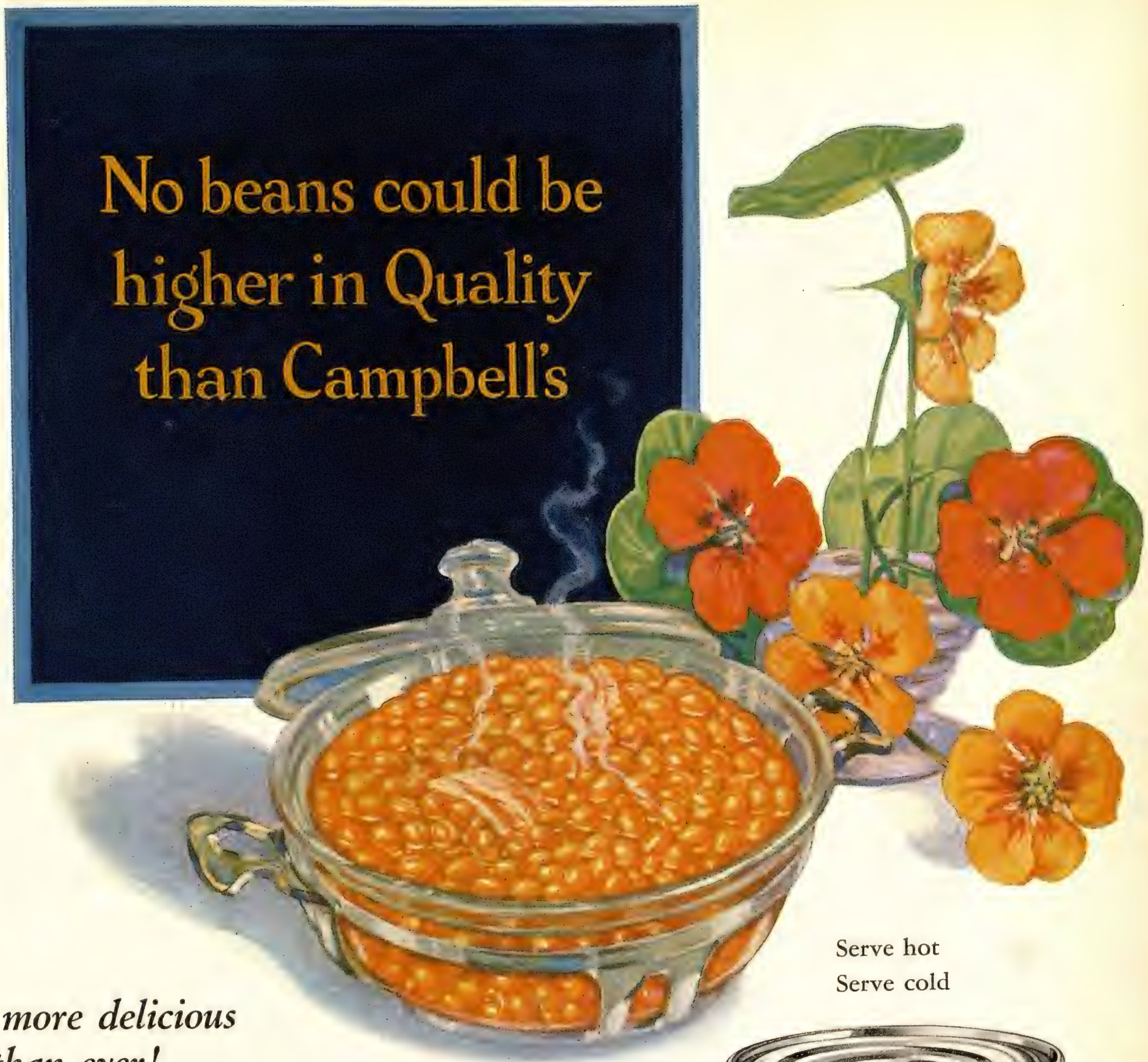
These players meet their microphones with varying success. I decline to place any blame or praise, not knowing whether to hand it to Miss Costello, Miss Brockwell, Mr. Landis, Mr. Oakman, the Western Electric, the Bell Telephone, or the Warners.

I'll tell you more about the talkie movies next week.

Do you know that—

Doug Fairbanks' next will be The Man in the Iron Mask? . . . Lewis Milestone is to direct a Wilson Mizner yarn of ocean gamblers with Raymond Griffith, Ben Lyon, and Louis Wolheim featured?

No beans could be higher in Quality than Campbell's



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Just think of it! The most popular beans in the world—Campbell's—have been perfected to an even greater deliciousness! Always the overwhelming favorites, Campbell's Beans now set a new standard of Quality that places them farther than ever in the lead.

Campbell's never rest on their laurels. The fact that these beans far out-sell all others did not deter us from our ceaseless efforts to produce higher and ever higher excellence.

All the qualities that won such extraordinary popularity are retained and advanced to new perfection. Slow-cooked to a golden brown, the beans are whole, yet deliciously mellow and tender. The famous tomato sauce, made from Campbell's exclusive recipe, tempts with an irresistible flavor. Enjoy Campbell's Beans today—and often!

SLOW-COOKED

GOLDEN BROWN

Where e'er they go,

the HOME FOLKS know

Oh Henry! World's outstanding 5¢ candy. 'Cause why? Because it still contains in full measure the same famous 10¢ quality that made Oh Henry! a household word across the land—the same four luscious layers, made this home-made way:

FUDGE CENTER: 1½ cups pure cane sugar; ½ teaspoon creamery butter; 1 cup rich, full cream milk; 1 cup corn syrup; white of one egg.

CARAMEL LAYER: 4 teaspoons creamery butter; 1¼ cups corn syrup; 3 cups rich, full cream milk; ¼ teaspoon salt.

PEANUT LAYER: 3 cups prime No. 1 Spanish whole nuts, roasted in oil [hulls removed].

CHOCOLATE COATING: Melt 1 pound pure milk chocolate.

SHE gave a priceless imitation of Beatrice Lillie's imitation of how a perfect lady behaves in aristocratic circles.

Jane's Young Man

A Story of Two Pretenders in Love

By COSMO HAMILTON

Pictures by A. D. FULLER

(Reading time: 27 minutes 54 seconds.)

DRIVING a pompous and shining car out of a narrow garage in the purlieus of Mayfair, Philip Compton was held up by one of those men who are sufficiently friendly to make a rude remark.

"How the devil can you, an impecunious creature, afford to run such a swagger machine?"

To which our cheery friend gave that amusing grin which was often his only asset, frequently winning a meal and almost always a smoke. "I can't afford to run it," he said. "But, you see, unlike anybody else's, it's a self supporting car. It's devised a brilliant method of earning its own oil, to say nothing of its bed."

The critic went on his way. He said to himself, not caring, "That's a man who will be a lunatic or a bankrupt by the end of the year."

A severe handicap, one would imagine, to own a mind like that. And then it was that Philip, frequently known as Pip, did a questionable thing, having looked around sharply to see that nobody was about. He exchanged what used to be known as a Monte Carlo hat for the regulation peaked cap of a professional chauffeur, and a well cut overcoat for a uniform waterproof.

And, with its proud but persistent owner thus deliberately disguised, this philanthropic car went out to earn its oil and later pay for its bed.

Here was an incredible young man. The son of one of the not too numerous generals who had distinguished themselves in the war, he had been ripe for gun fodder in 1917 and had served for a year in the air force with gallantry and jokes. He continued in that service, physically and mentally very much up in the air, until 1924, and then, just as he was about to complete a new and ingenious stunt, made a slip and crashed.

During the following six months of hospital, where they put him together—he was not unlike a picture puzzle, according to the surgeons—he became very much more aware of Life than he had ever been. Career, love, marriage, youngsters, and responsibility came to him, when the nurses were away, and stood at the foot of his bed. And when he received his discharge, shared his amusing grin equally among the medical staff, said "Thanks very much indeed," and found himself in the street, sound in wind and limb, he gave up being a flying man to keep his feet on the earth.

HE marched to Trafalgar Square, gazed defiantly at the lions, clicked heels to the perhaps not indifferent Nelson who stood on the top of his column, and spoke the following words with a quiver in his voice:

"Sir, ages ago you said that England ex-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[JANE'S YOUNG MAN
Continued from page twenty-one]

pects that every man will do his duty. The expectancy is still hers, and I am one of those men. And since, by the grace of God, I have been permitted to carry on, I swear on my word of honor and by my father's mustache that I will do it with all my strength."

To the gaping amazement of a pathetically ragged man, he flung his hand to his hat and clicked his heels again.

And then he went to see how much money he had in the bank.

HE had made up his mind to write. During those weary months in bed, while he had whistled away his pains, thoughts had flown in and out of his mind like swallows in their nests. They had laid eggs which had become young swallows, and then had gone off to the South. But they had left some of their feathers behind. He had made up his mind to write, therefore, because he had something to say.

He was determined to arm himself with an optimistic pen, rent a room in a quiet spot where the London sparrow chirped, settle down, and sweat. And this, paying frequent visits to the one armed, one eyed admiral for encouragement to go on, he did, as hard as he could. And he stuck a card in a frame on his desk on which was written, "Guts." An excellent word.

His father was, as you know, a distinguished general. But that made no difference to the smallness of his pay. With three other boys and two girls to be sent to school, it was impossible for him to endow Philip while he emptied bottles of ink.

On the smallish sum that he had found at his bank Pip lived for a couple of years, became acquainted with all the coffee stalls at which he took his meals, and discovered those tricky benefactors who turn elderly suits the other way round and make them as good as new. From time to time intelligent editors of newspapers and magazines accepted his gay effusions and printed his name.

Unknown friends sprang up in various parts of the country to whom his stories made even the dullest weather fairly bearable. But there was no publisher in London endowed with sufficient vision to bring out his first novel or to seize him by the scruff of the neck and put him under an agreement for a term of years. His second, and it wasn't any better but very much more expert, ran through several editions, won a three years' contract, and brought in cash.

Whereupon, quite light headed, Philip bought that car.

He argued, rather soundly, that if a man is to write truthfully about men and places he must see them for himself. Things began to look rosy and he was written about. He was the Young Hope, the New Humorist, and one fine day he was "discovered" by a literary lion. Without undue conceit, it seemed to Philip that his future was assured.

But Fate, a bit of a bully, considered it time to give this lad a nasty jolt. The poor old thing stuck in the middle of his next book, and in spite of his visits to Nelson, under whose column he fed the pigeons, he couldn't move it on. He was up against a snag, became a little panicky, was eyed with increasing antagonism by the cashier at his bank—and was about to sell his car.

Then, intervening again, Fate, who has a downer on conceit, took pity on Pip. God knows, his hat by this time was far too big for his head. Returning one night from a run in the country, a wet and filthy night, he passed a theater at the moment when the curtain had fallen and a crowd of despairing people were waiting in front of the house.

A very old gentleman was leaning impatiently on the arm of a charming woman. As every engaged taxi came up—they were few and far between—he waved his hand and got his hat wet by dodging into the rain.

Philip was seized with a brain wave.

"By Jove," he said to himself, "why not turn the car into a glorified taxicab? If I take those people home, they won't have the impudence to give me anything less than a quid. Twenty excellent shillings will help this car to eat."

Acting on this inspiration, he ran his car to the front of the theater, jammed on the brakes, got out, touched his hat to the old gentleman, and spoke.

"Beg pardon, sir," he said, adopting a cockney accent, "as it's raining so 'ard and you're likely to be 'ung up in the wet, I shall be very glad to be of use. I've taken my people 'ome." He jerked his thumb at his car.

He drove those people away and received exactly double the sum that he thought it proper to earn. Every night since then he had headed for the theaters and, even when the weather was fine—a very rare occurrence—picked up customers who paid him through the nose. A smart car, a smart chauffeur, that grin, which, underneath a chauffeur's cap, was irresistible. Amazing to think that a mere car could earn more money than a young and hard working man whose literary efforts had won praise in important critical columns.

The whole thing smacked of adventure, brought Philip in touch with curious characters, and took him to the front doors of several houses at which he had looked with awe. Sometimes he was requested to drive slowly around the park, and once he was perfectly certain that he was the means of patching up a quarrel between a husband and his wife. Which may have been good—who knows? At any rate, they both got in with angry faces and out with sunny smiles. On these occasions Philip felt that he was justified in sleeping later than usual and having a slice of bacon with his egg.

ON this particular occasion, having shot past the probably dyspeptic person who had predicted his mental and moral breakdown, the New Humorist headed for Shaftesbury Avenue at a good lick.

Though precious few people believed it, it

As Philip took her hand he knew that whatever was cooked by that little lady was done to a turn.

was an August. A mist hung over the park. A cold, unnecessary rain drenched the cheerless streets. The electric advertisements around Piccadilly Circus emphasized the depression which had settled on everything. Like animated mushrooms hundreds of umbrellas moved toward holes in the earth, and the red blush worn by the busses gave them the appearance of pale, tired faces dabbed heavily with rouge.

Driving up the avenue to Cambridge Circus, Pip turned and passed the various theaters until, under the dripping canopy of the Lyric, he saw a little elderly lady and the girl of girls. Wearing simple, old fashioned garments, with a piece of lace over her hair, and making a picture such as one may see, by accident, on a Victorian miniature, the elderly lady was looking about her in an anxious, timid way.

For the reason that she disregarded the fashion, wore a dress that hid her ankles, and was devoid of paint, Philip marked her down in his mind as a duchess, or at least a marchioness.

The girl was dressed in the standardized manner of the moment and was ravishing. No man was with them to splash through the mud for a cab, and the theater men had gone forth on their wild and horrid adventures. And so Philip halted his car, got quickly out of his seat, went forward, and touched his cap. It was the usual nightly routine.

"Beg pardon, madam," he said—he knew the words by heart—"as it's raining so 'ard and you're likely to be 'ung up in the wet, I shall be glad to be of use. I've taken my people 'ome." There followed the irresistible grin.

THERE was a moment of hesitation. They were evidently not in the habit of meeting an angel in disguise, especially under the dripping canopy of a place of entertainment. The duchess looked at her companion and the companion looked at Philip.

She knew enough about her London to be aware that the car would be ordered on well within twenty seconds, and enough about young men to bet herself a shilling that here was one to be trusted under any circumstances. His were honest eyes, and, after all, admiration, even in those of a chauffeur who dropped the wily aitch, was a very human thing.

"Thanks so much," she said. "You're very kind."

And while she led the old lady from cover, Philip made for the car, opened the door, caught the eye of a policeman, and nipped into his seat. As soon as the car was moving and had sent a slant of water over the nearest feet, Philip put his ear to the speaking tube and heard a light, bright voice:

"Forty-nine, Grosvenor Square."

He congratulated himself on the soundness of his judgment. The elderly lady with the fichu was undoubtedly a duchess, or, if not that, a marchioness at least. He was, however, so gratified and triumphant in playing the part of Don Quixote to so lovely a maid in distress that he never gave a thought to such a sordid thing as tips.

Neither did the car, which was on its best behavior. Never in the short history of these nightly raids had it carried anyone so alluring as this fair haired, gray eyed girl, this delightful thoroughbred. Like his friend and master he had forgotten the changes since the war, which, among many others, had put the peerage out of Grosvenor Square and the new rich into it. It was a male car.

They took the longest route, which even then, and with a palpable series of zigzags, was all too short. Among its smarter neighbors, which wore the unplastic expression of those ladies of uncertain age who have had their faces lifted and their eyebrows plucked, Forty-nine was like a charming gentlewoman who had grown old gracefully.

Philip thrilled at the touch of the girl's hand as he helped her out. He deeply regretted that he wasn't a poet, so that he might devote the whole of the night to the composition of a sonnet in which that minute of ecstasy should be given to the world.

He carried the sweet old lady to the first wide step. She was very light.

"You're a good boy, George," she said. "A kind, nice boy, and you know your job. But this is where we go, dear." And she hurried from the front entrance to the area gate, went down a flight of stone steps, and opened the kitchen door.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

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ONE of the three aircraft which Commander Byrd has chosen to fly over the South Pole.

This New Veedol will guard the motors of his two smaller planes as they plant caches of food and fuel up and over the Polar plateau.

For there must be no lubricating failures or mistakes when men are fighting 100-mile gales, 12,000 feet above the ice, in cold that drives the mercury down to 70 degrees below freezing!

And when every possible preparation has been made, and the big tri-motored plane . . . the *Floyd Bennett* . . . takes off from the Bay of Whales on the final 2,000 mile dash to the end of the world and back again . . .

The lives of Commander Byrd and his shipmates . . . and what is infinitely dearer to them than their lives . . . the success of the expedition . . . will depend entirely upon the proper functioning of the motors. No wonder that Veedol counts as its greatest tribute the fact that it has been so carefully chosen to shoulder this tremendous responsibility!

In the sky and on the land, the New Veedol keeps millions of motors humming sweetly year after year. Throwing that unbeatable film of protection between flashing metal surfaces. Holding the high heats of the newer, faster motors in check. Ready to meet any emergency of speed or power. And saving uncounted millions of dollars each year in repair bills.

Somewhere near you, you can buy Veedol of the same proven value that determines its choice by famous aviators and drivers. Stop at the orange and black Veedol sign. Fill your crank-case with this tougher, heavier-bodied oil, and your motor will begin to show its gratitude from the first touch of the starter . . . Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, 11 Broadway, New York City.

THE *NEW* VEEDOL MOTOR OILS

LONGER-LIVED . . . HEAVIER-BODIED . . . MADE TO MEET THE CHALLENGE OF THE MODERN MOTOR

"Despite the fact that I am always supposed to be funny, it was not until recently that I could see the fun in driving a car. Bumps and holes in the road used to come from nowhere just to get a shot at me. But all that is over now. I have just equipped my car with Miller Tires. It's the greatest feeling in the world —I'm riding along on smiles, sunshine and music. I sure was pleased to meet you, Miller Tires."

EDDIE CANTOR.

"I sure was pleased to meet you, Miller Tires"

Eddie Cantor

"Day in and day out, the whole year 'round, my car is on the go. Since I began to use Miller Tires I have had less tire trouble than ever before and I am delighted to report greater economy."

GEORGE WHITE.

"Less tire trouble than ever before"

George White

IF ever a tire was manufactured to justify the confidence of its users—Miller is such a tire.

If there is a tire of longer mileage on the market, the Miller Test Fleet has failed to find it. They drive year in and year out—not only Miller Tires, but *all* tires—in their relentless search for improvement.

If there is a tire that can better resist the hard usage common to the new-day driving conditions, they have not found it.

If there is a tire built that can give you greater safety of travel, they do not know about it. And their safety tests include non-skid effect, freedom from the puncture and blowout hazard, strength to resist stiff jolts and blows from stones and rough roads.

And the engineers who build Miller Tires are just as searching in their efforts toward improvement. They know of no better materials than those employed in the making of Miller Tires. No richer, broader experience than theirs is available to any tire manufacturer.

Thus it is—that Millers are able to justify, during a longer period of service, the confidence and enthusiastic praise of all who use them.

Thus also—that Miller's are conceded, by those who have used them, to be among the *very* few *best* tires manufactured today.

The new Miller Deluxe 6-ply Balloon pictured below is a new super type tire for those who demand the utmost freedom from blowouts and punctures. It is built to give extra long mileage and to withstand the roughest service.

Miller Tires REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

GEARED-TO-THE-ROAD

THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY of N.Y. AKRON, OHIO

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

The girl turned her head over her shoulder before dodging out of the rain.

"Come on down," she said, "why don't cher, and 'ave a cupper tea? Cook and me can get one in a couple of ticks." And from the shelter of the door she added, looking up, "What yer say?"

If her invitation had been a well aimed hand grenade which had burst in Philip's face, he might have been more able to have found words than in that moment of amaze. "Cook and me . . ." But, although he didn't know it—how should he?—his star was out that night.

"I'll take the car round to the garage," he said, "and hurry back."

"Right y'are, old bird."

And this, though bewildered, he did, quickly.

Nothing would have been easier than to have dropped out of this affair and gone home. And there would have been an end to the whole thing. He would not be required to pose socially, so to speak, as someone he was not, and, it might be, let himself in for a series of deceits. He had seen this girl, however, and recognized instantly the fact, as every good man does, that the rainbow of his dreams ended where she stood.

He didn't stop, weakly, to argue that he would rather it had ended in the upper parts of that house. If the kitchen was good enough for her, it was good enough for him. Once or twice before he had seen a thoroughbred in the shafts of a cab, and here, in spite of an accent as cockney as Beatrice Lillie's when she turns it on with her inimitable art, was a thoroughbred. That small, delicious head, that triumphant chin, that beautiful, delicate hand!

Jane caught the eyes of her young man, and, with nothing more than a funny little smile of amusement, waved her hand.

He was eager, excited, and breathless when he rang the area bell. He had raced all the way from the garage at the top of his speed. He shook the drops from his peaked cap and straightened his hair and tie, and thanked the sympathetic spirit who looks after men in love that he was wearing his oldest suit. There were the marks of ink in many places, so that the merest amateur detective could have guessed that he used a self filling pen.

"Jane," announced the girl, with a welcoming smile. "What's yours? I vote we get it straight."

"Philip—I vote we do."

"Phil—for short?"

"No, Pip."

"Pip. It suits yer, too."

WAS it at all curious that she slipped out of giving her surname or asking him for his? He didn't think so. No honest man in his state bothers himself with unessential things.

"Oddly enough," he said gravely, "my heroines are Jane."

If she had been in the country her laugh would have startled the birds. But he was far too emotioned to notice that in the look she darted at him there was a shrewd confirmation of recognition mixed with amusement and pleasure.

"Our sitting room," she said, with a graceful wave of her hand. "This is where, in the intervals of business, the menials play the lady, read detective stories and murder trials and the novels of the younger writers that float downstairs. The others, by the old ones, who go on and on and on, lie about in the morning room to give it a literary tone." And then, rather quickly, and as though she were retrieving an error, she added, in the ripest Hammersmith, "Not so dusty, wot?"

"No dust at all," said Pip.

It was a large and comfortable room. A little too low ceilinged, perhaps, if the weather were hot. But then, it never was. Its furniture was good. Shabby and broken here and there—obviously discarded by the people upstairs—but more than adequate.

THE pictures, too, of which there were many, had palpably been the ancient friends of those Victorian grandfathers whose tastes had been too simple for the present chatelaine. They were of bulbous men in red coats and top boots imbibing mulled wine in the sun. And there were portraits of old gentlemen dressed in stocks and nankeen trousers, and ladies wearing ringlets, whose shoulders were bare and sloping and whose complexions were their own. Would they ever have believed it possible, poor dears, that, after having been relegated to guest bedrooms and dark passages, they would vanish in the chinks that time has made and descend to a room in the area, filled with the aroma of food?

On a large round table there were a teapot under a woolen cozy, a plum cake, and three cups.

"Miss Agatha Albertine Jupp, commonly called Cookie. This is Philip—who's Pip to his pals."

The little elderly lady held out a capable hand. "Whatever your name is, my dear," she said, "and I thought you looked like a George, you're a nice, kind boy. Sit down. Now, how do yer like yer tea? Milk and a couple of lumps?"

She had removed her precious fichu, an heirloom probably, and sat in her Sunday frock, a rustling black silk. Her hair was fluffy and gray, with a little bun at the back which was filled completely with hairpins. And she wore a net which made a pattern on her forehead.

Her eyes, under substantial eyebrows, were small and as bright as a bird's. A nose which denoted character, pride, and supreme tidiness; a very kind mouth; a body that looked frail but was amazingly wiry; neat feet, although they were in those Gladstonian boots with elastic sides and patent leather tips—glorious reminders of the respectable giddiness of the eighteen eighties.

As Philip took her hand he knew, as he knew of the domination of Gibraltar, that whatever was cooked by that little lady was done to a turn.

He placed a chair for Jane, and burst out laughing as she gave a priceless imitation of Beatrice Lillie's imitation of how a perfect lady behaves in aristocratic circles.

"Milk and one lump," he said, "please," and put himself into a strategic position from which, without appearing to do so, he could feast his eyes on Jane.

Not that she was in fact, as he considered her to be, a ravishing beauty as lovely as Pandora. But with her thick fair hair and her gray eyes with dark lashes alive with merriment, she was better than beautiful. Then, too, there was something that arrested attention in her straight and eloquent eyebrows, her short nose with its blunt tip, clean line of jaw with a round determined chin, and a most amusing facility of illustrating her moods with a rapid change of expression. Good health was stamped upon the clean, sweet lines of her body.

She gave the impression of being able, at any moment, to balance herself on a tight rope, dive from the highest board, and hammer a punch ball rhythmically like an instructor in that art.

She stood well, moved elastically, and her brain was just as lissom as her limbs. Above all, she was as devoid of self conscious posing as a young squirrel in the freedom of the park. She made no effort to be "clever"—that dreadful modern habit—and possessed the gift of maintaining interested silences from time to time. The rarest of gifts.

IT was nearly half past 12 when, happier than he had ever been, Philip rose to go. "Good night, Cookie," he said, as though he had known the lady for years, as he felt that he had. "I've had a ripping time. Thanks for the tea and cake."

"Thanks for the lift, my dear. But for you we never should have got home."

"Which," said Jane, "makes us all square at the turn." She led the way to the door. Philip took her hand and held it rather too tightly.

"Am I to gather that there are nine holes to go? In other words, that I may come again?"

"Well, that's up to you. Cook's not walking out with anyone just now."

"How about you?" he asked, and hung upon her answer like a drowning man to a spar.

She shook her head and laughed. "Oh, I'm heart whole at the moment, though there's a policeman on this beat . . ."

"Is Thursday your night out?"

"Aye. That's the night of nights."

"I can get the car on Thursday. How about driving somewhere up the river, dining and dancing a bit?"

"Oh, Pip, I should simply love it! You're a genius, old bird."

"Not quite that," he said, with the awful

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

These Seven Questions *were asked a thousand times each*

528 different questions on Yeast were asked The Fleischmann Company in the past year.

Seven of them were asked 1000 times each!

Here are the correct answers given by their medical advisers.

HAVE *you* wanted to ask questions about Yeast? The medical advisers of The Fleischmann Company have selected the seven questions asked most often. Here are the correct answers.

Question: What is Yeast?

Answer: Yeast is a complete plant, even though one of the smallest of the vegetable kingdom. The number of microscopic plants in each cake of Fleischmann's Yeast is calculated to be over one thousand times the combined total populations of the United States and Canada. These tiny Yeast plants are grown, under ideal conditions, in a nutritious extract of malt and grain. After being grown overnight the Yeast plants are separated from the liquid extract. They are then compressed and wrapped in the familiar little tinfoil package with the yellow label.

Question: How does Yeast work?

Answer: Headaches, skin trouble, continual tiredness—it is these beginnings of ill health which Yeast combats. In most cases the cause of these common ailments lies in an unhealthy colon. Poisons collect from food waste held too long, and are absorbed into the blood. The millions of tiny living plants in each cake of Yeast, as they pass regularly through the system, naturally reduce the number of harmful bacteria in the intestines. The whole intestinal tract grows cleaner, healthier, more active. The Yeast cells soften the contents of the colon and definitely increase peristalsis — the eliminative action of the intestinal muscles. Yeast also increases the white corpuscles in the blood, making the body more resistant to infection.

Question: What are the scientific facts behind the use of Yeast?

Answer: In the last 25 years Yeast as a corrective food has been the subject of research by 140 of the leading scientists and medical men in this country and Europe. In their researches with Yeast they have worked with animals and with thousands of human patients. Their findings are published in the foremost medical magazines. Today the value of Yeast in the diet, and in the treatment of constipation, with its train of evils—indigestion, skin disorders and below par conditions, is definitely established.

Question: What is Yeast good for and how long should I eat Yeast to get results?

Answer: If your condition is serious you should consult a physician. When Yeast is advisable he will prescribe it. Fleischmann's Yeast is not a cure-all but its efficacy has been proved in certain common but fundamental ailments such as constipation, indigestion, below par conditions, and skin disorders.

The length of time it takes to secure relief with Yeast depends on your condition. No unhealthy condition of any standing can be corrected overnight. Most cases are benefited in three or four weeks, but, to give Yeast a fair trial, you should eat it for at least sixty days. In constipation, especially, Yeast must be eaten regularly, every day. If cathartics are being taken they should be reduced gradually. Fleischmann's Yeast is a food, not a medicine, and you must eat it continuously to get results. Eat 3 cakes every day, one before each meal or between meals: plain, in small pieces, or in water or any other way you prefer. For stubborn constipation drink it in hot water (not scalding), a cake before each meal and at bedtime.

One evening she wrote, "I am worried about my husband's health. Can you tell me . . ."

ALMOST everyone today seems to be worrying about being too fat or too thin. Many men and women who write about Yeast ask this question:—

Question: Will Yeast make me fat?

Answer: No. One Fleischmann's Yeast Cake contains twenty calories—five calories less than an ordinary soda cracker. Fleischmann's Yeast will clean out the whole alimentary tract—enabling you to assimilate better the food you eat and giving you a normally healthy appetite. If the amount of food you like to eat when you are feeling really well tends to put on extra pounds you must watch the calories. Any increase in weight will come from the other food you eat, not from the Yeast.

If you are under weight, due to inability to assimilate your food properly, to faulty elimination and poisoning, etc., Fleischmann's Yeast will correct constipation, increase assimilation and restore your appetite. This will raise your entire body tone and as a result your weight should come up to normal and stay there.

Question: Does Yeast cause gas?

Answer: Yeast should not cause gas if eaten before meals as directed. It is digested by the gastric juice of the stomach the same as any other food. In cases where gas has formed it is usually because Yeast has been eaten on a full stomach. Yeast eaten on an empty stomach increases the flow of gastric juice and so aids digestion, thus in most cases relieving the condition that caused the gas. If you are extremely susceptible to gas you should eat Yeast at least half an hour before meals. In extreme cases it may be dissolved in hot water (not scalding).

Question: Is the continued use of Yeast harmful? Will it become a habit?

Answer: No. Fleischmann's Yeast is a food, not a drug. It can never hurt anyone. You can stop eating it at any time you wish, the same as you can stop eating any other fresh vegetable. Since it is a food it should be eaten daily. Only in this way can Yeast work continually for you, keeping the intestinal tract always clean and active. The longer you eat Fleischmann's Yeast, the more good it will do you. Each month you should notice added benefit.

* * *

The mass of scientific and medical data on Yeast is too great to list here but a copy of our latest booklet on Yeast in the diet, containing authoritative scientific matter will be sent on request. Health Research Dept. R-59, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

remembrance of snags, "but things will move from now." And even as he spoke a heavy weight fell from his shoulders and fear went out of his heart.

Thus, and even more than thus, things went. And as August gave way to September and the smell of an inevitable October came with the burning of leaves from the garden in Grosvenor Square —no other garden mattered— the Young Hope worked in the daytime and spent his evenings with Jane. To Cookie and the other servants he was Jane's young man.

It would be preposterous and untrue to say that he loved her more deeply and truly now than when he had seen her that most excellent night. His crash had synchronized with the appearance of his star. But it would be true and far from preposterous to say that a most ghastly and unexpected incident which took place this Thursday night—the only one Jane had missed—turned him green with jealousy and a nasty yellow with fright.

He had received an enthusiastic report from his publisher as to his recently finished novel that morning, and with it a decent check on account of royalties. The cashier in the bank had been polite for a change. On the strength of this, and the fact that Jane had permitted him to hold her hand for an indescribable hour the night before in the servants' sitting room, beneath the portrait of a ringleted lady with spinster undeniably stamped on her face, he had strung himself up to the point of courage to beg her to be his wife.

Without forcing the point or inventing a set of details quite easy to forget, he was still somebody's chauffeur with a car conveniently at his disposal on Jane's night out. The whole charm and comradeship of the area sitting room must have been turned into discomfort and suspicion had he confessed himself as belonging to a different social set. There is as much snobbishness in the kitchen as in the rooms above.

NOT for one moment did he ask himself with misgivings what his people and friends would say when he had the luck to introduce a Mrs. Philip Compton whose aitches dropped with a thud. In the weighed down scale in which there were beauty and wit and laughter and invincible pride, what did it matter if the other end contained a scatter of fallen aitches and the accent of Hammersmith? Lady Hamilton had been a scullery maid, and wasn't Nelson his god?

On the contrary, being a novelist and one who lived by romance, he reveled in choosing a wife from the area and wouldn't have had it otherwise for anything on earth. If not, of course, he would have been in a stock broker's office or the board of trade. To him, too, bless the queer boy, kind hearts were more than coronets and simple faith than Norman blood. You see, he had been through a year of the war.

ONE of his wealthy friends had invited him to dine at the Carlton, and as Jane had let him down by saying that she felt obliged to give her evening to a relative, there he was in the first white tie that he had worn for weeks.

Under the dripping canopy of the Lyric, he saw a little elderly lady and the girl of girls.

He was secretly amused at being back in his ancient atmosphere among people who knew nothing of area life in their own and other houses. And instead of Cookie's inevitable "cupper tea" he drank champagne, the sight of which had been extremely intermittent since he had clicked heels to the one armed admiral on his discharge from hospital. For that reason, rather than because it was Pol Roger '17, Côte d'Or, *très sec*, it went down very well. Only to him that fetcheth his water from a spring is vintage wine a treat.

At the table for two on the outer fringe of the dining room, near the large crystal waterfall which looked as though it might have come out of one of H. G. Wells' heavens, Allan MacMurdo had taken the chair which faced the world. He was rather that sort of man. The consequence was, of course, that Philip, to whom the sight was rare and might have been amusing, sat with his back to it.

The meal ran its way pleasantly enough, with talk of the old squadron in which both men had served, until the orchestra went into dance music, whereat the bolder spirits, who had taken lessons, braved the empty floor. It was at that moment when the first tune changed to My Heart Stood Still and others had risen to dance that MacMurdo said, "My hat! Now that's what I call an angel. Take a squint."

Philip turned his chair around, but as the earth contained only one girl his interest was merely polite. A second later, however, *his* heart stood still at the sight of Jane in the arms of a man with slinky hair and a tonged mustache, who danced with the air of a guardsman, with a guardsman's waist. A far too handsome, languid creature who didn't care whether he gave the impression of having bought the Carlton and the whole of that part of London in which he chose to be seen, or not. He had probably practiced it.

Jane—and it *was* Jane, in spite of the unbelievability of such a thing—was simply and beautifully dressed; and she wore, too, the slightly bored expression of one to whom that room and that companion were the rather too inevitable commonplaces of her pampered life. She might have been the guardee's sister or cousin, and never have been nearer the servants' sitting room than the lady of the house. It was grotesque and irrational to suppose that that girl, so easy and so *soignée*, had walked out with a chauffeur or dropped an aitch.

Philip's rainbow lost its colors in one fell swoop, and the green of consuming jealousy turned to the yellow of fright. What on earth did it mean? He said something or other to MacMurdo, an arrangement of conventional words, and sat there, frozen stiff.

He knew that Jane was an extraordinary mimic, and she had often startled and amused him by inimitable imitations of the accent and the manner of his sisters and their friends. But after these histrionic outbursts she had returned immediately to her own dear Hammersmith accent and the natural area methods which provided the romantic touch for which every sound novelist craves.

BUT if any man had told him that he would catch her at the Carlton, acting the part of a lady and in the arms of an immaculate person whose mustache had been turned up with tongs, he would have murdered him where he stood.

Nevertheless, it was true. Nothing could disprove the fact that there she was—looking, he was bound to say, more utterly lovely than ever.

That was bad enough. What amazed and hurt him beyond description was that she, Jane, who had proved herself worthy of rock-like faith, respect, and admiration, should have broken the rigid law that goes with walking out. What cut the earth from beneath his feet was that she, Jane, had fallen into an act of disloyal deception and, although without apparent enjoyment, was dancing with a man

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A Closer Glance Reveals But Greater Beauty

You can possess an appearance of unusual beauty without the slightest suggestion of that "made up" look. The closest inspection will reveal only an alluring, transparent, pearly skin that is so subtilely beautified the use of a toilet preparation cannot be detected.

No messy creams or long drawn out treatments are necessary. From the first moment you use Gouraud's Oriental Cream a fascinating attractiveness is yours. Far superior to face powders, as the appearance rendered not only is more beautiful but it will not streak, spot, rub off or show signs of moisture.

Gouraud's Oriental Cream is highly antiseptic and astringent. It constantly exerts a healing, soothing action which protects against the contraction of skin troubles and helps to relieve blemishes, freckles, flabbiness, wrinkles, muddy skins, redness and similar conditions. Secure Gouraud's Oriental Cream today and take your first step to a "new lasting beauty." Made in White, Flesh and Rachel.

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I enclose 10c for Trial Size. Send me White ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ (check which shade desired.)

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It's the lather that does it!

YOUR shave is only as good as your lather. It's what goes on in the lather that determines whether you're going to get a swift, sweet, cool, smooth shave.

Mennen Shaving Cream with its exclusive principle of *dermutation* was developed on the proven theory that only when your beard has been properly softened can your razor do its best job.

Dermutation is that special action in Mennen lather which starts to work the minute you touch brush, cream and water to the face. It develops instantly in the rich, luxurious bank that rolls up under your brush. It softens completely the tough, fibrous hair shafts. No more need for messing or rubbing with your fingers. *Dermutation* relaxes and levels the tiny skin moulds at the base of the hairs so that the razor cuts the beard clean and close without nicking or scraping or scratching the skin. No soreness. No rawness. No free caustic to burn or parch or smart. And Mennen works equally well in cold or hard water. Five soothing emollients in Mennen lather tone up and freshen the skin, leaving it smooth and fit.

Also Made Menthol-iced

A dash of menthol gives a cool, bracing zip to the lather that's refreshing and reviving. Those who like it, can have it and *dermutation*, too—because we now make Mennen Shaving Cream two ways—with and without menthol. 50c either tube.

Mennen Talcum for Men

It's a man's face comfort—this Mennen Talcum for Men. Neutral tinted, doesn't show. Removes face shine and soothes the skin. 25c per tin. Also in stick form—50c.

[JANE'S YOUNG MAN
Continued from page twenty-seven]

with a tonged mustache, in a place that was out of her reach.

But that was not all. The disturbed and chaotic Philip was in for a further shock. As MacMurdo was paying the bill, on the amount of which the Young Hope had often lived for a week, Jane sailed past their table, caught the eyes of her young man, and, with nothing more than a funny little smile of amusement, waved her hand. Yes, with something more—an expression of pleasure and a Beatrice Lillie raise of her eyebrows which told him, plainer than ordinary words, that she was saying to herself, "You could knock me down with a feather. My word, some chauffeurs go the pace! A white tie and tails—oh, good night!"

Which completely winded him. No shame, no confusion, not a blush! Brazen was the right but frightful word that came into his mind. And with that, like a blister on his brain, he followed the wealthy MacMurdo, whose father worked so hard in his leather goods factory, out, and down the red stairs into the foyer to the coat place and finally into Pall Mall. A car as big as a Pullman purred as it came up.

"I have to catch on with the gang at the Café de Paris, old bird. You're coming, of course."

"No, I can't," said Philip. "Work, and that sort of thing. Burning the midnight oil in my garret—Chatterton stuff. Thanks most awfully for dinner." He spoke as lightly as he could, but was grimly determined to escape, to face this crisis alone and wait outside the area steps of Number Forty-nine and have it out with Jane.

"Right you are, then. More power to your elbow. Very jolly. So long."

FROM half past 10 until a quarter to 12 he paced like a sentry in front of Forty-nine. Cars arrived at and departed from the houses on both sides. Cats endeavored to attract his attention by seductive methods without success — and several dogs gave him the time of day as they were led out for a little run by mere husbands and things. There was a gentle breeze among the trees in the square, and the cyclonic mess that had come from Wales had reluctantly gone back. The sky was clear for a wonder, and the first quarter of a flapper moon razzled among the stars.

He stuck a card in a frame on his desk on which was written, "Guts."

Extraordinarily young as he was, Philip knew that the one certain thing about life is its constant uncertainty. He had read somewhere that life is a mission, and that every definition of it is false and leads all who accept it astray. Religion, science, and philosophy, though still at variance on other points, all agreed that every existence has an aim.

He agreed, and from the instant that he had seen Jane he had known that it was his mission, by her acceptance and trust, the grace of God, and the help of Nelson, to devote himself with a deep and steady love to that girl's happiness.

And as he pursued his vigil he made up his mind again that, in spite of her masquerade with the son of the lady whom she was engaged to maid—he put him down as that because how else could she have had the misfortune to meet a man like that?—he would ask her to be his wife before he went to his rooms.

Not once did it pass through his mind that he had posed as a chauffeur. Not quite like other men, being a novelist, dash it all, he was a human being.

AT last a car drove up. That is, almost a car. A two seater in which that person was sitting at the wheel with Jane, with her hair blown about. Somehow or other, after gymnastic contortions, they both got out, and Philip bore down on them.

"Oh, hello, Pip," she sang out. "How nice of you to be here!"

"Thanks very much," he said. And in his mind's eye he saw her companion swathed in comic wrappings in a swagger barber's shop, with a pair of tongs under his nose —that supercilious organ.

"Mr. Anthony Portsay—Mr. Philip Compton."

"H'aryar."

"How de do."

There was a murmur of other words, further gymnastic contortions, a short bout of mechanical eruptions, and the almost-car was gone.

"'Ave a cupper tea, Pip?"

"Thanks very much," he said.

"Cook'll be in bed and all the others, and we can 'ave a bit of a talk. There are one or two things I've got to say to you."

"Thanks very much," he said again. He was far too egocentric at that moment of crisis to notice her tone of "you'll have to stand on the mat and explain all this, my lad." And it was far too dark to see the sharp glint of anger in her eyes.

He took the enormous latchkey, descended into the area, opened the familiar door, drew back for the vision to pass, proceeded into the servants' sitting room, and switched on the electric light.

And there Jane faced him with her eloquent eyebrows raised. "'Ere, what's all this 'thanks very much' stuff, if it comes to that?"

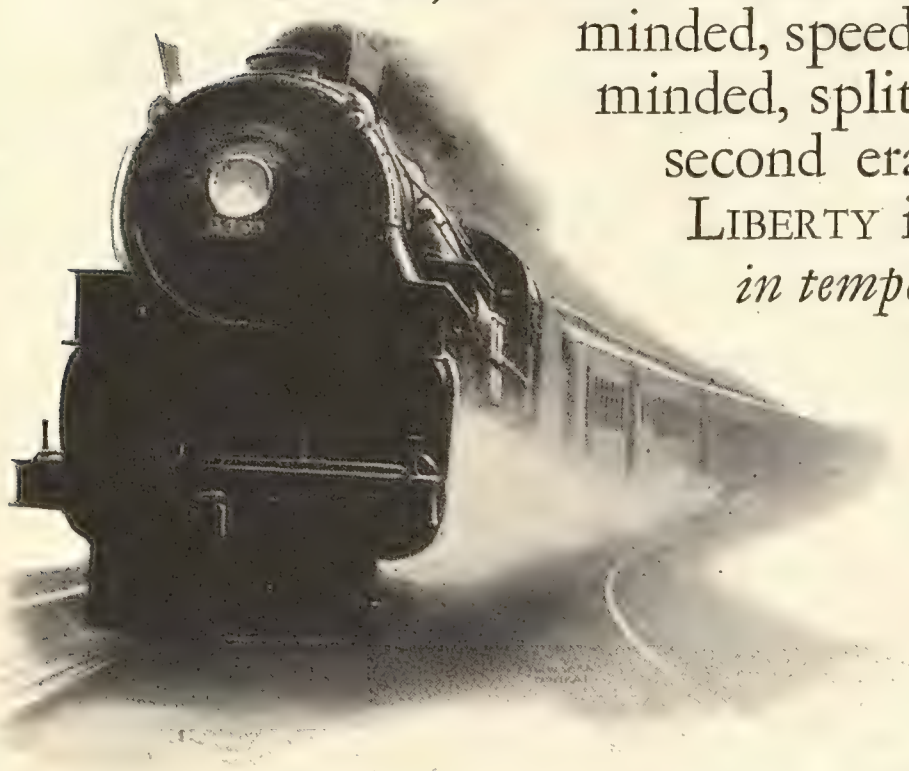
Philip deposited his jolly old prewar top hat on a chair that was

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE THIRTY]

In tempo . . .

CITIES thrust their terraced towers forty, fifty, and sixty stories skyward . . . the ticker tape leaps above 5,000,000 shares a day . . . a lone airman spans the Atlantic and an earthbound world takes to wings . . . Model T becomes a reminiscence . . . Harvard vanquishes Yale in a brain tilt . . . a "Bunion Derby" creates a national fixation from coast to coast . . . and suddenly we become conscious of the new America!

Into this environment has come LIBERTY with more of a reverence for progress than precedent. LIBERTY has geared itself to an age paced by air mail, rapid transit, radio, television, trans-Atlantic flights, and sub-Atlantic telephones. It has adjusted itself to an air minded, speed minded, split-second era. LIBERTY is *in tempo.*



LIBERTY recognizes the present-day interest in education, eugenics, prohibition, finance, the political arena, and kindred subjects, as well as aviation, radio, and sports—but insists on presenting them a bit differently than magazines of the old guard. Today's reader wants concise, fast-moving, timely text. He wants editorial content amply illustrated. And subconsciously he wants "newspaperized" headlines and dramatized treatment; his preference at the newsstands proves it. LIBERTY has patterned itself to meet these wants.

The diversity and scope of LIBERTY's editorial matter are evidenced in a classification of content, exclusive of service departments, for the year 1927:

Fiction	29 per cent
Industrial	5 per cent
Political	10 per cent
Social	17 per cent
Educational	15 per cent
Recreational	24 per cent

Week in and week out this publishing formula receives its justification through the voluntary purchase of LIBERTY from the newsdealer by more than 1,500,000 buyers—above 6,000,000 a month. No magazine in America ever before drew an audience approaching these proportions into its folds over so brief a period. No magazine in America ever before won such a spontaneous reader demand!

Advertisers have paralleled this preference by placing LIBERTY in second place in advertising lineage among all major weekly magazines. For the first six months of 1928 LIBERTY has led all national publications in revenue gains compared with the corresponding period of last year.

Such are the tributes to LIBERTY's publishing policies.

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

LIBERTY *pledges for 1929: A bigger and better magazine, a much larger circulation, and no increase in advertising rates.*

The World's GREATEST Lighter

RONSON

(Trade-mark Reg. Fully P't'd. Other Pats. Pend.)

DE~LIGHT

A *Flip* and It's Lit—
Release and It's Out!

ONE press of your thumb, and there's your light; instantaneous; automatic; *positive!* Release your thumb, and it's *out!*

The Ronson De-Light is made in a wide variety of beautiful colors in leathers, enamels, sterling silver, gold and the wonderful new permanent, untarnishable chromium plate. Prices begin, thriftily, at $5. Stop in at your favorite shop and select *your* Ronson De-Light —today.

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ART METAL WORKS, Inc.
Aronson Square Newark, N. J.

[JANE'S YOUNG MAN
Continued from page twenty-eight]

near the door, undid the buttons of his overcoat, and straightened his tie. Then he marched across the comfortable room to Jane and halted in front of her.

"Before anything else happens, I want to know if you'll be my wife," he said.

Jane shot out a short and curious laugh and put her hands on her hips.

"I see. Jumping in before the enemy climbs over the top." Her voice and eyes were sarcastic and in her admiration there was a touch of cynicism.

He said, with amazement, "I don't know what you mean."

"Oh? Then I'll explain. What would you call an ex-officer in the R. F. C., the son of a distinguished general, and the 'Young Hope' of the younger novelists—"

"When did you find that out?"

"The moment I saw you from the dripping portico. Who pretends to be a common or garden chauffeur and takes advantage of the hospitality and friendship of a trusting cook for the purpose of breaking the heart of an honest lady's maid?"

Words, of which he was a master, fled like a flight of pigeons.

Jane leaned forward and tapped him on the arm. "What would you call him? Come on."

He pulled himself together. "Nothing half so harsh," he said with monumental pain, "as a lady's maid who deserts the man with whom she is walking out, and who loves her and wants her to be his wife—"

She used that ghastly word "Eyewash!" with frightful emphasis.

"It's as true as death, I tell you. Who dodges off to the Carlton and is caught pretending to be a lady with a man with a tonged mustache."

She turned her head away. Her mouth was stern and indignant when he saw her face again.

"The young person upon whom you are trying to turn the tables, very weakly," she said, sending icy trickles down his spine, "happens not only to be a lady but a professional lady's maid. She is obliged to earn her living and couldn't do anything else. She doesn't possess a father or mother or a comfortable home, and greatly prefers the area to an office in which a typewriter is a mystery. And, what's more, she neither dodged nor was caught at the Carlton, to which she is taken as often as she cares to go there by the man whose mustache is all the better for tongs and who's her only relation — her brother, in fact. Now what have you got to say?"

It was a horrible shock. In one fell swoop, away went the romance that is so dear to a novelist's heart and without which his books don't sell. Away went the gorgeous excitement of introducing to his people a thoroughbred whom he had rescued from the shafts of a cab. Away went that basket of fallen aitches, that amusing Hammersmith accent, the joy and the glory and the privilege of turning a lady's maid into a lady, as the one eyed admiral had done.

He simply said, humbly, eagerly, but with passion, "I ask you to be my wife."

To which she cried out, "Good old Pip. I've been waiting every Thursday for that!"—kissed him with supreme possession, and went off to make that cupper tea which they had never needed so much.

THE END

Poems You Ought to Know

Ode on a Grecian Urn

By JOHN KEATS

[John Keats (1795-1821), one of the greatest English poets, abandoned surgery in 1817 to devote the brief remainder of his life to literature. He died of consumption at Rome, Italy, and was buried in the Protestant Cemetery in that city.]

THOU still unravished bride of quietness,
Thou foster child of Silence and slow Time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf fringed legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

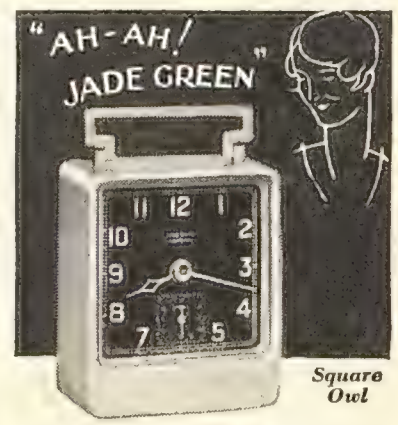
Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair! . . .

O Attic shape! fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form! dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity. Cold Pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

In bright new coats

Square Boss

Square Boss is the largest of the three Ansonia Squareclox. This solid citizen comes in pastel blue or in antique finish. *Alarm.*

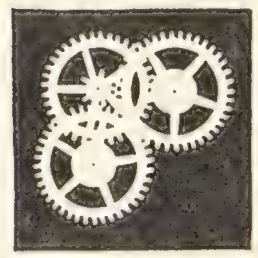


Square Owl

Square Owl, the middle sized one, comes in jade green, pastel blue or antique. *Alarm.*

Square Rascal

Square Rascal, the little one . . . in old rose, jade green, pastel blue or antique.
Alarm.



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I Knew Him When—

Some Memories of an American Boy

An Article by
NORMAN S. HALL

(Reading time: 8 minutes 54 seconds.)

"I'VE seen him—many's the time I've seen him—going like the devil himself after that old Thirty-two Company engine. Man, how that lad could run! And yell? Say, they never did need a bell on Thirty-two Company's steamer when 'Little Al' was a kid. The whole Fourth Ward knew by that screech of his that there was a fire somewhere."

This is Michael J. Fitzgerald's most vivid recollection of Alfred Emanuel Smith, Governor of the State of New York and Democratic presidential nominee.

Long has Michael Fitzgerald known the picturesque statesman who learned the ways of his fellow man along the cobbled thoroughfares of New York's lower East Side, across the smelly, scaly counter of a Fulton Fish Market stall, from the driver's seat of a truck, and in the Assembly and the Executive Mansion of the Empire State.

Brown photo

When "Little Al" Smith had attained the age of eighteen years.

Michael Fitzgerald was seventy-eight years of age July 31, and all but two of those years have been spent in the old Fourth Ward where Al Smith was born, given his schooling, and where he began the political career which may yet place him in the White House.

Today Michael Fitzgerald resides at No. 258 William Street, only a noisome block or two from the site of the house in Cherry Street where his parents took him when they came here from Waterford, Ireland, in 1852.

Sixty-five years ago this lean, still sturdy Irishman attended St. James' Parochial School, where later Al Smith was to receive his only schooling. Fifteen years later Michael Fitzgerald, then a stalwart of twenty-eight, was finding much of value in the friendship of Al Smith, the truckman, at whose doorstep he frequently paused to chat a while and make a jocular comment or two concerning the two-year-old that the big muscled trucker sometimes held with awkward solicitude.

Another ten years and the two-year-old was larruping along in the wake of Thirty-two's steamer. And today?

Today Al Smith, the "Little Al," who could go "like the devil himself," the grinning, brash Al, who once sold him fish—and called a full five pounds and three-quarters five pounds—the Al Mike Fitzgerald's vote helped into the Assembly and into the Executive Mansion at Albany, is a candidate for the Presidency of the United States.

Brown photo

A Smith family photo of the vintage of 1880. At the left, "Big Al" Smith, the truckman, and the presidential candidate at about the age of six; at the right, Al's uncle Peter and his cousin, little Tommie Mulvihill.

Brown photo

Wide World photo

Alfred E. Smith, Governor of New York and Democratic presidential candidate. In the background is the State Capitol at Albany.

This is all very gratifying to Michael as he sits o' nights in the Downtown Tammany Club at 59 Madison Street and considers the years that have gone.

"WHY, it seems but yesterday," he will tell you, "that I passed him selling papers. I mind the time very well, for I was working with the Burr Hat Company in Frankfort Street. He was a spry lad, Al was, always hustling.

"He was a lot like his father, even then, and what a big, fine, powerful man his daddy was! He stood over six feet and had shoulders as wide—as wide as a pair of stairs. He owned his own truck, too, and that was a lot in them days. And strictly a family man. Oh, a glass or two of beer now and then, but no rackets.

"They were poor—just like everybody else that lived down here then—but it wasn't because the old man didn't work hard. And he was crazy about them kids—Al and his sister. It was him that gave Little Al twenty cents to start in the newspaper business, and maybe you think that kid couldn't sell papers. You'd find your-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

FREE—This remarkable new rouge. See offer below.

Before Retiring DO THIS

Give yourself the Ingram treatment best suited to your skin. If your skin is dry, do this: Before retiring wash your face in warm water—just a little warmer than body temperature. Use a soft cloth and a small amount of good soap. Dry your face thoroughly with a soft towel. Then spread a thin coating of Ingram's Milkweed Cream evenly over the entire face.

Leave this cream on all night. In the morning the dryness should be noticeably less. Before going out apply a little Ingram's Milkweed Cream. Wipe it off with a soft cloth before powdering. Just enough Ingram's will remain in your skin to protect it from the sun, wind and dust.

Women in all parts of the world who realize the importance of a beautiful skin—stage beauties, screen stars, society leaders, write us that they have used only one cream—Ingram's Milkweed Cream—for ten—twenty years or more.

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So that you, too, may give your skin treatments basically right, go today to your druggist and buy a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream. 50c the jar—$1 size more economical—Theatrical size $1.75.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

THERE IS BEAUTY IN EVERY JAR

Let us send you FREE purse-size package of this remarkable new rouge—Ingram's American Blush Rouge, and an interesting booklet on The Art of Rouging.

Frederick F. Ingram Co., Est. 1885, 862 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.; also Windsor, Ont., Canada.

["I KNEW HIM WHEN—" Continued from page thirty-one]

self buying one from him if you couldn't read a word.

"And he was a good boy. But, Lord bless ye, man, so were the other kids around the neighborhood. You'll read a lot of stuff about how tough the old Fourth Ward was in them days. Don't you believe it! Oh, there was spots where it was tough enough, and if a man wanted trouble he wouldn't get tired out looking for it; but for most of the folks it was as quiet and decent as any place. Just because folks are poor they don't have to be bad, and most of them aren't; but a lot of people seem to think so.

"Little Al was good to his mother, too. I know, because I've been around their house many a time when he'd come boundin' in to ask her if he could do anything.

"Work never scared him, and he played as hard as he worked. When he was growing up they were just building Brooklyn Bridge, and Little Al hung around there a lot.

"Some of the riggers and steel men got to know him—and knowing him was liking him. So, even if he was mostly under foot, they never ran him off the job, like they did some of the others.

"It was the same with the firemen over at Thirty-two's house. Little Al had an uncle—his mother's brother, Pete Mulvihill—who was a fireman, and I guess it was through him that the lad got to going over to the fire house."

Michael Fitzgerald paused and seated himself on the steps of the Downtown Tammany Club stairs—stairs the width of which he had likened to the elder Smith's shoulders. The picture of Little Al as a buff seemed to please him mightily, for he chuckled at the memory.

Brown photo

Mother and son.—"A grand woman, Mrs. Smith, and don't you forget that Little Al appreciated it."

"WE had some good fire fighters in the old days," he went on, "but none of them ever worked harder than that kid did. They handled fires differently then, and every company carried a coffee bucket and a sandwich basket. If the blaze was a bad one, it was up to somebody to see that the men had coffee and sandwiches. Al finally worked himself into this job.

"Bossy? Say, that boy could produce coffee and sandwiches out of a hardware store. When he went looking for a snack for Thirty-two Company men, he got it."

There are many anecdotes of Al Smith's youthful service as a buff, most of which have been recounted; but Dr. Henry Moskowitz, the Governor's official biographer, has given me one I have not heard heretofore.

Once, at a fire on the Bowery, a patrolman newly assigned to the district, hence unfamiliar with Al's importance to the success of Thirty-two Company, reached out and grasped the boy by the shoulder.

"Hey, kid, get back o' that rope," he growled, and shoved the wriggling figure rearward.

HONEST indignation blazed in the lad's eyes.

"Listen, you," he demanded truculently. "How d'you think them fellas is going to get that fire out if I don't feed 'em?"

"Whadda ya mean, feed 'em?" the cop demanded, noting for the first time the heavy basket of sandwiches.

Just then John Binns, Thirty-two Company's captain and later Deputy Chief of the Fire Department, trotted into view.

"Hey, cap," piped Al, "this cop won't let me through."

Binns paused, grinning, then addressed the policeman:

"It's all right, officer," he said. "Let the kid in."

Thus vouched for, Al sped fireward with his basket of sandwiches, and, when sufficiently removed from the hulking blue clad figure of the law, he rendered a smart salute by rigidly extending the fingers of his right hand and blithely placing his thumb against his nose.

As he grew older he frequently "made a hand" on a line of hose, and has groped his way down more than one smoke filled tenement hallway. He was a real buff—is to this day, and not infrequently is found within the fire lines giving critical attention to the battle being waged against the flames.

It is as a buff that Michael Fitzgerald remembers Smith as a boy most vividly.

"When the fire was out," this elderly friend of the family informed me, "Al would ride back to the house on the engine; and he'd have fought all the flames this side of the hot place for those ides.

"I believe he could have driven some of those fire horses, at that. His father taught him to drive—used to take him up on the box with him once in a while and let Little Al handle the reins. He liked that, and he liked being with his dad. You'd see them on a Sunday afternoon walking along together, Little Al asking a million questions and the old man trying his best to answer them, or maybe telling the boy a story or two. He could tell a good story, could Al Smith's father.

"It was the father that taught Little Al to swim. Smith was a good swimmer himself, and he believed every boy ought to know how; so he took Al down to the

East River one day, tied a rope around his waist, and told him to jump in.

"The kid jumped, and came up swimming—and that's all there was to it. He liked swimming, too, and was one of those kind of boys that's the first in when spring comes and the last out when you're beginning to think about a good heavy sweater for the mornings.

"Baseball? You bet he played baseball, and it was with a homemade bat and a homemade ball, too.

"But he was chiefly interested, then, in acting, and I believe it's had more to do with his success than most other things. He liked to recite pieces and could do a good job of it when he was a little shaver. Later he got to be real good in some of the parish plays. I've seen him and I know. He didn't just say words, like a lot of the young folks, but put something into them so they sounded as if he meant them.

"That meant hard work for him, because he was working then. His father had died, and Al stepped out of school to go to work. He tried trucking for a while, but he couldn't make a go of it. Then he went to work in Fulton Fish Market. And let me tell you right now that his job was one I wouldn't have wanted in my strongest day.

"He'd get down to work before daylight and work until about four in the afternoon, lugging fish around, waiting on people, and keeping things organized for John Feeney, who ran the place in the Fulton Market where Al worked. I don't know when he ever worked on the plays. Must have been at night.

"It was only natural that the boys in the old Seymour Club would notice Al when he grew up. That elocution business and the natural brightness of the lad made him stand out above the others. He had a clear head on his shoulders, and I don't think I can remember the day that he wouldn't speak his mind.

"He'd wait until he knew what he was talking about, then he'd let 'em have it—and he was generally right.

"He was that way as a boy. If you'd ask him a question and he didn't know the answer, he'd tell you so right there. No trying to beat around the bush and stumble on an answer.

"He wasn't any show-off, either. When older folks were around, Little Al would wait until spoken to before putting in his oar.

"And he was far and away the neatest kid in the neighborhood. His mother saw to that. A grand woman, Mrs. Smith, and don't you forget that Little Al appreciated it. She gave him a good home—as good a home as a boy ever had—and you can't tell me that hasn't got a lot to do with where he is today."

Brown photo

The house where Al Smith was born at 174 South Street, New York.

The old man paused, and, for the first time, I realized that the hall about us was crowded with eager listeners, as interested as I in the old man's reminiscences.

"He may go higher," I ventured.

Michael Fitzgerald's shoulders straightened as I watched him closely. Something—a nameless something that stirred me—changed his entire expression. There, beside me on the stairs, sat an old man, but there were new, young dreams in the old eyes, a confident smile on lips that the years have thinned.

"May?" he echoed. "May, did you say! Why, he's *sure* to go higher. There's no more stopping him now than there was when he was streaking it after that old engine of Thirty-two Company."

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

(Answers will be found on page seventy-three)

1—In what mountain range is Mount Everest?

2—How many strings has a banjo? A guitar? A violin?

3—What is a galleon?

4—For what Boston hotel was a certain kind of bread roll named?

5—What is a lapidary?

6—What is meant by the expression "from Dan to Beersheba"?

7—To what are the words dexter and sinister equivalent?

8—Who wrote Little Orphant Annie?

9—What is the southernmost city of the United States proper?

10—In whose administration was the Mexican War fought?

11—What book of the Old Testament contains only one chapter?

12—What living queen is the namesake and granddaughter of the late Queen Victoria?

13—What name is given to one who murders his brother? His sister?

14—What is called the Bayou State?

15—What is the derivation of the word fortnight?

16—To what nation do the Federated Malay States belong?

17—Where is the River of Doubt and with what American explorer do you associate it?

18—What famous English actress died on July 21 last, in her eighty-first year?

19—Who composed the operas Manon and Thaïs?

20—What is a *cul de sac?*

Watch Out... Mr. Motorist!

guessing at tire pressure ..costs real money..

It's a common mistake that cuts hundreds of miles from the life of your tires . . . costs motorists millions of dollars every year

KICKING AT TIRES is no way to tell the pressure. It always results in improper inflation. Inset photo shows how side-walls are broken down on an under-inflated tire.

A SITUATION exists in America today that is causing genuine alarm among eminent tire authorities.

Because of a wide-spread tendency to disregard the basic rules of tire care, motorists are actually wasting millions of dollars every year.

For science has now proved beyond shadow of doubt that 80 per cent of all premature tire wear is caused by failure to keep tires properly inflated.

And yet improper inflation can be easily avoided if the following three precautions are taken:

First, ask your dealer the exact pressures you should carry front and rear. Then test your tires regularly . . . once a week at least. For this purpose use the Schrader Gauge.

This gauge is built on simple, scientific principles. It is accurate and durable. Easy to read. Easy to use.

Second, make sure each valve stem is covered by an *improved* Schrader No. 880 Valve Cap . . . air-tight up to 250 pounds.

In case of a damaged valve inside, this unique cap will prevent the escape of air at mouth of valve until the valve inside can be conveniently replaced.

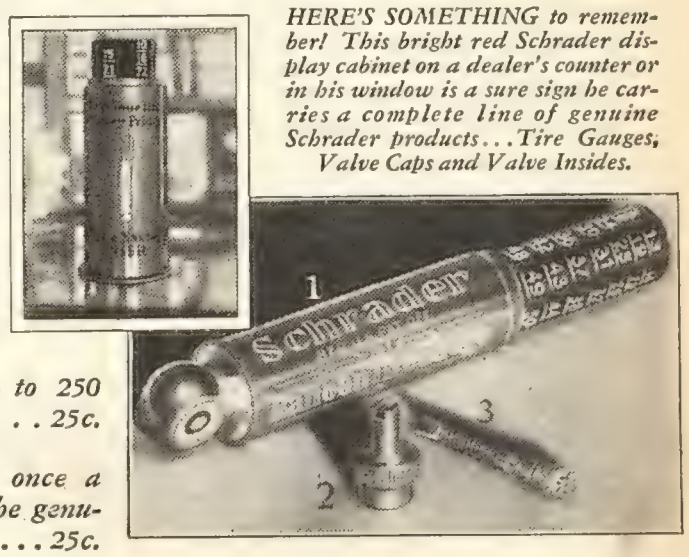
And third, change your valve insides once a year. See that you have the *genuine* Schrader . . . standard all over the world.

So go to your tire dealer. Ask him what pressure your tires should carry.

And then see that this pressure is maintained by the use of the three Schrader products described above. Sold by more than 100,000 dealers throughout the world.

Let us send you our valuable little booklet, "The Air You Ride On." Address A. Schrader's Son, Inc., Brooklyn, N. Y.

HERE'S SOMETHING to remember! This bright red Schrader display cabinet on a dealer's counter or in his window is a sure sign he carries a complete line of genuine Schrader products...Tire Gauges, Valve Caps and Valve Insides.



1 *The Schrader Gauge is accurate . . . and it is built to stand the gaff. Wise motorists use theirs once a week to make sure tires are kept at proper pressures.*

2 *This Schrader No. 880 Valve Cap is air-tight up to 250 pounds. Box of five . . . . . 25c.*

3 *Change your valve insides once a year. Make sure you have the genuine Schrader. Box of five . . . . . 25c.*

Vox

Concerning Mr. Smith

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—I am going to vote for Al Smith for President because he is an American first, last, and all the time. He will put the infamous bootleg industry out of business; he will never "recognize" the murderous Soviet; under his wise Americanism the scandalous Ku Klux Klan will subside.

No foreign alliance will ever entangle him in its chestnut-pulling propaganda; he will call a halt to the rewriting of the Constitution by every half-baked radical like Borah and Volstead; he will feed Americans before he feeds Belgians, Russians, and Germans; he will usher in an era of respect for the laws of our land; he will bring back to the White House some of the joy of living a great nation possesses. Al Smith knows how to smile—and *when*.

In short, I'm for Al!—*Mrs. Frank Pease.*

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—It looks as though your Ralph Barton must be a charter member of the Knights of Columbus or of the Fenian Society, inasmuch as he so often lampoons our greatest statesman in Washington—namely, Senator Heflin of Alabama.

And why? Because he is the only man in the Senate brave enough to stand up in the face of a press controlled by the Roman Catholic Church, under threats of boycott, and tell the country of the menace to our public schools and freedom of thought involved in the candidacy of Alcohol Smith.

Let politicians like Robinson of Arkansas say what they will, this is going to be a religious election, and the liberal and forward-looking elements of this country will never elect a spineless governor who has so little respect for his office as to kiss a cardinal's hand abjectly.—*Deucalion.*

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—Brother, I've been burning up ever since that Vox Popper in Monroe, Louisiana, called this "Protestant America." To add insult to injury I overheard another polite bigot call the Catholics "narrow minded."

May I ask if the Catholics have ever shirked their duty in the making of this nation? Has anyone ever heard a priest come out on Sunday morning and tell his parish to vote for Al Smith?

And yet, all through the South, the Protestant ministers have organized an "Anyone but Smith" club. They say it is because he is a wet; but they mean Catholic, only, like all bigots, they lack courage.

Democratic leaders throughout the nation fear the loss of Protestant votes (although they don't admit it), but let them rejoice over the gain of thousands of Catholic votes! Votes from a people who have played their part in the big parade, but are tired of fighting for mere tolerance. As ugly a word as you can find.

We have earned more than that, and we're out after it!—*Just a Catholic.*

That Multilateral Muddle

STEUBENVILLE, OHIO—Your very able editorial on the proposed multilateral treaty, entitled "To Put It Vulgarly—" certainly touched the spot.

What are the citizens of the United States to do to convince our servants that we want "no entangling foreign alliances"? One would think the crushing defeat the Wilson administration met, after advocating the League of Nations, would be a lesson.

We trust you will follow this editorial with others arousing such a sentiment that Secretary Kellogg and others succeeding him in the position he holds will understand once and for all that we, "the people," do not and will not tolerate any such "entangling alliances," no matter how sugar coated.—*C. E. Shaeffer.*

Let's See Yours

KANSAS CITY, MO.—Your kind of magazine should be given the freedom of the city's exits.

Why do I buy it? Because I was born and bred in the same brier patch (yes, I also edit a flop) and I always feel better after reading something worse than I put out.—*D. W. B.*

Friendly Advice—

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—As an employee of your competitor (the *Saturday Evening Post*), but as an admirer of a good magazine, may I enter a complaint against this business of forever harping on the war and its heroes?

I am an ex-service man with actual experience, but I think you overestimate the value of these stories when you use two in one issue. In your issue of July 21 you gave us but two short stories and one serial—and then two war episodes.

Do you think, then, that the public desires as many war articles as they do good pieces of fiction?

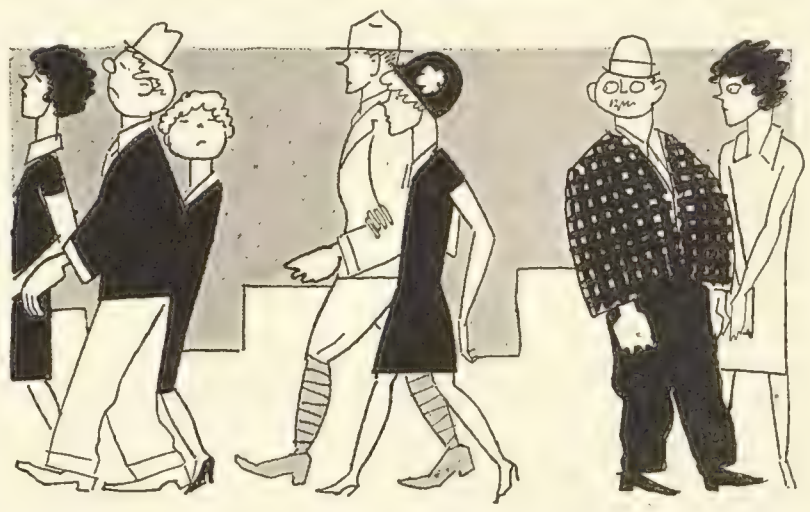
Why spoil a really good magazine?—*Sorrowful.*

—About the Big Scrap

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Can't you birds sing any other song but "War, War, War"? I find I have to enlist for the Big Scrap every time I open your book.—*R. W.*

Are Soldiers People?

CAMP DIX, WRIGHTSTOWN, N. J.—Just finished reading the sensible Vox Pop letter from Elfreida W. Jetta of Fort Hancock, New Jersey. In it she said: "The general opinion of the public toward our soldiers (the enlisted men) is that they are a bunch of cutthroats, thieves, and drunks. They simply are not accepted by the best people."



Thank heaven there are a few people with brains left in this "skeeter" State! It's shameful the way the public treats our soldiers. They are treated as social lepers, but they are just human beings like the rest of us. Those boys ought to have a chance to prove there is some good in them.

The reason I know how shamefully they are treated is this. I have a soldier boy friend, and many of my friends are very much shocked. If I paraded down the street with a bank robber it would not cause more commotion.

Let's treat our soldier boys halfway decent!—*Gladys A. Stevens.*

"Selling Subs for Mags"

NEW YORK, N. Y.—It seems to me that that article by Alicia Patterson, "Selling Subs for Mags," should not go unchallenged.

Fortunately, it was unsuitable for publication in any of the better periodicals.

Did it not occur to Miss Patterson that if the people who subscribed from her companion were saps, then the news stands of the country cater to several million saps every month?

Further, does Miss Patterson realize what a blow she has struck at hundreds of young ladies and men throughout the country, who will have many times the amount her article brought cut from their earnings—some of them on tough territory? Out in the desert, where God knows it's hard enough to "get by" without some ignorant would-be author giving them the razz.

And to think she got paid for it!—*Jay B. Cooper.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—Alicia's "Selling Subs for Mags" certainly was not overdone a bit. As one of the hard boiled boys visited by the two young saleswomen, who fell neither for Mildred's sex appeal nor her misstatements, I can testify that she sure laid it on thick.

Miss Patterson has done the business man and the white collar boys a great service, and my advice to them is to file copies of the July 21 issue of LIBERTY to flash on the enterprising pests who use Mildred's tactics.

Of course, the other angle to the situation is that it looks like Alicia has lined up a hard winter for Mildred, her girl chums, and their boy friends who are "working their way through college."—*D. J. Neighbour.*

Conundrum

MODESTO, CALIF.—Will you please tell me why? Your editorial a few weeks ago said prize fighters and their followers were the scum of the land. Then you gave us the story of Mr. Tunney, our present heavyweight—how he went across as a buck private and didn't even know there was any fighting over there, but made "shavetail."

Then you gave us the story of a real hero, Sergeant York, who got right in the big muddle and helped Mitchell win the war, and he only made sergeant.

How come? I ask you, how come?—*Ex-Gob from U. S. S. Texas.*

But It's Good Dope

ABINGTON, MASS.—The only thing the matter with the LIBERTY habit is that it's worse than the cigarette habit. You should be prosecuted under the law against drugs.—*Jack.*

Secret: There's More Coming

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Tell J. P. McEvoy to change bootleggers. Only

a man possessed of strange powers, emanating from some other than California sunshine, could write anything like "Show Girl." That serial paralyzed production in this office for weeks. Are expecting to enter suit against *Jimmy Doyle* any day.

J. P. McEvoy is America's greatest humorist. We want more.—*Frank Kerwin.*

Pop

Counseling "The Modern Boy"

WYALUSING, PA.—I sympathize with the anonymous fellow who wrote that article, "The Modern Boy." I am a senior in college and have, like him, taken my fun where I found it.

I don't want to put on any side and try to tell him what is making him dissatisfied, but I have given the matter a little thought, out of pure necessity, and it's his for the taking.

In the first place a boy *has* to lie to his folks, today and always. Now, that seems rather criminal on its face, but it's not so desperate as it seems. "White lies" are a necessity, I have found. They not only get a boy out of trouble, but they save his parents worlds of worrying.

But I'm not for promiscuous falsehood. I don't believe any modern boy is. He only tells a falsehood when he feels it will relieve a lot of suffering and misunderstanding.

This Modern Youth, capitalized, is not one iota different, as to morals, from our fathers' youth. Buggies instead of roadsters; chewing instead of smoking; profanity instead of modern light oaths; secretiveness rather than openness.—*A Senior.*

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—I have just finished reading that article, "The Modern Boy," written by that boy from Alabama. I'm in a fix very similar to his.

Of course, being a boy, his parents don't insist on chaperons, as mine do because I'm a girl. No one has them any more and you feel dumb, having to tell the kids that you have to have one, or, rather, that your mother *says* you are to have one.

That boy loves his mother and father in a way, and I love mine in a way, but it really is their fault that we have to lie to them.

Can't something be done to make "old-fashioned" parents understand?—*C. Calvert.*

Dunce Caps for Halos

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Terse, authentic, direct, and absorbing. Those adjectives fit your story, "A Simple Man," by Norman Reilly Raine.

After so much of the current glorification of the lawbreaker, it's refreshing to see a gunman shown up as a cowardly, contemptible rat. That's what most of them are.

As a matter of fact, most gunmen have less sense than the normal, not more. In the long run, crime simply doesn't pay. Criminals are in it because they lack "bean."

Give us more stories which pull the halo from the killer's head and put a dunce cap, labeled "Moron," there instead.—*B. Goodrich.*

Don't Try It

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—Let's have more stories like "I Learn to Fly," by Richard Carroll. His description of his first flight was a wow! After reading his story I think I could fly without any lessons.

Here's to bigger and better air stories.—*Nat Bradford, Jr.*

Now Ted, Is That Nice?

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Millicent, Duchess of Sutherland, surely did speak the truth in her article, "Girls, Girls, Girls!" when she said that men are

afraid of the modern girl. "Afraid" is too mild a word for it.

If I saw a modern girl at one corner of a block and a lion at the other corner, I'd run toward the lion.—*Ted.*

That "Go to Hell" Cover

CLEVELAND, OHIO—That *Sandy* should tell *Lil*, "Aw, go to h—," certainly surprised me! But if that is necessary to keep them human, then I am ready to let that one pass, providing that *Sandy* does not go any further. So please do not let him lose his respect for *Lil* as a woman we all respect, and his love for her as his wife, whom we all love.

There is enough disregard for womanhood in the world today, and more than enough cases of "lost love" in the courts of today, without such things coming into the lives of *Sandy* and *Lil*.—"*Yitz.*"

AKRON, OHIO—Words cannot express my indignation at the artist's foul and dirty work on that "Aw, go to h—" cover, of July 28. I have heard it discussed on the street with bitter words of condemnation.

I regret this outrage on the part of LIBERTY, for I have been a constant reader of that publication. But, nevertheless, there are plenty of clean magazines on the stands.—*F. E. Smith.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—No, my wife doesn't gargle her soup, but she does other things which are just as irritating on these hot summer nights. Sure I love her, but I can't help agreeing with Mr. Thrasher's "Aw, go to h—." At least with its motivating thought.

If Leslie Thrasher isn't married, he is certainly a most observing man. Oh, for some of those glorious bachelor days again!—*Another Married Man.*

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—A word to tell you how wonderful, because true to life, was "Aw, go to h—" in your "For the Love o' Lil" series.

Pardon me if I don't sign my name to this letter. I daren't even use my office stationery for fear of my wife, should this appear in print. I hope she read that installment. I can't be sure. I laid that copy where she would be sure to see it—and got a calling down for my pains.

She has forbidden me to bring LIBERTY into our home. She thinks it gives us men too many ideas.

I wish some of the women Vox Poppers would explain this. Why is it that when a man comes home feeling as *Sandy* did, he finds the little woman perhaps feeling just as discouraged, but with this difference. She shows it plainly.

Instead of discarding the day's petty problems and making the evenings things to be looked forward to, as the fairyland part of life, why does she more often make them rasping moments of hell?—*Discretion.*

RICHMOND, VA.—That cover of LIBERTY for July 28 was a disgrace to any home, club, or office that it was brought into.

LIBERTY can never be brought into my house again, and a letter is going to each of the many clubs my husband and I belong to.—*Claire Myton Dallam.*

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—I do not think it fair to Leslie Thrasher to have this week's excellent cover spoiled by whoever wrote the copy for the picture.

I am sure that even *Sandy*, with all his tired nerves and the temper his face expresses, could not refer to the baby as a "brat," even if he did tell *Lil* to go to hell.—*R. F. MacDonald.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—Hey! Stop telling the truth about married life, as on your July 28 cover. Don't you realize that the public wants only sweet hokum about hubbies and wives?

And that's understandable enough. Illusions, and not realities, make life bearable. A man whose wife sees him just as he is feels like a scarecrow. Ain't it the truth?—*Will.*

Speaking of Mr. Hoover

DES MOINES, IA.—As a woman, let me state that I have two favorite candidates for the Presidency. One is Herbert Hoover, and the other is—Herbert Hoover.

You can bet your bottom dollar that the women of this country are going to line up almost solidly behind Hoover, because Smith has slipped up on a treacherous platform, and fallen head first into a wet sea.

Who wants a man who's been trained to "play politics" almost from the time he left school?

And who, may I ask, wants a Tammanyized administration in Washington?—*Mrs. H. W.*

MACON, GA.—I hope every man or woman in the South that votes Republican has a Negro boss! They will if Hoover is elected. I don't see how anyone can vote for a man who bows down to a Negro.

Yes, I am a Protestant and, personally, a dry, but it's none of my business if my neighbor wants his whisky. Besides, Smith only wants a law that can be enforced. The Republican wants a law where there is a chance for grafting.

Even if the Pope *will* be the real President of the U. S. A., he *won't* be Congress!—*Cherokee M. Jaspers.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Anyone who says that religion does not count in politics is all wrong, for the main and simple reason that Al Smith is a Catholic and a strong K. of C., so that being the case, none other than the Pope would rule this country.

Here's hoping that all Protestants will read the handwriting on the wall and vote for Herbert Hoover!—*K. K. K.*

Who's Second?

QUAKERTOWN, PA.—Say, sign that guy Wodehouse up for life. He's added ten years to my life with the world's best humor. He is so good that Will Rogers is third.—*C. W. W.*

Twenty Cents Velvet

BATAVIA, N. Y.—My congratulations to LIBERTY as the best quarter magazine for a nickel in the world.—*Bobbie M.*

War Bugs

Being a Worm's-Eye View of the War to End War

By
CHARLES MacARTHUR

Formerly Private, Second Class, Battery F, 149th Field Artillery, 42d (Rainbow) Division, A. E. F. Afterward Co-Author of Lulu Belle.

Pictures by
RAYMOND SISLEY

(Reading time: 28 minutes 24 seconds.)

THIS is the third installment of a doughboy's story of the war. It is written by a former artilleryman of the Rainbow Division as an intimate history of his battery's experiences in France. In the two previous installments he told of enlistment days, the rollicking trip overseas, crap games, drinking bouts, pretty girls—and finally, their baptism of bullets and shells. In this installment he describes his battery's first experience serving the guns under shellfire.

ADOLPH, THE ENEMY

IT was a good war for a week. There we were, headed for a rest camp, just like the papers said. Maybe there was a Santy Claus. Maybe Pershing *was* on the square.

A day's hike landed us at Haudonville, a tank town in Lorraine—and hot on our heels came a courier with orders for service on another front. Smiling, the boys fell dead. They yelled their hearts out for an hour, and were soothed only by the feeling that we were such hellers in action that we couldn't possibly be spared.

Besides, there was plenty of diversion—elegant swimming and a chance to get deloused. During the afternoon a soccer game was arranged between the battery and some French who lived in a château near our haylofts.

The contest was held on the grounds of one Francois de Montmorency, Duc de Lumbourc, and ended in a riot after two Frogs got kicked in the head. They claimed it constituted cheating, and we razzed them for sissies, bringing up many things we had heard of French customs that were bitterly resented on their part. The game was called off when Scotty Langlands pulled one Frog's whiskers—an unpardonable insult in France. Final score: sixty to nothing, our favor.

Hoodlumsville was a beer town, but there weren't ten francs in the battery bank roll, so we had to fall back on simpler pleasures. Rush Dyer caught the Greek redhanded, presenting a lady of the town with a sack of flour. With a great show of virtue he hauled Mr. Papolis back to the battery and as nimbly returned to the lady's *maison* to cash in. As he approached, however, a large colored man in the uniform of a French lieutenant emerged with loving backward looks.

Massa Dyer was from the State of Mississippi. In a flood of bitterness he canceled all Franco-American relations, and even let on that we were fighting on the wrong side.

THOSE of the battery who Respected Womanhood and stood for the Better Things of Life had a grand time with Germaine and her mamma, a pleasant pair who served elegant omelets in exchange for items of equipment, and urged us to behave ourselves. There was nothing else to do until we were paid, and that didn't happen until we were well on our way to the next front. (After the last grand rally the paymaster knew better.)

A driving rain overtook us on the march, and lasted through Easter Sunday, when we reached a point near Baccarat called Pneumonia Hill, the longest and muddiest slope in France.

Happily, a French peddler was on hand with unlimited quantities of warm champagne, five francs the quart bottle; and a considerable portion of our pay changed hands.

WE never hiked the mile into Reherrey unless wheat cakes were on the morning menu.

Strengthened and refreshed, we wrestled with the horses, who wallowed bellies under in the sticky black mud — waist deep in spots. Somehow the caissons were pulled into a patch of pine woods and we prepared to settle down.

A cold rain was still falling. Ten minutes after we pitched pup tents it became a downpour. In twenty minutes it was a flood. Everybody was drenched, cold, and miserable. We cheered ourselves by singing Jesus Wants Me for a Sunbeam and inventing new words to describe our officers, who craftily had passed up some dry billets in the last town, hardly ten minutes away.

Lieutenant Webster, called "Alice" by the battery for no good reason, crawled out of his pup tent like a sea lion and told us to shut our yaps. In the protecting dark we told Alice everything that cold rain and hot champagne can engender, including many circumstances of his ancestry that were more imaginative than true. The lieutenant sloshed wildly about the dark woods trying to find Bobby Groves, whose voice and invention knew no bounds. He was still trying to find out who said it all when he left for the States some months later.

When it was possible to move without steam tugs, we proceeded to Reherrey, the site of further glory. At the moment it was the quietest sector on the front; yet our newest looie galloped up and down the column with hoarse whispers to put out cigarettes while we

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-ONE]

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Their Fingers Need Never Drag With Weariness . . .

No longer is the business girl slave to a machine. Everywhere the *Easy-Writing* Royal Typewriter is providing facility to make her work pleasanter—to conserve health and vitality.

Employers have been quick to recognize the necessity of an easy writing typewriter as a means to greater efficiency—to swifter, neater typing—to happier, healthier and more contented personnel.

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1928-29 Features

Few radios AT ANY PRICE combine ALL of these features which are essential to today's new radio reception.

AMPLIFICATION
Neutrodyne
10x10x10=1000
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Crosley Radios tune efficiently

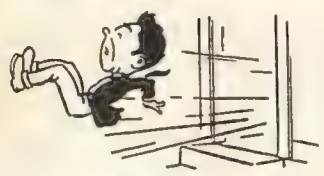
Crosley Neutrodyne circuit is sharp, sensitive and selective. Distant stations are easily found. Local stations tune without squealing.

Crosley Radios are shielded

Each element shielded from each other provides maximum selectivity and *is featured* in the most expensively made sets.

Crosley Radios are selective

In crowded districts where many local stations fill the air you find in Crosley radio a means of listening to ONE at a time.



Crosley Radios have volume

Volume may be increased to tremendous proportions without distortion. This provides plenty of volume for power speakers.

Crosley Radios fit any kind of furniture

Outside cases are easily removable and chassis are quickly fitted into any type of shape console cabinet.

Crosley Radios can be softened to a whisper

A positive volume control enables operator to cut any program down to faint and scarcely audible reception.

Crosley Radios have illuminated dials

The modern way enables you to see clearly in the dusk or in shadowy corners.

Your set has served well but you will not be satisfied with its strained, stringy tones when you hear a new full toned power speaker Crosley set.

6 TUBE AC Electric GEMBOX

$65. GENUINE NEUTRODYNE WITH POWER OUTPUT

This is the first completely self-contained AC set; in fact the first AC set of any type to be offered at such an astonishing price. It utilizes three 226 tubes, two stages of radio and the first stage of audio with the non-radiating, regenerative 227 detector. The output tube is the famous 171 power tube with approximately 135 volts on the plate. A 280 rectifier tube makes a total of six vacuum tubes housed in a beautiful, gold high-lighted case. This set is completely shielded, has an illuminated dial, Genuine Neutrodyne circuit, is sensitive, selective and has tremendous volume. It operates from 100 to 125 volts AC line current and is made in two types for either 60 cycles or 25 and 40 cycles. The Type E Dynacone or the Type D Musicone can be used with this set giving very satisfactory results. Outside dimensions are: Length, 17¼ inches; Depth, 8⅝ inches; Height, 7¼ inches.

CRO

YOU'RE There

old radio set receivers now obsolete!

AMAZING NEW DYNAMIC SPEAKER The DYNACONE

POWERFUL ARTISTIC REALISM $25.

Crosley has again stepped forward with the production of the Dynacone, a dynamic speaker, having field coil magnets. These fields energize by direct current, giving the improved performance that can be expected from the dynamic type speaker. It is made in two types, the Type E which can be utilized in the output circuit of a 171 tube, two leads plug the speaker into the set. It cannot be used where an output transformer is supplied in the set without a change being made in the receiver. It is highly recommended for use with the Gembox, the Jewelbox as it has been sold heretofore, with one output tube, the Crosley 602 AC Bandbox, etc. The Type F Dynacone is supplied with four leads and is particularly recommended for the Jewelbox and Showbox described on this sheet. Two of the leads from the speaker go inside the set to pinjacks and the other two plug in in the regular manner. The price of the two models is identical.

If you have electric current in your home, your set should be a modern, AC electric receiver. A converted battery set is out of date. If you pay more than $65.00 for a radio set, it should have two 171 output tubes, push pull instead of one, eight tubes instead of seven. To be up-to-date, your new radio set should be designed to take and supply the current for a power or dynamic type of speaker. Crosley sets are so designed. Other sets designed for power speaker use are much more costly. You should demand the tone quality and the performance resulting from high power output coupled with dynamic speaker. Your set should be completely shielded and incorporate the highly sensitive, genuine neutrodyne circuit. It should have a modern illuminated dial. An examination of Crosley Radio sets will show you many other modern exclusive features.

The 8 Tube JEWELBOX $95
AC Electric

Genuine neutrodyne, three stages radio amplification, 227 detector tube, three stages audio frequency and 280 rectifier. Shielded coils, modern illuminated dial, highly selective and powerful. This set is used in combination with the Type F Dynacone to produce a quality of tone unexcelled even by receivers of the highest price.

The 8 Tube SHOWBOX $80
AC Electric

Genuine neutrodyne, three stages radio amplification, detector, three stages audio (last two being 171 push-pull power tubes) and 280 rectifier tube. Newly perfected audio frequency system creates marvelous tone quality. The Type F Dynacone is recommended for use with this set. Selective, powerful, illuminated dial.

The 6 Tube BANDBOX $55
Battery Type Receiver

An improved model of the 1927 receiver that led the world to better radio. Genuine neutrodyne—every modern fitting and refinement including illuminated dial. The set you can safely buy where AC current is not available. Selective, sensitive, powerful. The Type D Musicone should be used with this set.

The 5 Tube BANDBOX, Jr., $35
Dry Cell Receiver

Operates entirely from dry cells and is especially designed where no electric current is available either for AC radio or recharging storage batteries. Modern radio with all the features of good reception Crosley engineers have developed.

Improved MUSICONE $15
Type D
Magnetic Speaker

The most outstanding Magnetic type speaker available, still maintaining its leadership, today, as from its inception in 1925. Improved, it is without question the greatest speaker value on the market today.

The Crosley Radio Corporation

Powel Crosley, Jr., *Pres.*, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Prices on Crosley Radio Sets do not include tubes.

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Cincinnati, Ohio. Dept. 76.

I want to know more about Crosley Radio. I want to take advantage of your offer to allow me a 5 day FREE trial in my own home. I cannot locate the nearest Crosley dealer so please arrange the home demonstration for me.

Send Set ☐ Check here

Write Name of Set in which Interested _____

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Bad Air Is Bad Business

Where Men Meet For Recreation

"I'd like to play billiards and pool," complains the busy business man, "but I just can't stand the stuffy atmosphere."

"Oh, let's quit this game and get out in the air," a good customer grumbles.

"Bowling is good exercise but it's too close and smoky in here—"

In every recreation parlor fresh air is of vital importance from the standpoint of business as well as of health.

Customers' comfort and owners' profits are directly affected by ventilation. American Blower electric ventilating equipment is the simple, easy and inexpensive way of eliminating the bad air nuisance.

For most installations, American Blower equipment can be delivered from stock and installed by your electrical or ventilating contractor without costly alterations or delay. In other instances, it is profitable to install specially constructed ventilating equipment. In any case, American Blower service and American Blower's 47 years' experience in the design, manufacture and sale of air handling equipment is available to you without cost or obligation.

For complete information, prices, etc., on American Blower equipment ask your electrical dealer or ventilating contractor—or write direct to the factory.

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"Sirocco" VENTILATING, HEATING, AIR CONDITIONING, DRYING, MECHANICAL DRAFT
MANUFACTURERS OF ALL TYPES OF AIR HANDLING EQUIPMENT SINCE 1881

Good Ventilation is Only Good Business

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-SIX]

were still a good five miles away. It was a raw, wet night, the wind was in our faces, and we resorted to spraying our newest looie with tobacco juice at the approach of his horse's hoofs —profusely begging his pardon afterward. By dawn he looked like a gingerbread man.

Reherrey was a little red roofed village, six kilometers from the trenches in the foothills of the Vosges. It was inhabited by French and American troops and a few nervy civilians who preferred occasional high explosive to the inconvenience of moving to safer parts. Whenever we hit the Germans a lick or the Germans took a whack at us, the entire village seemed to know all about it days in advance. Hayracks were formally loaded with women and children and shipped somewhere back of the lines until it was over. But not often. Except for the splatter of Chau-Chaus and machine guns on a still night, the little front was as quiet as the Maine woods for weeks after our arrival.

We finally reached the conclusion that the German front in this particular sector was operated by one man —some old gentleman who had been incapacitated for service on an active front and was given the Reherrey branch to mind while the regular troops were gone. An estimate of his daily activities led to the conclusion that he was the busiest man in Europe—with the possible exception of Frenchy Monast, who was bossing everybody and everything in consequence of his appointment as battery commander's assistant. He was cabbaging all the Y. M. C. A. supplies, too.

THE thing that annoyed Baby most was a little song to the tune of: Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning.

However, this isn't getting the old man anywhere. His daily program, as we figured it out, took in the following:

5 A. M. Blow first call. Run up and down the trenches and fire a few 77s.

5:15 A. M. Breakfast. Send up the captive balloons. Run down to the first line and fire a few machine guns. Take mandolin lesson.

5:30 A. M. Back to the hangar. Take the 1870 model Fokker out for a ride over the trenches. Send over propaganda balloons.

So on through the day. In the afternoon he had a little leisure and possibly slept. Dick Patton, on observation duty, claimed that he saw him rolling his croquet court, and he was often seen performing such husbandry as kicking cows home from pasture and spading up sugar beets.

BUT at night he didn't have a minute to himself. Up and down the trenches he tore, firing star shells here, a rocket or two there, and stopping just long enough to zip over a belt or two of machine gun ammunition. The flares were so far apart that we began to wonder how he got around, until one of the observers reported that he had a bicycle—which led to 8,000 variants of the old population joke.

Adolph (we called him Adolph) had one curse—and that curse was drink. There was no other explanation for all the German guns in the sector suddenly and mysteriously going off at 3 o'clock one morning; and we entertained ourselves for two days wondering what was going to happen to the old pollywog when the general found out what he had done.

A fat lot Adolph cared. Stewed as a goat, he sent up an observation balloon the next day—and let it go. Everybody in Reherrey took time out for target practice as it sailed by. Subsequent developments indicated that the field marshal fired the old gentleman, replacing him with the army.

Speculations concerning Adolph's life and fate served to pass away the time, but there was little comfort out of the one man German army notion when we began looking over our positions. They were ready made and stood out like sore thumbs. They had been standing since 1914. It was obvious that the Germans knew them better than we did; equally obvious that the first time we tried any monkey business, it was good-by all, and see you later. And since we intended to get fresh as soon as possible we were worried.

A hill of solid rock to the right of the position was selected for new positions and work commenced with crowbar and dynamite. There is no doubt that, finished, they would have been as strong as Gibraltar; but building them was an endless, horrible job. Chicken wire camouflage was stretched over the proposed position five feet from the ground, making it impossible to stand erect. All of us were hunchbacks after the first week's sapping.

Anything, though, was better than the death traps we were occupying *pro tem.* The "dugouts" looked like four frail piano boxes on end, roofed with tin to make them bombproof. Every time we fired a gun fifty-seven rafters caved in. Each dugout was equipped with running water. Sometimes it ran down the walls—more often through the door. The place was full of rats addicted to creeping across faces or chewing up shoes while the city slept.

However and what the hell, if we had been allowed to fight the entire war at Reherrey there would be no gray hairs in the battery now. It was a jake front. In the morning we woke, shook off the rats, stuck our feet into a pair of wooden shoes, and took a look at the sky. If rain threatened, fires were built in the gun pits with bundles of T. N. T. craftily burgled from Indiana's position over the hill. Eight or ten eggs were broken in a very dirty mess kit. *Ecco!* An omelet! One member of the gun crew *allayed* to the kitchen for bread and coffee, and in a few minutes we were punishing swell breakfasts, composed largely of our own private stock.

We never hiked the mile into Reherrey unless wheat cakes were on the morning menu.

Breakfast over, we grabbed an hour's beauty sleep before we were called out to the guns. The work of cleaning the pieces and fussing around the gun pits seldom took long, and the rest of the morning was spent in improving our minds with the best sellers of 1901—a present from one of the welfare organizations.

Punctually at 10 o'clock an old gentleman, generally supposed to be Adolph (functioning as spy), dashed up to the position on a bicycle and delivered the Paris editions of the Chicago *Tribune* and London *Daily Mail,* together with *La Vie Parisienne* and other hotsy-totsies.

Having digested the world's news and expressed our own conclusions, we changed from wooden shoes to hobnails and ambled in for lunch. This was served at any hour between 10 in the morning and 2 in the afternoon, according to the Greek's artistic temperament and the Supply Company's distribution of wood.

For several days we had no wood at all. Boxes and wooden doors gave out, and there is some law about cutting down trees in France. One day we were confronted with the prospect of a meal of raw meat unless something inflammable could be salvaged before dinnertime. Mme. Dabanot, owner of the building adjacent to the kitchen, put her foot down on a proposition to convert her furniture into firewood, and the entire village meanly mounted guard on front doors. In this extremity the Greek had a brilliant hunch.

The day before, in his explorations for firewood, he had wandered as far as the second line trench and had spent some time examining barbed wire entanglements. In our hour of need it occurred to him that the barbed wire was supported by stakes, that the stakes were of wood, and that wood burned easily. Q. E. D., Eureka, and what hath God wrought?

WITH great stealth and cunning, the Greek gathered a party of hungry soldiers and marched them up to the second line. In fifteen shining minutes we hacked away more barbed wire entanglements than a regiment of French engineers could replace in a month.

In the midst of this vandalism a French colonel appeared and screamed so loud that ten miles away they thought an armistice had been declared. Pale as death, he flung himself on the Greek. At first he merely called on God to witness what was happening, and then led up to more personal matters. Among other things, he wanted to know if all Americans were nuts, did we want to get killed, or were we just inviting the Germans to come over and play?

The Greek replied volubly in his native tongue, with terrifying swings of his hatchet and many a *pas compree.* He secretly hated the French for what he considered to be a mercenary attitude on the part of their women, and nearly chopped the colonel's head off in consequence.

"Coffee!" he screamed during his rare excursions into English. "The mens must have coffee! No fooling, boys! Make a little fast!"

The Frenchman exploded in a few final re-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Daily Massaging *with* Forhan's *keeps gums healthy and teeth alive*

MAKE THIS MINUTE TEST

STAND before your mirror. With your forefinger press against the lower gum. Increase the pressure gradually. Then quickly lift your finger. Its shape is outlined in white on the gum. Gradually the blood returns and the gum feels invigorated.

* * *

That is what happens when gums are massaged with Forhan's night and morning. The gums are kept youthful, healthy. And as a result, teeth remain alive and sound, provided they are submitted to dental inspection at regular intervals.

Why Gums Must Be Exercised

Neglected gums pull away from the teeth. They soften and soon become a favorite breeding ground for such insidious troubles as Pyorrhea, Gingivitis, and Trench Mouth—enemies of good health. As your dentist will tell you, to keep gums firm and free from infection, you must brush and massage them.

First thing in the morning and the last thing at night, massage your gums with Forhan's for the Gums. Just apply Forhan's to the index finger and thumb. Rub upper and lower gums both inside and out, rub the roof of the mouth until you feel the exhilarating glow that comes with increased circulation. Directions are in booklet that comes with each tube.

Don't Be Among The Unlucky 4 out of 5

Protect health against the grim foe that strikes 4 out of 5 after forty and thousands younger, dread Pyorrhea. Use Forhan's as a massage, as a dentifrice.

It cleans teeth and restores their natural whiteness. It protects them against acids which cause decay.

And in addition, it helps to firm gums and keep them youthful and sound. This dentifrice, the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S. is compounded with Forhan's Astringent used by dentists in the treatment of Pyorrhea.

Don't wait for warning signs, for gums to bleed and recede from teeth, for teeth to loosen in their sockets. Begin using Forhan's for the Gums, today. At all druggists, 35c and 60c.

Formula of
R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.

Forhan Company, New York

Forhan's *for the gums*

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

[WAR BUGS Continued from page forty-one]

marks and rushed for eighty-nine generals. We tore in the other direction with three days' firewood, and ate—for a change. The best hazards on the western links were wrecked, and what of it?

Despairing of ever firing at anything real, standing gun drill was introduced, and we whiled away the afternoons demolishing imaginary cavalry as they romped over the hill; or played baseball. These contests were plainly visible to observers in German balloons, but they were trying to learn the game and we were not bothered.

In the evening all those not needed at the guns gathered in Reherrey at one of the two cafés. There was an abundant supply of *vin rouge* and *vin "blink"* at varying prices: three, five, and ten francs a copy, to be exact. The first grade was diluted vinegar, the second fair Pinard, and the third plain bottled hell. On getting fried, the custom was to visit the Y. M. C. A. canteen, a second-hand stable operated by a human scantling with a bad temper. This bozo passed out paper and envelopes, but never had both at the same time; what's more, he didn't want any remarks about the shortage. On discovering that he was nervous, we razzed him nearly to death.

The thing that annoyed Baby most was a little song to the tune of Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning. It ran, roughly, as follows:

The other day I met a man
from the Y. M. C. A.
I said, "I'd like some choc-o-lates today."
He looked at me so sweetly, and sadly shook his head,
And handed me a paper (nine days old) and this is what he said:

Some day we're going to have some chocolate,
Some day we're going to have some butts.
But the hardest thing to get
Is a Camel cigarette.
We can't get 'em up, we can't get 'em up,
We can't get 'em up to the trenches.

Some day we'll have some writing paper.
Some day we'll have some cakes *surfine*.
But now we have no stuff at all,
And if we did we'd eat it all.*
So get out, and stand in an endless line.

*Varied with: The officers, they get it all.

Not very good rhyming, maybe; but Mr. Secretary had an unusually low boiling point and went off his nut whenever it was sung—especially when sung sissie. After two weeks of sound teasing, he quit. His place was taken by a perfect gentleman who took the bull by the horns and paid a call at the battery position.

He was, he assured us, already a veteran of the Great War by virtue of his discharge from the First Officers' Training Camp, then and there in his pocket. He couldn't have made a worse opening. None of us liked officers any too well, and R. O. T. C. spelled leprosy. We razzed him out with his predecessor, and arranged to make all purchases from the Y. M. C. A. through our battery office.

Occasionally we fired a barrage for the doughboys, who got so they loved us. We were dead shots. Each gun crew was good for thirty-two shells a minute, and every barrage was on its way before the signal rocket went out. Real Statler service.

THE telephone detail ran into a peck of trouble at Reherrey, due to the Frog farmers, who plowed up wires right and left, not caring a damn about the war, except for occasional bombardments. Several times we had to clear their cows out of the way before we could shoot, and once some hefty *Maud Mullers* bunched in front of the guns and began to cut hay—misconducting themselves so conspicuously that we wrote another song about it. It will be mailed on receipt of a self-addressed, stamped envelope; only don't write.

Meanwhile work on the new position progressed, if that word will cover the hard, slow grind that went on all night and day. A narrow gauge railway was built

to haul the rock away, and named the Battery Position & Northern, owing to general direction. It was operated by such irresponsible characters as Kitchen Cop Smith, Brick Bristol, and Ken Hoy, under

the despairing management of Chief McGee.

Between trips we found a strip of 30 per cent grade, guaranteed to kill. It was our habit to pile into the baby box car and shoot down the incline a mile a minute. At a given point, Smith would yank out the shovel handle that served as brake, leer maniacally, and throw the heavy car and occupants thirty feet into a strip of chicken wire camouflage. Nobody ever got hurt, beyond a broken leg.

NEW horse lines were established in a wood near Merviller, equidistant from Baccarat and the battery position. Lieutenant Dolly Smith and Sergeant Karl Geisendorfer, both swell guys, were in charge. It was a hell hole at first: rain, mud, and work—work, mud, and rain. Impossible to walk around in hip boots without losing one or both of them.

The horses had to be groomed a dozen times a day, due to their rare horse sense in flopping in the mud every time a driver bent over to tie his shoe. Ammunition went to the front at all hours of the day and night. And we were cold, wet, and hungry all the time.

Dolly Smith kept us alive, somehow. He walked around as if it had been Paris, borrowing chews of tobacco, pausing to make a pass in a crap game, kidding some bellyaching driver, and scattering sunshine in general. When everything else failed he would tip off some gabby hero not to let it go any farther, but that our missing barrack bags were at Brest, and we would be with them *toots sweet*. We were all going back as instructors. But not a word! Ten minutes later we were too busy talking it over to howl.

RUSH Dyer caught the Greek redhanded, presenting a lady of the town with a sack of flour.

With the approach of spring the sun began to go to work, and in two or three weeks our mud hole was a garden spot. The Y. M. C. A. sent us Jack Dana, another swell guy (really), and the band gave a concert once a week—chiefly as a means of getting *Sambre et Meuse* out of Sylvester's Francophile system.

We built stables which kept the horses clean and the stable orderlies fat, and settled down for the first 100 years. There were nightly congregations in the stables, with Buzz Snyder, Dutch Seiler, and Monseer Danforth rotating as bartenders.

Carrie Nation, our trained single-mount, operated beautifully. When the grape juice ran out, we stuffed the right number of francs in a pair of saddlebags, hit her a lick, and she ran three miles to a trusted saloonkeeper, who loaded her up and sent her back. Francs failing, the horses' rubbing alcohol was always available. It was quite palatable when diluted equally with water.

Or, if one tired of home life, there was Baccarat, with dinner for eight francs and champagne for the plutocratic few. At the camp there was extra duty next morning for the same few. We even had milk with our oatmeal on this pearl among fronts. Ivy Van Landingham playing milkman every morning with a necklace of canteens that had held grape juice the night before.

MOREOVER, Colonel Reilly forgave Pappy Le Prohon for certain amorous adventures in Lunéville and again placed him in charge of the *echelon*. Immediately Pappy surrounded himself with innumerable dog robbers and sergeant majors and reminded the dilatory of an officer's privilege of shooting to kill. There was one more matter he wished to bring up—i. e., that the breweries of France were not operated for the consumption of the battery exclusively.

"Leave some of it for ME!" he bawled bitterly. And we knew that Pappy's reinstatement was complete. Just to make sure that we didn't completely drain the adjacent territory, Pappy purchased four cases of excellent beverage on his own hook and barricaded himself behind them. While he slept Bud Boyles was busy with screwdriver and gunny sack—the most daring appropriation in the entire history of crime.

Pappy was one of those boys who would have shot at the drop of a pint. Probably the greatest moment of the war occurred when he reached for the sixth bottle out of a possible fifty—and found nothing there.

Immediately his lifelong contempt for the National Guard—engendered by twenty years in the regular army—disappeared, and, like the good sport he was, he announced that we were soldiers, by God, real soldiers, with guts, and that the next time it happened we would fry in hell, if he had to shoot everybody in the battery. He

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Fooled by a Face

Thought his face clean until this pink cream rolled pore-dirt free!

On the street—whirling dust. In the air—chimney smoke. All day long a rain of dust! Even the cleanest air swims with millions of grimy, sooty gray specks.

←Even indoors, thousands of tiny particles whirl about. These specks settle on your skin, get worked down right into the pores, deep under the skin surface.

A shave, shower, and rub-down . . . still pore-dirt hides deep in your skin. But watch Pompeian Massage Cream go to work! Rub the pink cream lightly into the skin.

Two minutes' massage. The dried cream drops off gray with pore-dirt that hid in your face! Oh, man, how good that Pompeian massage makes your face feel!

Photomicrograph of skin after using Pompeian. Note dried pellets of cream, laden with pore-dirt it has rolled free.

Now your face has the glow of an athlete . . . fresh and ruddy, really clean at last. You'll be proud to have her see your face "close-up" tonight! Pompeian may be had at any drug counter. But you're quite welcome to test it free, men. Mail coupon NOW!

POMPEIAN MASSAGE CREAM

The Pompeian Co., Dept. 904-H
595 Fifth Avenue, New York
Gentlemen: Please send me a free trial tube of Pompeian Massage Cream.
Name_____
Street_____
City_____ State_____

Cards, auto licenses at your finger-tips when you need them . . . in

AMITY

FIND-EX

YOUR cards, tickets, etc.—all neatly filed in self-indexed and removable transparent envelopes—slide into view instantly when you pull the patented *FIND-EX* tab. A special patented device separates the new small-sized bills, that are soon to be issued, from the present large currency.

There's only one Amity *FIND-EX*. You'll find it at your men's furnishing, jewelry, drug, stationery, department or leather-goods store—shown in six handsome leathers, plain, embossed or with a laced edge, $5. We will put your name, stamped in 22-karat gold, on your *FIND-EX* without charge.

A matched set of *FIND-EX* and Key Kaddy in a handsome gift box, makes a beautiful and useful gift, $7. Key Kaddy to match any *FIND-EX*, $2, in a gift box.

Find-ex is a single-fold—the "thin model" among pocket-books. Fill it as full as you like. It still retains its graceful, comfortable shape.

$5

This patented red divider in the money compartment of Find-ex will keep the new small-sized bills separate from the larger currency.

Send for interesting "Book of Amity" No. 14, showing *FIND-EX* and other Amity products. Amity Leather Products Co., West Bend, Wisconsin.

if stamped

AMITY

it's leather

[WAR BUGS Continued from page forty-three]

had too much honor to go noseying around after the culprits.

Pappy was busier than Foch. He was in every part of camp at the same time, using his game leg (full of Moro bullets) like a pogo stick. His guard mounts were notorious all over the sector for their conformity to regulations. Second looies trembled at his approach.

Above all things Pappy loved his horse, a black *Blitzen* named Prince, possessed of the devil and his angels. One day he was polishing Prince off, brushing his teeth and putting a little shoe dubbing on his hoofs, when along came a second lieutenant just assigned to the regiment.

The day was hot, and Pappy had removed his coat and with it all insignia of rank. The lieutenant was aching for trouble.

"Hey You!" he said (Hey You being the nickname given all soldiers by officers). "What's the matter with you? Is your right arm paralyzed or something? Or don't you recognize an officer when you see one?"

Pappy looked up from Prince's toilette to see what private was catching hell now. That was one thing about Pappy. He wanted to do all the hell raising himself. But when he saw the looie's finger pointing his way, he turned slowly blue. The lieutenant mistook his emotion for fright, and continued:

"Well, you big barrel head, why don't you salute?"

Pappy found his voice. At first it was a wild, unearthly howl, like that of a wounded lion. Gradually words could be distinguished—and what words!

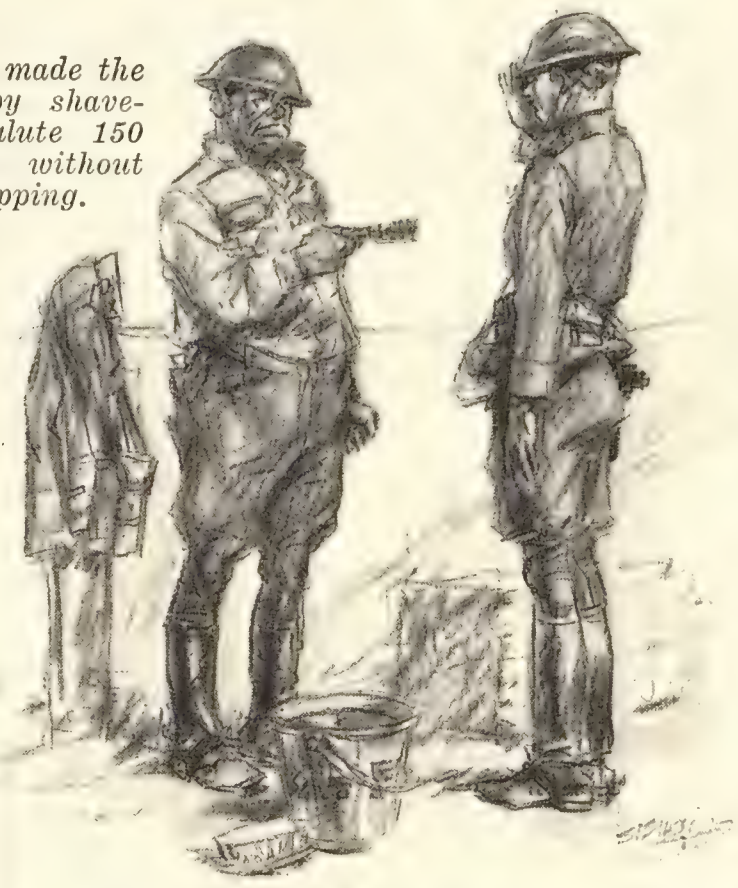
He began with the very short ones, and worked up to bright blue epithets that were dazzling in their invention and application. The lieutenant began to cry. Pappy paused in his profane spirals and made the unhappy shavetail salute 150 times without stopping.

DAYS came and went. They do, sometimes. Top Sergeant Danny Elwell had a dispute with Lieutenant Stone touching on whether he (Elwell) or Lieutenant Stone was battery commander. On this point Lieutenant Stone decided in his own favor, reducing Elwell to the horse lines with orders to keep his trap shut. Karl Geisendorfer became first sergeant—and turned out to be a pip.

A few officers were returned to the States as instructors. Lieutenant Webster was announced to go, in which matter the battery felt it got its first break. About a week later we lost Lieutenant Dolly Smith—and that was pretty tough.

Dolly packed reluctantly, hanging around like *Sister Ann* for some courier to dash up and say it was all a horrible mistake. Instead the order was confirmed. Dolly shook hands all around and climbed into the supply wagon, homeward bound. As he passed band headquarters, the boys came out and played Some of These Days You'll Miss Me, Honey. There were tears.

"PINARD" PARKS assumed charge of the horse lines. Simultaneously, he got boiled as an owl in Baccarat, socked an M. P., and was fined half his lieutenant's pay—an event which earned our undivided respect.



Pappy made the unhappy shavetail salute 150 times without stopping.

Two or three contemporary scandals:

Private Finke refused to give Lieutenant Bradford, then officiating as officer of the day, his mail, on the grounds that he (Finke) was eating and couldn't be disturbed. Our lieutenants fell to quarreling, and were straightened out by Major Redden.

An uplifter employed by the Y. M. C. A. got up and said we had joined the army to escape the draft, and that secretly we were anxious to go home. Major Redden hauled him outside before any of the boys could get him, and gave him a sock on the nose. Porch Climber took a bath. Bob Groves and Art Barker had fisticuffs.

Just for the hell of it, one of the batteries shot up a German post of command. This was decidedly against the rules and the Germans were furious. In a fit of temper they blew up one of our billets. We came back by destroying two mess halls and a kitchen. One thing led to another, and before long a merry war was on. It was no longer safe for the Germans to hold basket picnics, nor for us to play baseball.

All this bad feeling culminated in another J Day, H Hour early in May. We worked up to the attack with three days' preliminary fire directed at the German wire. On the third day we laid a box barrage around a couple of regiments in the Bois des Chiens that was a honey. When the doughboys went over, several hundred Germans were in pieces, which greatly increased our growing prestige with Iowa and New York. Of course, the firing was done from the new positions. The old ones went to the bowwows in the first ten minutes of play.

It had been an awful job moving the shells from the old homestead, and during the attack we were so tired that the cannoneers—those who weren't needed—crawled under the gun tubes and slept through it all. They woke up at each report until they were stone deaf, when they were able to get in a good four hours without interruption. Deafness was a blessing in the field artillery. It came in ten minutes' fire and lasted a week—excepting in a few cases when it was permanent.

Despite the violence of our attack, there was no reprisal to speak of; and we swung again into the old happy routine.

SUMMER was beginning. The fruit trees that speckled the little town began to bloom, lilacs and cornflowers and poppies appeared, and a series of perfect days. Even the little Greek became amiable and made long pilgrimages over the country for strange weeds and hard boiled eggs wherewith to deck the rations. On one of these occasions he encountered a fellow countryman, who lived and grew fat in our kitchen all because he could spick Grick.

The machine gunners established themselves in a shady grove near the guns and made life a hell for all the crows and innocent bystanders in the vicinity. Harry Hopper made a laboratory out of an abandoned trench and exploded all the shrapnel and high explosive he could steal, to the infinite distress of law abiding people who didn't want to go to the hospital that way.

Now and then we subscribed for a barrel of beer and installed it on the grass beside the kitchen. At first the French were asked over and invited to join in the ensuing close harmony. Our brave allies' repertoire consisted of Madelon, the Marseillaise, and a drinking song, at the end of which mess kit cups were drained at a swallow.

We specialized in various blues, which the Frogs admired because of their deep sentiments—explained in sign language. Here, too, we began the Boola-Boola Club, with Goofy Pierre as charter member. The sign of the order was made by placing the thumb to the temples and extending the fingers, which seems to mean something peculiarly disagreeable in France.

When the Frogs displayed reluctance to make the sign, we began kidding them a bit, interpolating disparaging and highly personal rhymes in our songs. Two or three words were a little too current to be misunderstood, and the Boola-Boola Club ended in a fist fight, as all our international societies seemed to do.

Toward the close of May the Germans began to get huffy. There was an artillery attack at some

part of the line every night. They gave us everything they had, even projectors of mustard gas. Sensing a general attack, we dug like a house afire by day and carried thousands of shells by night.

Early on the morning of June 6 it came. Viewed in the light of later events, it was a brisk little skirmish. Then it was comparable with Verdun. The Heinies started in with a nasty gas attack at 1:30 in the morning, slamming over a mean barrage a minute later.

A new battery executive was at the guns. As the klaxons sounded up and down the line, he became a little skittish. So did we.

Fortunately for our nerves, a barrage was ordered, and we began socking them across from every gun. Then, when we weren't even looking—*Bam!!!!*—right on the nose, not fifty feet from the first gun. That first shell was bad news, but the second was worse. It landed 100 feet behind the second gun, establishing a perfect bracket. We could but expect a fire-at-will, and harps and wings forevermore.

Our new executive did not wait for the general ascension. Down in the telephone sap he went, eight stairs at a time. Half the masonry followed from pure suction.

"The phone!" he yelled. "Get Lieutenant Stone — for God's sake!"

NEED it be added that we were serving the guns rather nonchalantly? Lieutenant Stone, asleep in Reherrey, was reached.

"Howard!" screamed the battery executive. "Oh, Howard—my God!"

"What the hell's the matter with you?" asked Lieutenant Stone, naturally enough. Our executive cried that we were getting murdered, that was all; that the position was drenched with shells; that we were being blown to bits, and added: "What'll I do—what'll I do?"

Lieutenant Stone told him—rather tersely—and hopped over to the battery on the double. Meanwhile the Indiana heavies had silenced our little friends and nothing further disturbed our fire. There were some close shaves, and parts of the camouflage and sandbags were torn to pieces. It was our first experience serving the guns under actual fire, and worth a million dollars.

Another spell of peace and quiet. Walter Birkland, Roy Gullickson, and Doc Bristow picked up some strange green shell fragments that had dropped in during the battle, and there was an immediate epidemic of itch in the battery. Mustard gas. The three collectors were shot to the base hospital at Vittel, and several members of the battery attended sick call for a month.

A German airplane was shot down directly over the kitchen, bursting into flames as it fell. We could see the pilot distinctly. He tried gamely to control the machine and wrap a scarf around his face at the same time. His hands were still frozen to the joy stick when he crashed.

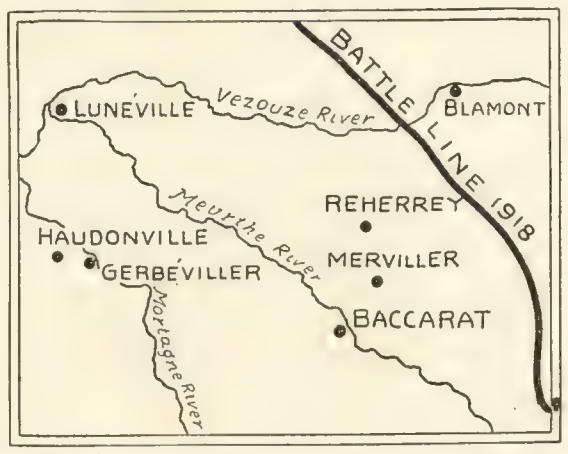
LATER in the war they were dropping like flies; but nothing ever equaled the thrill this poor devil provided. Mess was abandoned—catch us doing that later on, for anything—and there was a run for souvenirs. The Frogs guarding the burning plane were shoved aside, and everything but the engine was plucked from the flames. Cush Pryor got the propeller, Ray Quisno a swell pair of field glasses, and Bill Ackerman what was left of the fabric.

The Dutchman was buried in style, with a cross and benefit of clergy.

Members of the Shipping Board and a couple of Congressmen came to see us. We were introduced by the colonel as the battery "having the least discipline and firing the most shells." We did a lot of show shooting. It was getting to be routine now. There was a wedding in town between bombardments. The couple, as far as anyone can learn, settled down and lived happily ever after.

Early in June rumors of a more active front were frequent. Again we were destined for the Marne, the Aisne, the States—or what have you? Toward the middle of June the rumors were more circumstantial. One day elements of the Seventy-seventh Division began moving in. We packed.

Lieutenant Stone made us throw away our wooden shoes and other backwoodsman paraphernalia. Ammunition was sorted all over again. We got the heebie jeebies and felt that it would be our luck to get killed in a quiet sector, with Château Thierry going on. Then, at midnight, June 19, in the nick of time, word came down.



A map of the French Lorraine sector where the 149th Artillery was active in the spring of 1918.

All night long we marched in a driving rain, past the doughboys of the Seventy-seventh. The 165th (New York's old Sixty-ninth) had a swell time recognizing old friends *en passant*.

At noon the next day, after achieving almost fifty kilometers in twelve hours under full pack, we reached Dames aux Bois, and entrained—as we thought—for Château Thierry. By a lucky break we were diverted at Chalons in time to mix up in the greatest battle of the world, Bastille Day in the Champagne.

Spectacular days are ahead for these carefree doughboys of the Rainbow Division. There's many a thrill in the fourth installment of War Bugs in next week's Liberty.

We Tried 129 Times

Then came the formula for this amazing shaving cream, the fastest selling in America. Try it 10 days at our expense before you buy

Gentlemen: When we announced our new shaving cream to the world, thousands of men instantly bought and tried it on our reputation.

Since then, hundreds of thousands have made our free test and proved the claims we make for it, on their own faces—in their own bathrooms. And this is the greatest practical laboratory in the world.

Yet few who know the morning delight Palmolive Shaving Cream brings, know the story that stands behind this remarkable success. In asking that you, too, try this outstanding product, we want you to know how it came to be. Mail the coupon for a free test at our expense.

We first asked 1000 men

They told us where present-day shaving preparations failed. They told us the four things they had sought in one. Then we set to work to give them these things in a new preparation.

Our great laboratory, for 65 years a world leader in soap making, went at the difficult problem offered them. Time and again—129 in all—they made a shaving cream that excelled in many respects, yet failed in one.

Then came success—and an added feature that has delighted all users. Now when a man sends the coupon for his trial offer, we know the chances are that he will *continue* using Palmolive Shaving Cream. For most men, we find, never return to former shaving methods.

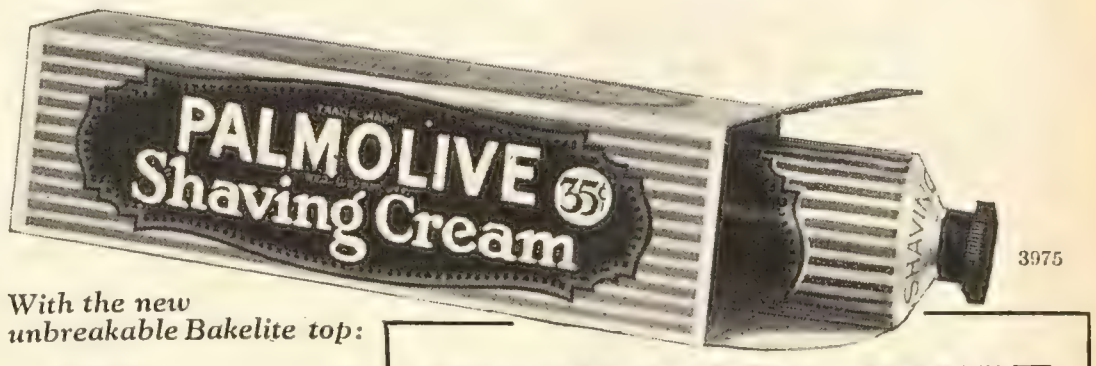
These 5 important features

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

Now mail the coupon

We take the risk—not you. We undertake to please you . . . to win you in ten shaves. Will you give us the opportunity to prove our case? The coupon is for your convenience—to prevent your forgetting. Won't you use it, please?

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9.30 to 10.30 p. m., eastern time; 8.30 to 9.30 p. m., central time over station WEAF and 32 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.



3975

With the new unbreakable Bakelite top:

35c

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc — especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream. There are new delights here for every man. Please let us prove them to you. Mail the coupon.

10 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1537, Palmolive, 3702 Iron St., Chicago, Ill. Residents of Wisconsin should address Palmolive, Milwaukee, Wis.

....

.....

(Please print your name and address)

THE
DUNLOP
MAXPAR

made by
DUNLOP

That explains why so many thousands of golfers are finding that the Maxpar stands first among 75c balls.

"Say HELLO!"

A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

WHIRRRRRRRRRRR! A red comet streaked past the farmhouses along the State road. Cows stopped chewing their cud. Hens stopped laying eggs. And a motorcycle cop in ambush behind a duck dinner billboard saw by his stop watch that the speck roaring around the curve was doing a neat forty-five. *Whirrrrrrrrrrr!*

This was Lil treating the baby to a spin. She had the little swaying item strapped to a pillow in the front seat beside her. He had long ago given up trying to see the view; it was just a case of Pff! That was a barn. Pff! That was a truck. Pff! That was a pond. He began to imitate this sound of speed. Pff!

This week's cover picture.

"Indigestion, dear?" Lil asked. "Wait until we get to a shady place and mother'll wash your mouth out. We're going to see your Great Aunt Annie." She tweaked him under the chin.

This news was so exciting to the baby on his first tour that he fell right asleep.

"Is this the way to Hopville?" Lil called out at a combination drug store, real estate office, and bakery. Three red headed women poked their wire ratted coiffures through a swinging door, just dodging a row of swaying, stalactitic fly paper runners.

"Yeah. Three miles ahead. You can't miss it—it's the county seat and sits at the bottom of the long hill."

They watched Lil's graceful turn around the shell bordered grass circle in the middle of Main Street.

In the shake of a car's tail light, Lil was faced with a sign:

WELCOME TO HOPVILLE!
A Sioux Trading Post in 1783—We Now Boast:
4 Hotels and 1 Mattress Factory

"The Sioux," Lil explained to the baby, "were Indians. Papa'll carve you a tomahawk when you grow up."

Lil's Aunt Annie was rocking on the front porch.

"There's your sister," Aunt Annie suddenly called out to Lil's brother, who was spending August on the farm amid thrills of haylofts, tinkle of milk pails, and a mosquito fringed rain water barrel. "And the baby!" She piped out this postscript as though she had a corner on babies in the grain exchange.

"Here's my little papoose," Lil said, pointing to the strapped down passenger. "Doesn't he look like Sandy around the mouth? We've always said if the baby'd been a girl we'd have named her Annie."

"Ah, the cute little thing! Such pretty downy hair. And I declare, do I see one little toothie? Oh, no; it's just a piece of cotton. He's certainly husky, Lil. Why, he looks like a boxer."

"Prize fighter, you mean!" Lil's kid brother yelled. Then he kissed his sister and picked up the baby like a stevedore hoisting a sack of coffee.

Iced tea on the porch. Seated on a swing decorated in floral sprays or bursting firecrackers, Lil didn't know which, she looked off over the hills and wondered when Sandy could afford to build on their lot at Pine Ridge. By next summer the baby would be running around.

"We want to know if you'll let us keep your dog?" Aunt Annie asked. "He catches mice like a cat, and we hate the thought—"

"Bowlegs?" Lil said. Junior had brought their blotchy black and white to get it out of the city during hot weather. But it was clearly only a loan—not a final canine settlement. "Why, that pup carries Sandy's carpet slippers to him," she told her aunt.

"There are two puppies out in the barn," Aunt Annie offered. "You can have one of them. They're very smart; they can chase a ball already."

"We've been saying right along the baby ought to have a pup to grow up with." Lil was wondering if this plan would make a good swap. "Children should be taught about the faithfulness of dumb beasts."

"This one isn't so dumb," her aunt said under her breath. "He barks all night long. I'll get him."

A few minutes later the baby was enthroned regally on a great pillow on the floor. Surrounded by grown-ups, he felt like a lone bud on a mountain side. And what was that ugly wiggling *thing* in front of him? It had eyes like burned pancakes in a pan. And it had four feet instead of just two! And what were those handles hanging off his head? Mystery!

"Dear, here's your new little playmate," Lil was telling him sweetly. "He'll grow into a clumsy lummox, huge in no time, but he'll guard you faithfully. Say Hello!"

(Next week's cover adventure: The Beach Cutie)

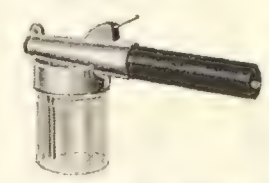
SPRAYIT Electrically
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. 12-20-27

Better Quicker Cheaper

Clear, smooth surfaces—speedy work—time and effort saved—when you spray paints, lacquers, enamels—any finish—with the Electric Sprayit. Hundreds of uses in industry, trades, homes. Painters, plumbers, auto service men, many others say the Electric Sprayit quickly pays for itself. Small investment, but quality work done quickly—that's why it's a profit-maker from the start! Used on farms, nurseries, etc., for spraying insecticides and disinfectants. A new, complete line—a correct model for every use and user. The Electric Sprayit is entirely different from any other sprayer manufactured. Completely patented. No one can copy the exclusive features which bring such superior results.

NEW *Superior Model Electric Sprayit*
for fine professional work such as one-coat enamel on fixtures or in automobile and cabinet work where job is rubbed between coats.
Price, $39.50.

New Improved Master Model Electric Sprayit
For general utility use, such as walls, radiators, lacquered furniture, to touch-up cars, etc.
Price, $34.50.



The Sprayit Vacuum Cleaner Attachment
For general home use.

only $4.95

For Professional *and* Utility Use

The power Electric Sprayit, portable and self-contained, is built in two models. The Superior Model, for professional use, is a Rotary Compressor type operating on the pressure atomization principle. Just a turn of the threaded nozzle will give any desired spray—from a fine mist to a full spray for wide coverage. The New Improved Master Model, for general utility use, is more applicable to the wide range of work needed in shops and trades. Thousands enthusiastically recommend it. Each model comes complete, ready to use—just plug into any light socket.

For Home Use

Incorporating the principle, design and construction of the New Improved Master Model, the Sprayit Vacuum Cleaner Attachment brings to the home, at a small investment the advantages enjoyed by industry. Sprays all finishes as well as disinfectants, fly, moth lotions. Quickly, easily attached to any vacuum cleaner. A household accessory that fills a need in every home. Ask your department, hardware or electrical store, or mail the coupon below. Insist on the genuine Sprayit Vacuum Cleaner Attachment.

THE ELECTRIC SPRAYIT CO., INC.
308 E. Colfax Ave., South Bend, Ind.

Send me immediately ☐ Superior Model, ☐ New Improved Master Model, ☐ Sprayit Vacuum Cleaner Attachment, at price listed above, F. O. B. South Bend.
☐ Check, ☐ Money Order, enclosed.
Send complete information regarding ☐ Superior Model, ☐ New Improved Master Model, ☐ Sprayit Vacuum Cleaner Attachment.

Name.....
Address.....
Town..... State.....
(Check Model Desired)

Decade

Pictures by
CLAYTON KNIGHT

What a shock it gave me—that bare fuselage shooting up in front of me like a ghost.

The Story of a Father Who Couldn't Forget

By
ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS

(Reading time: 17 minutes 31 seconds.)

JIM CARTER came into my office last week and with some show of ceremony took out a big roll of bills and peeled me off two fifties.

"Hello," said I, "and what's this for?"

"That's what I borrowed from you last fall at the Quiet Birdmen's dinner to get home on. It came in mighty good. Many thanks. If money had been the ocean then, I couldn't have spit."

"You look prosperous enough now," I commented, glancing at his natty clothes, spats, and cane. "Rich widow or galloping dominoes?"

"Neither."

"Oil or ponies?"

"Wrong again."

"Bootlegging or real estate?"

"Try another."

"Don't tell me you actually made it by the sweat of your brow?"

"Well, not exactly," Jim admitted, sitting down and putting his feet on my desk. "Take your hand off the controls and I'll tell you about it."

And this is how Jim accounted for his wealth:

YOU remember I had a flying school down in Texas? At least, I advertised it as such. Well, that was where I was going to walk back to last year. I had a leased field, a hangar like the tents the Arabs fold up when they want to steal away, five old Jennies, and a couple of Tommies.

I instructed, rang up the cash register, if any, repaired the crates, dodged the sheriff, ran the ground school, rendered first aid, took aërial photographs, did a bit of advertising, had forced landings all over the Panhandle, and got fed by charity.

An aviator can always eat as long as women can cook.

Things were breaking pretty bad for me. I had two assistant instructors to pay and only ten pupils to milk.

Then this big Swede becomes Ambassador from Orville Wright to the Navy and business begins to pick up. Pupils begin to drift in every day.

One day I was sitting in the office trying to figure out how to get some gas on credit when in comes an old gent and asks for me. He was well dressed, and I looked out the window and saw he'd come in a snappy new car that looked like a chorus girl ought to have stepped out of it instead of an old man that looked like neither one would do him any good. I was afraid he was the grandfather of one of my boy scouts and had come to take his wandering boy back home. Or maybe the vice president of the Standard Oil come to foreclose.

I told him I was the guy he was looking for, and held out my wrists for the bracelets.

He shook hands with me and told me his name was Jeffries.

"I read your advertisement in a magazine," he told me, "and I came to make further inquiries. How long does it take you to train a pupil?"

"It depends on the pupil and how much training he wants," I told him.

"Well, say a complete course in ordinary flying. Enough to be able to fly around by myself."

"Six weeks is average in good weather," I told him, "but it depends on the pupil. Who wants to learn?"

"I do."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

FAMOUS FEET

how they're kept free from corns

© B. & B., 1928

MARY EATON'S *Famous Feet*

"My idea of a queer fad is to cultivate corns . . . when Blue-jay is as easy to get as a druggist's cheery smile." So writes Mary Eaton, star of Broadway's musical comedy hit, "The Five O'Clock Girl."

. . .

There are more than a million walking advertisements for Blue-jay . . . for 28 years the standby of the feet. No other way accomplishes Blue-jay's results . . . For the Blue-jay way is logical and safe. The amount of the medication is standardized in each plaster; you cannot apply too much or too little. The soft, velvety pad stops the shoe-pressure and that stops the pain. Then the medication ends the corn. Improved package, with new white pad, at all drug stores. *For calluses and bunions use Blue-jay Bunion and Callus Plasters.*

THE new
Blue-jay

THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

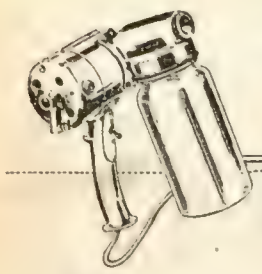
The ATOMISTER

The POSITIVE PRESSURE SPRAYING MACHINE

. . . . will do that painting and lacquering job quicker, easier and better —no matter whether you paint a house, car, boat or the smallest piece of furniture. Cuts labor cost 75%. The Atomister with its fine mist-like spray insures a smooth, lasting finish. No brush marks.

Just fill the container, plug in on any electric socket, press the trigger switch and *spray*. The Atomister is ideal for spraying insecticides, disinfectants and whitewash. It gets into all the crevices —insures a thorough job.

The Atomister way is the modern, easy *result-getting* method of painting. No complicated adjustments. Easy to operate. Easy to clean.



Sprays paint—lacquer—enamel—bronze—varnish—stain—shellac—whitewash—insecticides and disinfectants.
For use in the home—factory—garage—dairy—farm—sign shop—boat yard—truck fleet—gas station—green houses, etc.
FOR SALE AT YOUR DEALER'S. Price $37.50

THE ATOMISTER CORP., RAHWAY, N. J.
My dealer hasn't stocked the Atomister. Please send me one. Enclosed is $37.50.

Name .....
Street ..... City ..... State .....
Dealer's Name ..... L. 8-25

DECADE
[Continued from page forty-seven]

"You?"

"Yes. Can you teach me?"

"Are you in a hurry to get to heaven? You can't fly there. I've tried it. How old are you?"

"Not sixty yet. Can you teach me?"

"I don't know why not," I boasted. "Old man Dickinson flew across the continent with his grandson as navigator. I see you can drive a car, so you must know your right from your left; you don't wear glasses, so you must be able to see fairly well; and you can hear what I say, so you don't need any doctors to tell you to go back to your wheel chair. If I don't teach you to fly it won't cost you anything but board, and I'll divide mine with you."

"That's a bargain," he agreed.

"Three hundred dollars for the instruction is the tariff and three hundred more for a plane to experiment with after you finish. If I kill you accidentally I pay funeral expenses. If you kill yourself against my orders the affair is on you. If you kill me you get a certificate *cum laude*."

"That's reasonable enough," he admitted. "How long will it take?"

"That depends on you."

"Could you do it in six weeks?"

"Maybe. With good weather I think so. I've got some other pupils ahead of you, though."

"Suppose I pay you a bonus of fifty per cent if you can do it in six weeks."

"Then you can call it six weeks unless the wings come off," I assured him. "And would you consider me mercenary if I asked for the three hundred in advance? I'd trust you all right, but it takes money to make the prop go and I'm fresh out of credit around here."

He took out a wad that would make a chorus girl say "daddy," and the sun came out and cleared up the fog.

I TOOK him out to the hangar and started right in to give him all the dope on rigging and engines, but he wasn't interested. He wanted to fly. And he wanted to fly right then.

I put him in the front seat of a Jenny and showed him what the gadgets were and how to work the controls. I got in back and took him up for fifteen minutes to let him get used to the air. Then I let him put his feet on the rudder and keep the nose straight. He could do it as well as I could. So I let him take the stick and keep the nose level as well as straight. That was easy for him. So then I let him keep the wings level too. Before I knew it he was flying the ship and making nice easy turns. He flew around for an hour, and then I got sort of peeved and brought him down.

"What's the big idea? Are you trying to kid me?" I asked, as he crawled out.

"What do you mean?" he asked in astonishment.

"Why ask me to teach you to fly? You've been at the stick before."

"That was my first ride in an

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Airedale

"Fleas Never Torment My Dog Now"

"The first time I washed my dog with Sergeant's Skip-Flea Soap, there were hundreds of dead fleas left in the water. Your Skip-Flea Powder keeps the fleas off most effectively. I wash him frequently and fleas never torment him now."

A dog can't tell you that he has fleas. You should look out for them. They cause intense itching and are sure to bring on more serious skin troubles unless you put a stop to them. Often eczema develops because the owner did not take the trouble to rid the dog of fleas. Use Sergeant's Skip-Flea Soap or Powder.

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Do you know how to keep dogs and cats free from fleas? Would you know what to do for the more serious ailments that your dog may develop at any time? You can easily find out. The information costs nothing. There are now effective treatments for all dog ailments and it is a simple matter to find out when and how to use them.

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If your dog develops a condition not fully explained in the Dog Book, *write us at once.* State age, breed, sex and all symptoms. Our expert veterinarian will answer personally, sending without charge, complete instructions for care and treatment. Sergeant's Dog Medicines and Dog Food are on sale at dealers everywhere. If you cannot obtain them, write direct. Address Polk Miller Products Corp., 1477 W. Broad St., Richmond, Va.

Write for Free Sample of Sergeant's Dog Food
We Guarantee Your Dog Will Eat It.

Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES
"A medicine for every dog ailment"

[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-EIGHT]

airplane," he told me. And I believed him.

"Well, you're awful good, then," I admitted. "You've got as smooth a hand on the controls as Jerry Cabot."

"Who was he?" asked Mr. Jeffries.

"He had the smoothest hand that ever looped a Spad," I told him. "And he had more guts than any ten Harry Tates. He only had fifty minutes' instruction before he went solo, and he was at the front before he'd done twenty hours in the air. He's the only boy in either army that ever rode my tail. He got his first Hun in ten days at the front, and if he'd lived a little longer he'd have made Richthofen's score look like an apology.

"For three months he was in the middle of every dog fight from Zeebrugge to St. Quentin, and nothing could hit him but the sunbeams. He was good! I roomed with him out at the front and we used to go into a fight side by side. He'd pick his man and I'd pick mine and we'd stay with it until something got bent.

"I used to get shot full of holes all the time, but Jerry never got hit but once and that was a stray burst in his left wing. You take to flying just like he did."

"Thank you for the compliment," Mr. Jeffries said. "What happened to your friend?"

"God turned His back on him one day," I told him. "He was too good for the Huns, but you can't goldbrick Lady Luck. We've all got our time. It's all marked down somewhere. There was no bullet with his name marked on it, but a carpenter over at Lille had already cut a cross for him.

"We were in the top flight one day and some Fokkers leaped on the lower flight. We came on down and some more Fokkers came in on us. We'd a[illegible]st altitude and were milling around, and I saw him trying to shake off a Fokker that was hanging on his tail taking pot shots. But that Fokker didn't have a chance to hit him. Not Jerry! He was too good.

"He was diving over on my right with the Fokker right behind him. He got the Fokker to dive with him, and then he zoomed up just as I knew he would and pulled over in a loop. Then right at the top of his loop he half rolled to hold his altitude and get above the Fokker. He was almost around when a wing buckled.

"NEXT thing I knew he was going down in a vertical dive and his wings were fluttering behind him like Harold Ainsworth's at Stamford. A bolt gave way, a strut was rotten, a cotter pin fell out—oh, I don't know what happened. Who cares? All I know is, I lost my best friend and the army lost its best pilot. And he went on up to teach the angels to fly."

I noticed Mr. Jeffries was wiping his eyes. I didn't know I was such a good story teller.

"Yeh," I said, "I've been crying over it ever since. I still dream about him once in a while. And when I have a bad hangover I see his wings come off again. I've seen ten men pull their wings off and say, 'Hello, God,' but none of 'em sticks with me like Jerry.

"He was a fine kid—nothing but a kid—just twenty, he was, but he had all the guts in the world. All he cared about was flying and he wasn't happy unless he spent the day upside down."

Mr. Jeffries thanked me for the ride and drove away.

Next morning he was out bright and early, and in three days he was ready to solo.

"Look here," I told him. "I've got to do something to earn that money. You're ready to solo now and I haven't had you up five

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

I STRIPED his rudder, and put 9132 on it—that was the number of Jerry's plane.

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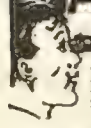

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By Dorothy Black

in Liberty next week

In Liberty next week—

The Showdown

by Carrington Phelps

[DECADE Continued from page forty-nine]

hours. You won't take my ground course?"

"No," he said. "I don't care anything about maintenance. But there's no hurry. I've got five weeks. I want you to teach me to loop now."

"In these crates?" I asked.

"Won't they loop?"

"Maybe they will and maybe they won't. But I can't teach you to stunt in them. They haven't got power enough."

"Well, suppose I get a plane of my own that will stunt. What's the best plane to stunt in?"

I told him. He wanted one right away. I told him I knew where one was over at Dallas that I could get right away. He said to have it wrapped up and sent over. I told him the price—ten thousand. He asked me what bank I did business with. I told him I hadn't had a bank account since the army gave me sixty dollars and a raspberry. So he got me a cashier's check, and in three days I had the neatest little Whirlwind job over there you ever saw. It wasn't much bigger than a Camel but had more power than a Dolphin and no bad habits.

I gave him an hour's dual in it and he was off. I let him play around with it for a week to get used to it and then took him back up to show him how to stunt.

BOY, he was good! All I had to do was to loop once and he'd loop. I'd roll and he'd roll. Power spins, half rolls, Immelmanns, tail slides, —there was nothing he couldn't do. And he sure loved it. He stayed in the air most of the time, and he was upside down more than right side up. I tried to get him to wear a parachute.

"You don't wear one," he told me.

"No, I can't," I explained, "because I'm all the time taking up people that don't know how to work 'em, and you couldn't get out of the front seat of a Jenny, anyway. It wouldn't be fair for me to wear one if my passenger didn't. Besides, I don't stunt these days except on special occasions. But with you, it's different."

"You didn't wear them during the war, did you?" he asked.

"No. They wouldn't let us. The generals back in Washington were afraid some pilot would get nervous and jump out when it wasn't necessary and they'd lose a plane. Planes were scarce then and aviators were plentiful. They killed about thirty good men in the Shenandoah here lately for fear one of 'em might have jumped out too soon. But the war's over. You ought to wear a chute if you're going to run your wheels on the moon."

But he wouldn't do it. I think he was playing like the war was still going on. I wouldn't have been surprised if he'd mounted a couple of old machine guns and took to carrying a gas mask. And my priceless words of caution were no more good than saying "No" in the Folies Bergères.

He was a queer sort of a duck. Never said much but always listened. Everybody on the field was

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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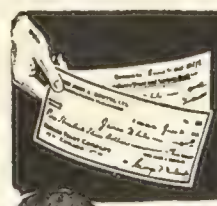

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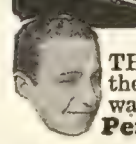

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LUCKY TIGER

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY]

crazy about him. He'd let them use his car, and as far as I could figure out he was feeding the whole place. Every morning he'd come out with a clothes hamper full of food for all hands.

He was as crazy about flying as Lindbergh. That's all he wanted to hear about. He hung around me all the time to try and get me to talk about the war. He'd never get enough, though I talked his arm off. Jerry seemed to catch his fancy particularly. Every day he'd make me tell him the story over again. And he wanted to know all sorts of things about him. Kept me racking my brain all the time to remember something else. Then he'd take me into town for dinner and fill me up on good likker and start me off all over again.

IN three weeks he knew more about the war than I did myself.

One day he says to me, "And how do you half roll out of a loop?"

"Let me think," I told him. "I've about forgotten—it's so long since I've done one. It depends somewhat on the plane. With an S. E., you'd put your nose down to about 140 and pull back hard on the stick. You'd pull your head back like you were trying to see your tail, and as soon as you'd caught sight of the horizon you'd pull the stick into the right hand corner and put on full right rudder.

"Then you'd cross your rudder and put your stick forward in the left front corner. Then you're level again, going back the way you were coming but about a thousand feet higher."

"I think I'll try it," he told me. "Tell me that again."

"Hey, wait," I argued. "I don't know whether that ship will stand it or not. It's not built for such things. Let me go up with a chute and find out what it'll do first. I can soon tell. And I don't know what speed she'll get around best at."

"Oh, that's all right," he assured me. "I'll find out for myself. I'll go up and experiment a bit. The idea is to turn over when you're at the highest point of your loop. Is that it?"

"Yep," I told him. "That's it. But remember, an S. E. was built for that sort of thing and this ship wasn't. And there's no war on now. You may get into an outside spin."

"Oh, I've already done that," he told me, "and I came out of it easy."

The first time he pulled up he rolled too soon and did a full turn of an upward spin before he stalled.

THE next thing I knew he was up at 2,000 feet with his nose down to about 160. The first time he pulled up he rolled too soon and did a full turn of an upward spin before he stalled and went into a power tail spin. The next time he was better, but he didn't cross his rudder soon enough and did a full roll and ended up on his back again. He pulled his nose down and dove out of it.

The third time he got it just right—up he came in a zoom, over on to his back until he was just level upside down, and then quick as a flash he rolled over and went ahead right side up.

In six tries he had it perfect. Jerry himself couldn't have done it better.

He came down as pleased as Punch. I looked over the plane and found the flying wires were sagged a little, but nothing seemed to have pulled loose.

It was a wonder, though, after the way he threw it around. But that was evidence that he was a good pilot—a rough hand on the stick would have torn the plane to pieces. I was proud of my pupil.

"Well, I hope you're happy," I commented. "You can sure handle a plane even if your hair is gray."

He spent the next two or three days up practicing his new stunt. He got so he could do a slow roll at the top of a loop, and then he had a fancy step on an upward spin that even Jimmy Doolittle can't do. I was afraid to tell him about an outside loop, for I knew he'd try it.

Memorial Day I was asked by the American Legion to drop some flowers for them on the cemetery and do a few stunts after the parade. I went in a Tommy, and Mr. Jeffries asked to go along in his plane too. We followed the parade to the cemetery, where it halted on the driveway, and we glided down to drop the wreaths.

Then Mr. Jeffries went wild. You've seen the kids cut up when they got their commissions or

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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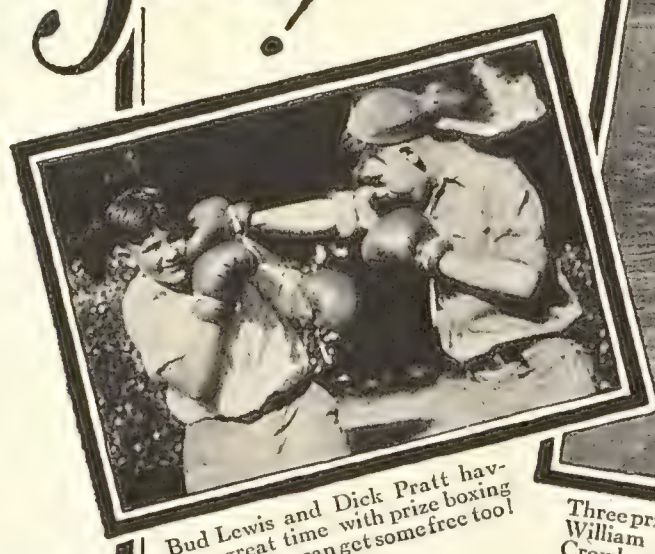

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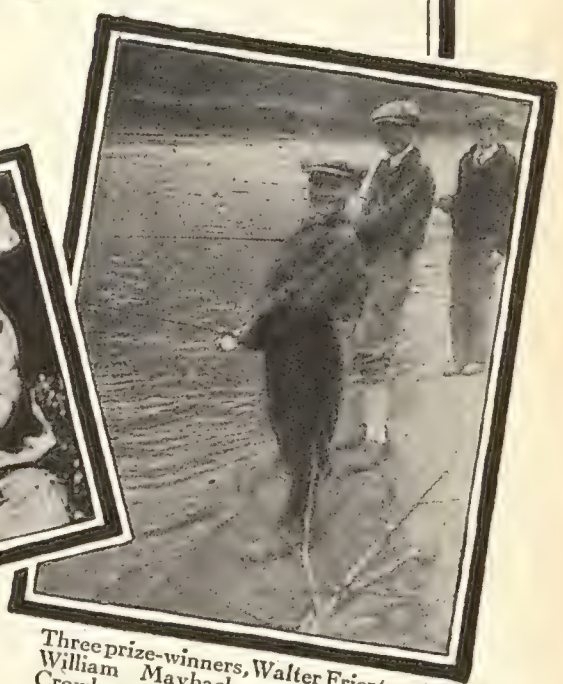

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DECADE
[Continued from page fifty-one]

leave or decorations. Well, he made Armstrong look like Ruth Elder.

He ran his wheels on the drive that ran through the cemetery and then pulled up into a loop. Down he came and hit the drive just right the second time. This time he half rolled at the top of his loop. The third time he went up in an upward spin, then a power spin, and came right back on that drive again. Boy, I was sick at my stomach watching him.

THE parade broke up like a column getting bombed. He flew under two bridges on the way back to the field, and the mayor and the city council all called me up and talked about running me out of the State. All I could tell 'em was, they asked for an exhibition and that was sure God what they got.

"You fly just like Jerry used to," I told the old man for the hundredth time. "He used to do that sort of foolishness. That was why the Huns could never hit him. I remember how we celebrated Memorial Day ten years ago. We were over in Hunland dropping things, but they weren't wreaths. They were twenty pound bombs.

"Jerry found a column of Hun transport on a road and went down on it just like you did on the driveway. I came down right behind him, and when we got through with that column there was nothing left but the tires. I remember the date, 'cause Jerry said it was a wreath in honor of his grandpa who got shot at Missionary Ridge. And the next day he got his.

"My God, it's ten years tomorrow since Jerry went West! Ten years since he half rolled into hell! And me still rabbit footing it around the clouds!"

The old man looked sort of sad at that. Then his eyes lit up.

"We ought to do something in his memory."

"I've always done something," I told him. "Usually it's get drunk. But I also get drunk on Armistice Day, Christmas, Lee's birthday, and the twentieth of May."

"Suppose we stage a sham battle," he suggested.

"It's jake with me."

"All right. We'll paint up one of the Tommies like a German plane and you and I will go up and do combat."

"You'll ride my tail into the ground."

"So much the better."

So we painted a Tommy red and put on big black crosses, and it looked like a Tripe with Albatross wings. Then I painted big red, white, and blue circles on his wings, striped his rudder, and put 9132 on it—that was the number of Jerry's plane. I put on a white triangle for the squadron markings and the letter S for Jerry. We looked like a sure enough war.

Next morning we took off and I agreed to meet him at 5,000 feet. When I got there he was waiting for me up in the sun.

The old fellow knew more about war flying than I did. He must have read all the books in the library on the subject.

He came straight down on me, and when he got within range I went into a vertical turn and he got on my tail. My Tommy was light and short and he could just hold his own with me in a turn. His heavy plane would keep sliding out and I'd gain a little. We kept turning round and round, and then he broke away. I slipped on to his tail as he went into a dive.

That was what he wanted and I saw what he was after. He was going to repeat Jerry's last maneuver.

DOWN he went almost vertical, and I followed him with my motor cut off. But he had his on and was streaking away from me. I kicked my rudder over so I could watch him. He must have dived 2,000 feet with his engine full on and had gained 1,000 feet on me. I guess he was doing over 300.

There was no plane in the world that would stand a yank at that speed, and my heart was in my mouth as I saw him pull up his nose. He must have had both hands on the stick and both feet on the right rudder, for as his nose came up the plane made one quick spin and shed both wings.

The plane came apart just like Bert Skeel's did at Dayton. And he had so much speed that his fuselage came on up like a comet. God, what a shock it gave me—that bare fuselage shooting up in front of me like a ghost. It was a ghost.

I think he waved to me just like Jerry used to do in a fight, and the nose started down like a meteor.

I landed and passed out. When I came to, the boys told me he hit in a meadow about a half mile away and dug twenty feet in the ground. The wings came down a quarter of a mile away.

I WENT in town to the hotel with the coroner to look after his things and find out whom to notify. He had a suite of rooms, and the first thing I saw was a big picture of Jerry on his bureau. I looked at it close. I remembered when that picture was taken. Down in the corner Jerry had written: "To Dad from Jerry."

It was all plain to me then. That smooth hand! Ten years! Half rolling out of a loop! But I already knew he meant to do it. That awful yank would have pulled the wings off an eagle, and no man with a smooth hand would have done it unless he had a date out West. That was why he came to me! He knew all about me because Jerry wrote him a long letter nearly every night! That was where he got all his dope on flying and fighting! We found a big package of Jerry's letters in the desk.

Jerry used to talk about his dad a lot. He was a motor expert and managed to get in the air service. He was too old to fly, they said, so they put him in the experimental department in Washington. He kept trying to get over and was on his way when Jerry went West.

Well, it was a good way to go. I like to think that Jerry came down and got him. He didn't have the strength to pull that plane to pieces by himself. Jerry must have been in there with him.

So I had him buried in Arlington beside Jerry. And every Memorial Day I'll be back there to drop a wreath as long as my wings hang on.

One day I was sitting in the office trying to figure out how to get some gas on credit when in comes an old gent and asks for me.

JIM wiped a tear from his eye and so did I.

"But where did all the prosperity come from?" I asked him.

"Oh, Major Jeffries left me a hundred thousand dollars in his will 'to be used for the development of aviation.' So I got a real school now. I got two hundred pupils, fifteen instructors, and thirty ships. And believe me, every pupil I graduate can half roll out of a loop."

THE END

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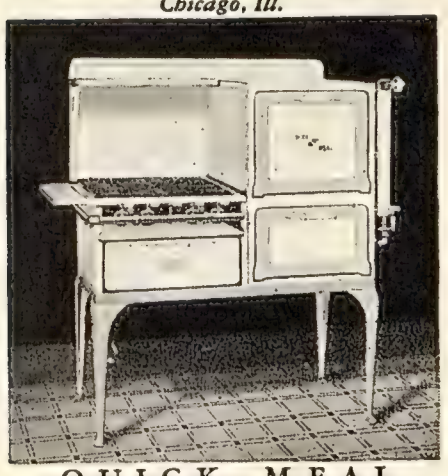

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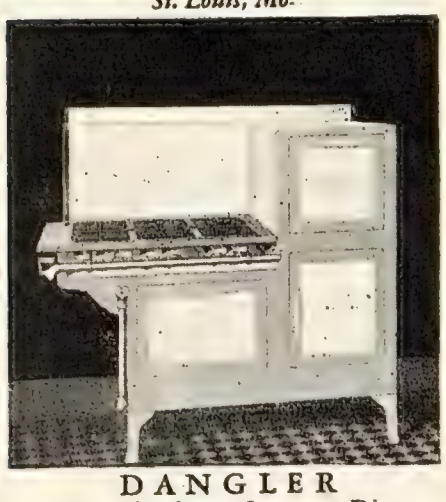

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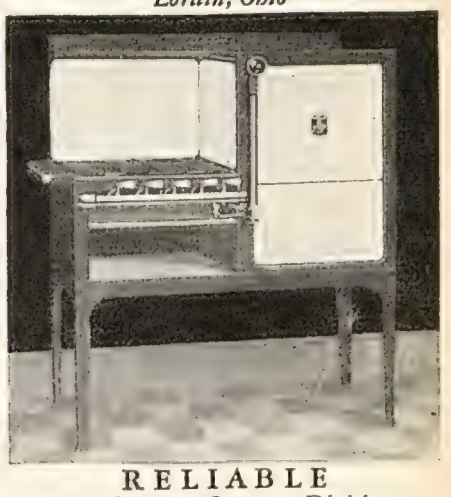

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—JAMES MILLER

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TONIC for Wilting Wardrobes

By

MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

EVEN while the thermometer mounts toward its maximum for the season, textile makers have started their looms, remembering that we tremble on the edge of fall. Frocks of summer begin to take on an autumn tint and texture. And all of the other forces of art and nature turn themselves to winter styles. Just as surely as a young man's thoughts revolve to love in springtime, in autumn a woman centers her attention on materials—and some say with the very same idea of the preservation of the race at heart.

Suitable for autumn is the frock above, of reddish brown velvet in a confetti pattern.

At any rate, one of her devices for keeping herself alluring is to see to it that she is up to date, and, quite a while before the first leaf turns with frost, the beige and pale shades of summer turn to the coppery browns of autumn styles. Indeed, as a general assertion, one might say that the successful dresses of summer are likely to appear in guises only slightly modified to meet the needs of the new season, and these changes come first in the materials from which they are made.

Lovely blowy things of summer take on a firmer texture, but the same designs appear and the same silhouettes hold over as the groundwork for the coming mode.

Thus any of the dresses here shown does equally well to help replace a wardrobe for the tag end of summer, or, when slightly altered in tint and texture, to start the new season. Printed chiffons have been so very dear to everyone that we give them up reluctantly. Perhaps it is because their designs cover up imperfections of figure. In any event, this or some other influence is carrying those very patterns over into heavy silks and velvets and taffetas, with the result that the tiny confetti figure of our first model is on winter and summer materials alike. Here it is printed on velvet, which promises to be the most popular of winter materials, and in bright reddish brown, a very popular winter shade.

The idea underlying the only other dressy winter fabric is to keep the base transparent, in some such material as georgette, with a pattern on it in velvet and the whole background perhaps run with metal threads.

The second of the dresses shown here, by the simple device of using such a material, carries over a style of summer that was too popular to be allowed to die. This is developed in light gray georgette, with darker gray squares appliquéd upon the surface in velvet nap, and it has the molded hipline that every self-respecting frock must show today.

It also has a bolero jacket effect, and this has become a classic. You have one or you haven't, according to whether you like it or not, and not in accordance with any fashion regulations of the moment. This dress is banded and scalloped in darker gray chiffon, and is very smart and practical indeed.

A dress in gray georgette (left) ornamented with velvet squares of darker gray and run with metal threads. This is one of the new fall materials.

The sports suit is of dark blue angora with blouse and jacket lining of the same material in blue stripes.

Green lace was chosen for this evening dress, made in a tiered effect with the waistline not defined and the silhouette that dips in the back.

Our first model is cut in a circular sweep, with the bolero effect on one side of the bodice repeated directly beneath it in the movement of the skirt.

The third costume has a practical bearing on life in summer as well as in winter, and in the country as well as in town. It is in angora, with the skirt finely plaited and the little straight jacket lined with the striped angora that makes the sweater and finishes the neck with a narrow scarf. The costume is in blue; and if there is one color that takes the prize for popularity at present, this is it. Indeed, it is so much in demand that manufacturers cannot supply it in sufficient quantities.

THIS is a year of colors, and yet in shadings softer and more harmonious than those to which we have become accustomed, although many in number appear on one cloth. We are also accepting more placidly our so-called "new art" this season to the extent of using it less audaciously in smaller, more delicate patterns than those that have offended our good taste with their violence for several years past. Some of the patterns are now too small to reproduce in illustrations, and this is something you could not say of the shrieking, conventionalized birds and flaming geometric figures of a year ago. The blouse and lining of the present costume are striped in soft tints of blue, and the dress carries the two essential qualities in the shade of the moment, which are that it must be dark but bright.

With the coat open, it has the sports feeling; and yet, being in navy blue, it is—as the artist puts it—"quite all right for luncheon in town."

Lace is one of the most popular of fabrics for evening clothes, and green is a much sought color. Our evening dress combines them, and is made in that longer in the back movement which seems to be here to stay. There is no let-up in its popularity. It is very flattering, perhaps because it is slenderizing without giving too definite a line. This model would be good carried out in paillettes and sequins for midwinter.

Looking into Fashion's Future

By BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris, July 30.

THERE are a great many anxious American women in Paris now. July 1 is an important date because it marks the definite end of the social season and the beginning of the locked door epoch in the *grande couture*. Smart women who can give us some clew as to what future fashions are going to be have left Paris—departed for points known and unknown. And the *grande couture*, the great dressmakers who make styles, is incarcerated in its secret ateliers, getting ready to present autumn fashions. For the moment, they have nothing whatever to say about clothes.

In the meantime hundreds of women come here on every boat train—women who are going to pick up clothes in Paris that they will wear back home when winter comes. *They* want to know all about the future of fashions, and between now and September, when fall fashions will actually be out, a great number of other women are going to want the same information.

We may not care a rap about the future of fashions in the abstract, but on principle we never purchase anything after July 1 that will brand us out of style in September. Therefore, how to read fashion futures is invaluable knowledge.

Steel beads on black tulle give brilliancy to this evening frock.

"Off white" satin makes this Patou model.

Louiseboulanger sponsors this "careless quaint" silhouette which we must reckon with in future fashions.

Lelong narrows the mode down to the pencil line in this black and white satin dress.

In the good old days, style crystal gazing was practically impossible, because fashion knew neither rhyme nor reason; but today modern fashions, like modern architecture, are built on solid foundations that support the changing structure of styles. The foundation of all styles is the silhouette, and once you master the future of the silhouette you will never be out of style, no matter how frequently fashions change. There is only one way to do this. Stop, look, listen—and read.

There isn't a literate female in the United States who hasn't read about the returning femininity of fashions, the trend toward elegance, the increase of the picturesque in clothes. This is a solid foundation upon which future styles are going to be built.

And there are others. The fir tree silhouette, broken by numbers of little flares. I have already spoken about this, and the clairvoyant of chic has taken notice.

And the shifting of puffs and dripping hemlines from back to side—these have, surely, been noted by women who want, at the very least, to keep abreast of the mode.

What about straight lines? You have only to look around you to observe how many women are wearing straightline clothes. If this doesn't seem to be enough, I have the word of Lucien Lelong—who is a very good friend of mine as well as one of the most astute of the Paris dressmakers—that the narrow silhouette is something to look out for in the future.

No silhouette is so friendly to the average woman as that which nullifies curves and equalizes everyone in a straight up and down line.

Therefore, four silhouettes stand out from the present mode and point toward the future. You pay your money and you take your choice; but in no case will you be entirely wrong. We will get down to cases.

First comes the feminine, the picturesque, the—if you will—elegant. I have had two photographs taken for you to illustrate this particular foundation for future styles. Our photograph in the upper right corner shows a model from Louiseboulanger which has a large proportion of careless quaintness—the I don't care spirit which is the basis of much that is most indicative of future fashions.

When the tailor's dummy is the ideal, nothing about this dress fits very well. But that is the whole idea.

Boulanger chose a featherweight wool—periwinkle blue challis with lozenges of beige woven in—to make this one piece frock, which has a series of gores under the arms of the blouse, gores that flare into unpressed plaits at the sides of the skirt. The hem, collar, and cuffs are made of bands with broken and continuous stripes forming the decoration.

The belt is of blue felt and the blue buttons are diamond shaped.

OUR first photograph shows a Chanel evening frock in black tulle, embroidered with countless tiny steel beads. The skirt has four flounces, stiffened with horsehair braid to simulate the branches of the fir tree. The half handkerchief is tied like a fichu around the shoulders.

This frock is worn by Rose Taylor, the daughter of Sir James and Lady Taylor. This lady is an important patroness of the new sport of greyhound racing, recently inaugurated in Paris.

Our second photograph shows the shifting of the drooping hemline from back to side, and the fitted hipline as created by Jean Patou and worn by Mrs. Erskine Gwynne.

You may remember that Mrs. Gwynne was one of the famous American beauties chosen by Jean Patou to act as mannequin for him in Paris. She married Erskine Gwynne of the famous Gwynne-Vanderbilt family, and is now one of the foremost exponents of Paris chic. Jean Patou still dresses her and she wears many of his latest creations.

Our photograph shows her in a Patou evening dress of his *coquille d'œuf* satin, with a side drapery that is a silhouette for the future.

The model shown in the oval is a Lucien Lelong narrow line silhouette frock with a blouse of white satin with corded sunburst tucks, long ties, and straight, loose sleeves. The straight wraparound skirt is of black satin. This silhouette and the three others are the cornerstones that hold up the foundation of future fashions.

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Carnation Ginger Ale Salad—Dissolve 3 tbsp. gelatine in 3 tbsp. cold water; add ⅓ cup boiling water, 2 cups golden ginger ale, ¼ cup lemon juice, 2 tsp. sugar, pinch of salt. (Color with green or red.) Cool; add 1 cup chopped celery, 1 cup chopped apple, ¾ can pineapple, diced, ½ box crystallized ginger. Put in mold. Serve with Carnationnaise in center.

Carnationnaise—4 tbsp. flour, 1 tbsp. sugar, 1 tbsp. mustard, 1 tsp. salt, paprika. Mix these ingredients. Add gradually ¼ cup salad oil, ¼ cup cider vinegar; ¾ cup water. Stir till smooth. Cook over slow fire till thick, stirring constantly. Remove from fire; beat into mixture 1 slightly beaten egg, ⅔ cup Carnation Milk, ¾ cup oil. Add milk and oil slowly, beat very smooth. Makes 3 cups. Will keep indefinitely.

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PICKLES to TICKLE your APPETITE

By
ETHEL SOMERS

THE secret of success in making pickles lies in regulating the start of the bacterial action to produce pickling and prevent spoilage. A temperature of 86° F. maintained when the pickles are put into the brine best starts the pickling changes.

Next in importance in the process is to insure a pleasantly palatable flavor that is spicy to the right degree. So we have weak and strong pickles, varying according to personal taste. Weak brine pickles need airtight sealing, while strong ones may be merely covered with cheesecloth. The last step of the process, namely, standing, completes the mellowing of the pickles. A good pickle is neither bland nor sharp.

As a food or nutrient pickles are nil, while indeed overstrong, sour types may be even harmful. As a relish, however, they give zip and often lift a bland meal from the commonplace.

Prime favorites are the time honored pickles originated to use up the tag end of the home garden products. Long remembered is the pungent odor of hot, spicy relishes brewing in your own home kitchen. Many modern theorists feel that just such homelike influences are needed to improve the twentieth century home. Some family heirloom recipes for what we call deliciously mild, yet mellow, pickles are given herewith. We trust they will answer your queries for recipes to increase the variety of your next winter's relish dish.

Cucumber Pickles

Fresh cucumbers, small or large or mixed
1½ gallons cold water
2 quarts vinegar
1½ quarts barrel salt
¼ pound alum, dissolved
½ bushel grape leaves

PACK the cucumbers in alternate layers with the grape leaves in a stone crock or other large container. Dissolve the alum by powdering and stirring into a small quantity of the water. Heat if necessary and cool. Add the remaining water, vinegar, and salt, and stir until the salt is completely dissolved. Pour this brine over the cucumbers and grape leaves previously packed in the crock.

If the tendency of the cucumbers is to float to the top of the brine, an inverted plate topped with a weight will keep them under. If the liquor does not come clear to the top, either pack the cucumbers down or prepare more of the solution. They should be well covered. Let this stand in the basement or other storage space, and prepare the pickles in quantities as you wish to use them.

During the winter, when your pantry pickle supply runs low, take two or three quarts of the cucumbers out of the crock. Split the cucumbers or use whole, as desired. Pack in sterile jars and pour boiling water over the brine treated cucumbers. Cover closely and let stand about 24 hours. Pour off the water and cover with Bordeaux sauce poured in cold. Seal the jars and use the pickles as desired.

Bordeaux Sauce (or Sweet Sour Sauce)

1 gallon vinegar
1 pound brown sugar
2 tablespoons whole allspice
2 tablespoons celery seed
2 tablespoons salt
1 tablespoon black pepper
1 tablespoon turmeric powder
1 tablespoon mace
2 nutmegs, grated
3 onions, sliced
½ cup horseradish, grated, if desired

MIX the spices until well blended and tie loosely in several bags. Add the other seasonings to the vinegar with the several spice bags, and heat to boiling. Boil 5 to 10 minutes to flavor. Let stand until cool. Strain off the spiced vinegar and pour cold over the prepared pickles.

Sliced Pickles

25 large or 50 medium cucumbers
9 onions
¼ cup barrel salt
1 quart vinegar
4 cups brown sugar
¼ teaspoon black pepper
2 teaspoons celery seed
2 teaspoons mustard seed
Additional vinegar to cover

SLICE the cucumbers uniformly, and also the onions. The latter should be especially fine. Sprinkle with the salt and let stand 1 hour. Mix the vinegar, sugar, and spices. Let come to the boiling point. Pack the salted pickles, after 1 hour's standing, into sterile jars. Divide and pour the boiling mixture over them, adding enough more hot vinegar to fill the jars. Seal while hot.

Layers of cucumbers and grape leaves are packed alternately in a container. The leaves should completely cover each layer.

Uniform slicing adds much to the attractiveness of the pickled product—hence the value of the automatic slicer, which cuts evenly.

Dill Pickles

7 quarts boiling water
2 cups barrel salt
1 quart vinegar
50 large crisp cucumbers

WASH the cucumbers and dry. Heat the water, salt, and vinegar to the boiling point. Using a skewer, prick the cucumbers well throughout the surface. Pack into a large crock or, better still, into large sized individual jars. Put a generous layer of dill cut up over the top and pour the boiling mixture over the cucumbers. Seal while hot.

Green Tomato Pickle

1 peck green tomatoes
2 quarts onions
1¼ cups barrel salt
2 quarts water
Vinegar
12 green peppers
2 pounds brown sugar
¼ pound mustard seed
2 tablespoons whole allspice
2 tablespoons whole cloves
2 tablespoons broken stick cinnamon

SLICE the washed green tomatoes and onions. Sprinkle with the salt and add the two quarts of water and enough more to cover. Let stand overnight in this brine. Drain well and rinse in cold water. Measure enough vinegar to cover the green tomatoes. Pour off the vinegar; add the peppers chopped fine, sugar, and spices. Boil ½ hour and pour over the tomato slices packed in sterile jars. Seal until ready to use.

Chili Sauce

2 onions
12 tomatoes
3 green peppers
3 cups vinegar
¼ cup brown sugar
1½ tablespoons salt
1 package whole mixed spices (1 ounce) tied loosely in several cheesecloth bags

IMMERSE the tomatoes in boiling water from 1 to 2 minutes. Blanch in cold water and remove the skins. Cut into eighths and add the minced onion, chopped green pepper, vinegar, and seasonings. Add the mixed spices loosely tied in several bags. If these spices are packed tightly within the bags, there is not the same chance of their floating about within the bags to flavor the chili sauce completely. Cook for 60 minutes over a simmering flame or until the peppers are tender. Remove the spice bags and seal in sterile jars.

Mixed Pickles

4 quarts of mixed vegetables, such as cauliflower, string beans, small onions, cucumber rinds, small cucumbers, celery, green tomatoes, or any other desired combination.
2 ounces mustard seed
2 ounces whole cloves
2 cups brown or white sugar
4 red peppers, sliced
4 teaspoons salt
Vinegar to cover

FRESHLY picked, tender garden vegetables do not need parboiling. Market products, however, will require parboiling to produce tender pickles. Prepare the vegetables by cleaning and cutting, and parboil each vegetable separately in salted water (one teaspoon to a quart). Drain and pack into sterile jars, mixing the vegetables well throughout the jar. Heat the vinegar, sliced pepper, sugar, and spices—loosely tied in several bags—to boiling. After boiling 10 minutes, pour this boiling hot pickling solution over the prepared vegetables and seal.

Sweet Pickled Apples

7 apples, large and sweet
3 pounds brown sugar
1 quart vinegar
Whole cloves

WASH and core the apples, but do not peel. Cut them into quarters or eighths and stick two or three whole cloves into each section. Heat the sugar and vinegar to a syrup stage (220° F.). Add the apples, the syrup just covering the fruit. Simmer gently until the apples become transparent; then seal in hot sterile jars.

VARIATION: One ounce of pickling spices tied loosely in muslin bags, or a few sections of orange peel added to the sugar and vinegar, will give variety and piquancy to the flavor.

Pickled Crab Apples

WHOLE pickled crab apples may be made from the sweet pickled apple recipe. Select perfect fruit. Wash but do not stem or peel. Insert four cloves into each apple. Simmer gently in a vinegar and sugar syrup to cover (1 quart vinegar to 3 pounds brown sugar cooked to 220° F.) about 2 hours. Test with a meat skewer to find if the apples are tender and the pulp transparent.

Pack into hot sterile jars and seal. The red skin of the apple will be retained and will serve to color the pickling syrup.

THE fine art of pickling is only one of the many subjects treated in LIBERTY'S three cookbooks, listed below. There are countless other recipes, some of time honored origin, but also many which are gracing tables for the first time. More than 8,500 requests for these cookbooks are received every month. Each cookbook costs only 10 cents; or you may have all three of them for 25 cents. Please use the coupon.

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Pictures by WALLACE MORGAN

SOAPY, with deep concern, became aware that the Last of the Great Victorians proposed to make this thing a social gathering.

Money fo

In Which Fate Buffets a Crook and Laughs at a Girl

The broad artistic conception of breaking open the cupboard door and getting away with the swag while Mr. Carmody, anchored out on the moat, dabbled for bream or dibbled for chub or sniggled for eels, or whatever weak-minded thing it is that fishermen do when left to themselves in the middle of a sheet of water, was magnificent. It was bold, dashing, big in every sense of the word.

Only when you came to inspect it in detail did it occur to you that it might also be a little noisy.

THAT was the fatal flaw—the noise. The more Soapy examined the scheme, the more clearly did he see that it could not be carried through in even comparative quiet. And the very first blow of the hammer or ax or chisel selected for the operation must inevitably bring Methuselah's little brother popping through that green baize door, full of inquiries.

"Hell!" said Soapy.

"Sir?"

"Nothing," said Soapy. "I was just thinking."

He continued to think, and to such effect that before long he had begun to see daylight. There is no doubt that in times of stress the human mind has an odd tendency to take off its coat and roll up its sleeves and generally spread itself in a spasm of unwonted energy.

Probably if this thing had been put up to Mr. Molloy as an academic problem over the nuts and wine after dinner, he would have had to confess himself baffled. Now, however, with such vital issues at stake, it took him but a few minutes to reach the conclusion that what he required, as he could not break open a cupboard door in silence, was some plausible reason for making a noise.

He followed up this line of thought. A noise of smashing wood. In what branch of human activity may a man smash wood blamelessly? The answer was simple. When he is doing carpentering. What sort of carpentering? Why, making something. What? Oh, anything. Yes, but what? Well, say, for example, a rabbit hutch. But why a rabbit hutch? Well, a man might very easily have a daughter who, in her girlish, impulsive way, had decided to keep pet rabbits, mightn't he? There actually were pet rabbits on the Rudge Hall estate, weren't there? Certainly there were. Soapy had seen them down at one of the lodges.

The thing began to look good. It only remained to ascertain whether Sturgis was the right recipient for this kind of statement. The world may be divided broadly into two classes—men who will believe you when you suddenly inform them at half past 11 on a summer morning that you propose to start making rabbit hutches, and men who will not. Sturgis looked as if he belonged to the former and far more likable class.

He looked, indeed, like a man who would believe anything.

"Say!" said Soapy.

"Sir?"

"My daughter wants me to make her a rabbit hutch."

"Indeed, sir?"

Soapy felt relieved. There had been no incredulity in the other's gaze—on the contrary, something that looked very much like a sort of senile enthusiasm. He had the air of a butler who has heard good news from home.

(Reading time: 25 minutes 20 seconds.)

DOLLY MOLLOY had flashes of crook genius. When she and "Soapy" Molloy, her lawful but crooked husband, left New York for England it was her idea that they pose as father and daughter. Strutting as wealthy Americans they got an invitation to visit at Rudge Hall, the country seat of the Carmodys. Straightway Dolly dreamed of annexing valuables.

Arrived at Rudge, she found this situation: a household composed of Mr. Lester Carmody, bachelor squire, his nephew and heir, Hugo Carmody, and a second nephew, John Carroll. John was in love with a charming neighbor, Pat Wyvern, who had refused his offer of marriage. Between Pat's father, Colonel Wyvern, and Mr. Carmody, a row was on.

So much for the human actors. The house itself was full of priceless heirlooms. Dolly's fingers itched. She proposed to the money worshiping squire that he sell the antiques to Soapy. Since the heirlooms were entailed, she suggested: "Fake a burglary."

So a burglary was faked. Dr. "Chimp" Twist did the actual stealing. He entered a window, filled a handbag, and put it in the stair cupboard. The next morning—great excitement!

The Molloys' secret plan was that Soapy should make a get-away with the bag.

Chimp was the head of a physical culture establishment in the neighborhood. Sturgis, the butler, who had happened to be up the night of the theft, had caught a glimpse of him. This he confided to John. John determined to go to Twist's place to investigate, in spite of a date he had with Pat at 1 o'clock.

Dolly offered to go with him, and off they started, she ignorant of the fact that in John's pocket nestled a ticket that called for the treasure bag. Mr. Carmody had sent the bag to the station by Bolt, the chauffeur. Bolt had given the ticket to John to give to his uncle—and John had forgotten to do so.

There was now much rough handling in store for honest John. Dolly told Flannery, Twist's assistant, that John was her brother, given to alcoholic tantrums and requiring confinement. Twist doped him and Flannery shut him up.

Then the resourceful Dolly gave Twist knock-out drops and phoned Soapy to dope Mr. Carmody, get the bag, and be off. But Soapy found the squire out of the way, fishing in the moat. Hugo was in London.

So the coast seemed clear.

PART ELEVEN

"I'M telling the birds, telling the bees," sang Soapy gayly, charging into the hall, "telling the flowers, telling the trees, how I love you—"

"Sir?" said Sturgis respectfully, suddenly becoming manifest out of the infinite.

Soapy gazed at the butler blankly, his wild wood notes dying away in a guttural gurgle. Apart from the embarrassment which always comes upon a man when caught singing, he was feeling, as Sturgis himself would have put it, stottled.

A moment before the place had been completely free from butlers; and where this one could have come from was more than he could understand. Rudge Hall's old retainer did not look the sort of man who would pop up through traps, but there seemed no other explanation of his presence.

And then, close to the cupboard door, Soapy espied another door, covered with green baize. This, evidently, was the Sturgis bolt hole.

"Nothing," he said.

"I thought you called, sir."

"No."

"Lovely day, sir."

"Beautiful," said Soapy.

He gazed bulgily at this inconvenient old fossil.

Once more shadows had fallen about his world, and he was brooding again on the deep gulf that is fixed between artistic conception and detail work.

Nothing

A Serial by

P. G. WODEHOUSE

Soapy, gazing at his host, was shocked to observe that he had given himself up to an apoplectic spasm of laughter.

"Have you got such a thing as a packing case or a sugar box or something like that? And a hatchet?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then fetch them along."

"Very good, sir."

The butler disappeared through his green baize door, and Soapy, to fill in the time of waiting, examined the cupboard. It appeared to be a very ordinary sort of cupboard, the kind that a resolute man can open with one well directed blow. Soapy felt complacent. Though primarily a thinker, it pleased him to feel that he could be the man of action when the occasion called.

There was a noise of bumping without. Sturgis reappeared, packing case in one hand, hatchet in the other, looking like Noah taking ship's stores aboard the Ark.

"Here they are, sir."

"Thanks."

"I used to keep roberts when I was a lad, sir," said the butler. "Oh, dear, yes. Many's the robert I've made a pet of in my time. Roberts and white mice, those were what I was fondest of. And newts in a little aquarium."

He leaned easily against the wall, beaming; and Soapy, with deep concern, became aware that the Last of the Great Victorians proposed to make this thing a social gathering. He appeared to be regarding Soapy as the nucleus of a salon.

"Don't let me keep you," said Soapy.

"You aren't keeping me, sir," the butler assured him. "Oh, no, sir, you aren't keeping me. I've done my silver. It will be a pleasure to watch you, sir. Quite likely I can give you a hint or two if you've never made a robert hutch before. Many's the hutch I've made in my time. As a lad I was very handy at that sort of thing."

A DULL despair settled upon Soapy. It was plain to him now that he had unwittingly delivered himself over into the clutches of a bore who had probably been pining away for someone on whom to pour out his wealth of stored up conversation.

Words had begun to flutter out of this butler like bats out of a barn. He had become a sort of human Topical Talk on rabbits. He was speaking of rabbits he had known in his hot youth—their manners, customs, and the amount of lettuce they had consumed *per diem*.

To a man interested in rabbits, but too lazy to look the subject up in the Encyclopædia, the narrative would have been enthralling. It induced in Soapy a feverishness that touched the skirts of homicidal mania. The thought came into his mind that there are other uses to which a hatchet may be put besides the making of rabbit hutches.

England trembled on the verge of being short one butler.

Sturgis had now become involved in a long story of his early manhood; and even had Soapy been less distrait he might have found it difficult to enjoy it to the full. It was about an acquaintance of his who had kept rabbits, and it suffered in lucidity from his unfortunate habit of pronouncing rabbits "roberts," combined with the fact that by a singular coincidence the acquaintance had been a Mr. Roberts.

Roberts, it seemed, had been deeply attached to roberts. In fact, his practice of keeping roberts in his bedroom had led to trouble with Mrs. Roberts, and in the end Mrs. Roberts had drowned the roberts in the pond, and Roberts, who thought the world of his roberts and not quite so highly of Mrs. Roberts, had never forgiven her.

Here Sturgis paused, apparently for comment.

"Is that so?" said Soapy, breathing heavily.

"Yes, sir."

"In the pond?"

"In the pond, sir."

Like some "Open, sesame," the word suddenly touched a chord in Soapy's mind.

"Say, listen," he said. "All the while we've been talking I was forgetting that Mr. Carmody is out there on the pond."

"The moat, sir?"

"Call it what you like. Anyway, he's there, fishing, and he told me to tell you to take him out something to drink."

Immediately Sturgis the lecturer, with a change almost startling in its abruptness, became Sturgis the butler once more. The fanatic rabbit gleam died out of his eyes.

"Very good, sir."

"You should hurry. His tongue was hanging out when I left him."

For an instant the butler wavered. The words had recalled to his mind a lop eared doe which he had once owned, whose habit of putting out its tongue and gasping had been the cause of some concern to him in the late '70s. But he recovered himself.

Registering a mental resolve to seek out this new made friend of his later and put the complete facts before him, he passed through the green baize door.

Soapy, alone at last, did not delay. With all the pent up energy which had been accumulating within him during a quarter of an hour which had seemed a lifetime, he swung the hatchet and brought it down. The panel splintered. The lock snapped. The door swung open.

There was an electric switch inside the cupboard. He pressed it down and was able to see clearly.

And, having seen clearly, he drew back, his lips trembling with half spoken words of the regrettable kind which a man picks up in the course of a lifetime spent in the less refined social circles of New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago.

The cupboard contained an old raincoat, two hats, a rusty golf club, six croquet balls, a pamphlet on stock breeding, three umbrellas, a copy of the *Parish Magazine* for the preceding November, a shoe, a mouse, and a smell of apples—but no suitcase.

That much Soapy had been able to see in the first awful, disintegrating instant.

No bag, box, portmanteau, or suitcase of any kind or description whatsoever!

HOPE does not readily desert the human breast. After the first numbing impact of any shock, we most of us have a tendency to try to persuade ourselves that things may not be so bad as they seem.

Some explanation, we feel, will be forthcoming shortly, putting the whole matter in a different light. And so, after a few moments during which he stood petrified, muttering some of the comments which on the face of it the situation seemed to demand, Soapy cheered up a little.

He had had, he reflected, no opportunity of private speech with his host this morning. If Mr. Carmody had decided to change his plans and deposit the suitcase in some other hiding place, he might have done so in quite good faith without Soapy's knowledge. For all he knew, in mentally labeling Mr. Carmody as a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[MONEY FOR NOTHING
Continued from page sixty-one]

fat, popeyed, crooked, swindling, pie faced, double crossing Judas, he might be doing him an injustice. Feeling calmer, though still anxious, he left the house and started toward the moat.

Halfway down the garden he encountered Sturgis, returning with an empty tray.

"You must have misunderstood Mr. Carmody, sir," said the butler genially, as one rabbit fancier to another. "He says he did not ask for any drink. But he came ashore and had it. If you're looking for him, you will find him in the boathouse."

And in the boathouse Mr. Carmody was, lolling at his ease on the cushions of the punt, sipping the contents of a long glass.

"Hullo," said Mr. Carmody. "There you are."

Soapy descended the steps. What he had to say was not the kind of thing a prudent man shouts at long range.

"Say!" said Soapy in a cautious undertone. "I've been trying to get a word with you all the morning. But that darned policeman was around all the time."

"Something on your mind?" said Mr. Carmody affably. "I've caught two perch, a bream, and a grayling," he added, finishing the contents of his glass with a good deal of relish.

SUCH was the condition of Soapy's nervous system that he very nearly damned the perch, the bream, and the grayling, in the order named. But he checked himself in time. If ever, he felt, there was a moment when diplomacy was needed, this was it.

"Listen," he said. "I've been thinking."

"Yes?"

"I've been wondering if, after all, that closet you were going to put the stuff in is a safe place. Somebody might be apt to take a look in it. Maybe," said Soapy tensely, "that occurred to you?"

"What makes you think that?"

"It just crossed my mind."

"Oh? I thought perhaps you might have been having a look in that cupboard yourself."

Soapy moistened his lips, which had become uncomfortably dry.

"But you locked it, surely?" he said.

"Yes, I locked it," said Mr. Carmody. "But it struck me that, after you had got the butler out of the way by telling him to bring me a drink, you might have thought of breaking the door open."

IN the silence which followed this devastating remark, there suddenly made itself heard an odd, gurgling noise like a leaking cistern; and Soapy, gazing at his host, was shocked to observe that he had given himself up to an apoplectic spasm of laughter. Mr. Carmody's rotund body was quivering like a jelly. His eyes were closed, and he was rocking himself to and fro, and from his lips proceeded those hideous sounds of mirth.

The hope which until this moment had been sustaining Soapy had never been a strong, robust hope. From birth it had been an invalid. And now, as he listened to this laughter, the poor, sickly thing coughed quietly and died.

"Oh, dear!" said Mr. Carmody, recovering. "Very funny. Very funny."

"You think it's funny, do you?" said Soapy.

"I do," said Mr. Carmody sincerely. "I wish I could have seen your face when you looked in that cupboard."

Soapy had nothing to say. He was beaten, crushed, routed, and he knew it. He stared out hopelessly on a bleak world. Outside the boathouse the sun was still shining, but not for Soapy.

"I've seen through you all along, my man," proceeded Mr. Carmody, with ungenerous triumph. "Not from the very beginning, perhaps, because I did suppose for a while you were what you professed to be. The first thing that made me suspicious was when I cabled to New York to make inquiries about a well known financier named Thomas G. Molloy and was informed that no such person existed."

Soapy did not speak. The bitterness of his meditations precluded words. His eyes were fixed on the trees and flowers on the other side of the water, and he was disliking these very much. Nature had done its best for the scene, and he thought nature a washout.

"And then," proceeded Mr. Carmody, "I listened outside the study window while you and your friends were having your little discussion. And I heard all I wanted to hear. Next time you hold one of these board meetings of yours, Mr. Molloy, I suggest that you close the window and lower your voices."

"Yeah?" said Soapy.

It was not, he forced himself to admit, much of a retort, but it was the best he could think of. He was in the depths, and men who are in the depths seldom excel in the matter of rapierlike repartee.

"I thought the matter over, and decided that my best plan was to allow matters to proceed. I was disappointed, of course, to discover that that check of yours for a million or two, or whatever it was, would not be coming my way. But," said Mr. Carmody philosophically, "there is always the insurance money. It should amount to a nice little sum. Not what a man like you, accustomed to big transactions with Mr. Schwab and Pierpont Morgan, would call much, of course, but quite satisfactory to me."

"You think so?" said Soapy, goaded to speech. "You think you're going to clean up on the insurance?"

"I do."

"Then say, listen, let me tell you something. The insurance company is going to send a fellow down to inquire, isn't it? Well, what's to prevent me spilling the beans?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"What's to keep me from telling him the burglary was a put-up job?"

Mr. Carmody smiled tranquilly.

"Your good sense, I should imagine. How could you make such a story credible without involving yourself in more unpleasantness than I should imagine you would desire? I think I shall be able to rely on you for sympathetic silence, Mr. Molloy."

"Yeah?"

"I think so."

And Soapy, reflecting, thought so too. For the process of beans spilling to be enjoyable, he realized, the conditions have to be right.

"I am offering a little reward," said Mr. Carmody, gently urging the punt out into the open, "just to make everything seem more natural. One thousand pounds is the sum I am proposing to give for the recovery of this stolen property. You had better try for that.

"Well, I must not keep you here all the morning, chattering away like this. No doubt you have much to do."

The punt floated out into the sunshine, and the roof of the boathouse hid this fat, conscienceless man from Soapy's eyes. From somewhere out in the great open spaces beyond came the sound of a paddle, wielded with a care-free joyousness. Whatever might be his guest's state of mind, Mr. Carmody was plainly in the pink.

Soapy climbed the steps listlessly. The interview had left him weak and shaken. He brooded dully on this revelation of the inky depths of Lester Carmody's soul. It seemed to him that if this was what England's upper classes (who ought to be setting an example) were like, Great Britain could not hope to continue much longer as a first-class power; and it gave him, in his anguish, a little satisfaction to remember that in years gone by his ancestors had thrown off Britain's yoke. Beyond burning his eyebrows one Fourth of July, when a boy, he had never thought much about this affair before, but now he was conscious of a glow of patriotic fervor. If General Washington had been present at that moment, Soapy would have shaken hands with him.

SOAPY arrived just in time to see Bolt, the chauffeur, putting the key of the garage in his pocket.

II

SOAPY wandered aimlessly through the sunlit garden. He was feeling very low and in urgent need of one of those largely advertised

tonics which claim to relieve Anæmia, Brain-Fag, Lassitude, Anxiety, Palpitations, Faintness, Melancholia, Exhaustion, Neurasthenia, Muscular Limpness, and Depression of Spirits. For he had got them all, especially brain-fag and melancholia; and the sudden appearance of Sturgis, fluttering toward him down the gravel path, provided nothing in the nature of a cure.

He felt that he had had all he wanted of the butler's conversation. He would have fled, but there was nowhere to go. He remained where he was, making his expression as forbidding as possible.

But for the moment, it appeared, Sturgis had put rabbits on one side. Other matters occupied his mind.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said, "but have you seen Mr. John?"

"Mr. Who?"

"Mr. John, sir."

So deep was Soapy's preoccupation that for a moment the name conveyed nothing to him.

"Mr. Carmody's nephew, sir. Mr. Carroll."

"Oh? Yes, he went off in his car with my daughter."

"Will he be gone long, do you think, sir?"

Soapy could answer that one.

"Yes," he said. "He won't be back for some time."

"You see, when I took Mr. Carmody his drink, sir, he told me to tell Bolt, the chauffeur, to give me the ticket."

"What ticket?" asked Soapy wearily.

THE butler was only too glad to reply. He had feared that this talk of theirs might be about to end all too quickly, and these explanations helped to prolong it. And now that he knew that there was no need to go on searching for John, his time was his own again.

"It was a ticket for a bag which Mr. Carmody sent Bolt to leave at the cloak room at Shrub Hill station in Worcester this morning, sir. I now ascertain from Bolt that he gave it to Mr. John to give to Mr. Carmody."

"What!" cried Soapy.

"And Mr. John has apparently gone off without giving it to him. However, no doubt it is quite safe. Did you make satisfactory progress with the hutch, sir?"

"Eh?"

"The robert hutch, sir."

"What?"

A look of concern came into Sturgis' face. His companion's manner was strange.

"Is anything the matter, sir?"

"Eh?"

"Shall I bring you something to drink, sir?"

Few men ever become so distrait that this particular question fails to penetrate. Soapy nodded feverishly. Something to drink was precisely what at this moment he felt he needed most.

Moreover, the process of fetching it would relieve him, for a time at least, of the society of a butler who seemed to combine in equal proportions the outstanding characteristics of a porous plaster and a gadfly.

"Yes," he replied.

"Very good, sir."

Soapy's mind was in a whirl. He could almost feel the brains inside his head heaving and tossing like an angry ocean. So that was what that smooth old crook had done with the stuff—stored it away in a left luggage office at a railway station! If circumstances had been such as to permit of a more impartial and detached attitude of mind, Soapy would have felt for Mr. Carmody's resource and ingenuity nothing but admiration. A left luggage office was an ideal place in which to store stolen property; as good as the innermost recesses of some safe deposit company's deepest vault.

But, numerous as were the emotions surging in his bosom, admiration was not one of them. For a while he gave himself up almost entirely to that saddest of mental exercises, the brooding on what might have been. If only he had known that John had the ticket!

But he was a practical man. It was not his way to waste time torturing himself with thoughts of past failures. The future claimed his attention.

HE climbed onto the machine, and after one majestic wobble passed through the gates into the park, pedaling bravely.

What to do?

All, he perceived, was not yet lost. It would be absurd to pretend that things were shaping themselves ideally, but disaster might still be retrieved. It would be embarrassing, no doubt, to meet Chimp Twist after what had occurred, but a man who would win to wealth must learn to put up with embarrassments. The only possible next move was to go over to Healthward Ho, reveal to Chimp what had occurred, and with his co-operation recover the ticket from John.

Soapy brightened. Another possibility had occurred to him. If he were to reach Healthward Ho with the minimum of delay, it might be that he would find both Chimp and John still under the influence of those admirable drops; in which case a man of his resource would surely be able to insinuate himself into John's presence long enough to be able to remove a left luggage ticket from his person.

But if 'twere done, then 'twere well 'twere done quickly. What he needed was the Dex-Mayo. And the Dex-Mayo was standing outside the stable yard, waiting for him. He became a thing of dash and activity.

As he came panting round the back of the house the first thing he saw was the tail end of the car disappearing into the stable yard.

"HI!" shouted Soapy, using for the purpose the last remains of his breath.

The Dex-Mayo vanished. And Soapy, very nearly a spent force now, arrived at the opening of the stable yard just in time to see Bolt, the chauffeur, putting the key of the garage in his pocket after locking the door.

Bolt was a thing of beauty. He gleamed in the sunshine. He was wearing a new hat, his Sunday clothes, and a pair of yellow shoes that might have been bits chipped off the sun itself. There was a carnation in his buttonhole. He would have lent tone to a garden party at Buckingham Palace.

He regarded Soapy with interest.

"Been having a little run, sir?"

"The car!" croaked Soapy.

"I've just put it away, sir. Mr. Carmody has given me the day off to attend the wedding of the wife's niece over at Upton Snodsbury."

"I want the car."

"I'VE just put it away, sir," said Bolt, speaking more slowly and with the manner of one explaining something to an untutored foreigner. "Mr. Carmody has given me the day off. Mrs. Bolt's niece is being married over at Upton Snodsbury. And she's got a lovely day for it," said the chauffeur, glancing at the sky with something as near approval as a chauffeur ever permits himself.

"Happy the bride that the sun shines on, they say. Not that I agree altogether with these old sayings. I know that when I and Mrs. Bolt was married it rained the whole time like cats and dogs, and we've been very happy. Very happy indeed we've been, taking it by and large. I don't say we haven't had our disagreements, but, taking it one way and another—"

It began to seem to Soapy that the staffs of English country houses must be selected primarily for their powers of conversation. Every domestic with whom he had come in contact at Rudge Hall so far had had at his disposal an apparently endless flow of lively small talk. The butler, if you let him, would gossip all day about rabbits, and here was the chauffeur apparently settling down to dictate his autobiography. And every moment precious!

With a violent effort he contrived to take in a stock of breath.

"I want the car, to go to Healthward Ho. I can drive it."

The chauffeur's manner changed. Up till now he had been the cheery clubman meeting an old friend in the smoking room and drawing him aside for a long, intimate chat; but at this shocking suggestion he froze. He gazed at

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[MONEY FOR NOTHING
Continued from page sixty-three]

Soapy with horrified incredulity.

"Drive the Dex-Mayo, sir?" he gasped.

"Over to Healthward Ho."

The crisis passed. Bolt swallowed convulsively and was himself once more. One must be patient, he realized, with laymen. They do not understand.

When they come to a chauffeur and calmly propose that their vile hands shall touch his sacred steering wheel, they are not trying to be deliberately offensive. It is simply that they do not know.

"I'm afraid that wouldn't quite do, sir," he said with a faint, reproving smile.

"Do you think I can't drive?"

"Not the Dex-Mayo you can't, sir." Bolt spoke a little curtly, for he had been much moved and was still shaken. "Mr. Carmody don't like nobody handling his car but me."

"But I must go over to Healthward Ho. It's important. Business."

The chauffeur reflected.

"Well, sir, there's an old push bike of mine lying in the stables. You could take that if you liked. It's a little rusty, not having been used for some time, but I dare say it would carry you as far as Healthward Ho."

Soapy hesitated for a moment. The thought of a twenty mile journey on a machine which he had always supposed to have become obsolete during his knickerbocker days made him quail a little.

Then the thought of his mission lent him strength. He was a desperate man, and desperate men must do desperate things.

"Fetch it out!" he said.

BOLT fetched it out; and Soapy, looking upon it, quailed again.

"Is that it?" he said dully.

"That's it, sir," said the chauffeur.

There was only one adjective to describe this push bike—the adjective blackguardly. It had that leering air, shared by some parrots and the baser variety of cat, of having seen and being jauntily familiar with all the sin of the world. It looked low and furtive. Its handlebars curved up instead of down; it had gaps in its spokes; and its pedals were naked and unashamed. A sans-culotte of a bicycle. The sort of bicycle that snaps at strangers.

"H'm!" said Soapy, ruminating.

Then he remembered again how imperative was the need of reaching Healthward Ho somehow.

"All right," he said, with a shudder.

He climbed onto the machine, and after one majestic wobble passed through the gates into the park, pedaling bravely. As he disappeared from view, there floated back to Bolt, standing outside the stable yard, a single agonized "Ouch!"

Chauffeurs do not laugh, but they occasionally smile. Bolt smiled. He had been bitten by that bicycle himself.

III

IT was twenty minutes past 1 that Butler Sturgis, dozing in his pantry, was jerked from slumber by the sound of the telephone bell. He had been hoping for an uninterrupted siesta, for he had had a perplexing and trying morning.

First, on top of the most sensational night of his life, there had been all the nervous excitement of seeing policemen roaming about the place. Then the American gentleman, Mr. Molloy, had told him that Mr. Carmody wanted something to drink, and Mr. Carmody had denied having ordered it. Then Mr. Molloy had asked for a drink himself and had disappeared without waiting to get it. And, finally, there was the matter of the cupboard. Mr. Molloy, after starting to build a rabbit hutch, had apparently suspended operations in favor of smashing in the door of the cupboard at the foot of the stairs. It was all very puzzling to Sturgis; and, like most men of settled habit, he found the process of being puzzled upsetting.

He went to the telephone, and a silver voice came to him over the wire:

"Is this the Hall? I want to speak to Mr. Carroll."

Sturgis recognized the voice.

"Miss Wyvern?"

"Yes. Is that Sturgis? I say, Sturgis, what has become of Mr. Carroll? I was expecting him here half an hour ago. Have you seen him about anywhere?"

"I have not seen him since shortly after breakfast, miss. I understand that he went off in his little car with Miss Molloy."

"What!"

"Yes, miss. Some time ago."

There was silence at the other end of the wire.

"With Miss Molloy?" said the silver voice flatly.

"Yes, miss."

Silence again.

"Did he say when he would be back?"

"No, miss. But I understand that he was not proposing to return till quite late in the day."

More silence.

"Oh?"

"Yes, miss. Any message I can give him?"

"No, thank you. . . . No. . . . No, it doesn't matter."

"Very good, miss."

Sturgis returned to his pantry. Pat, hanging up the receiver, went out into her garden. Her face was set, and her lips compressed.

A snail crossed her path. She did not tread on it, for she had a kind heart, but she gave it a look. It was a look which, had it reached John, at whom it was really directed, would have scorched him.

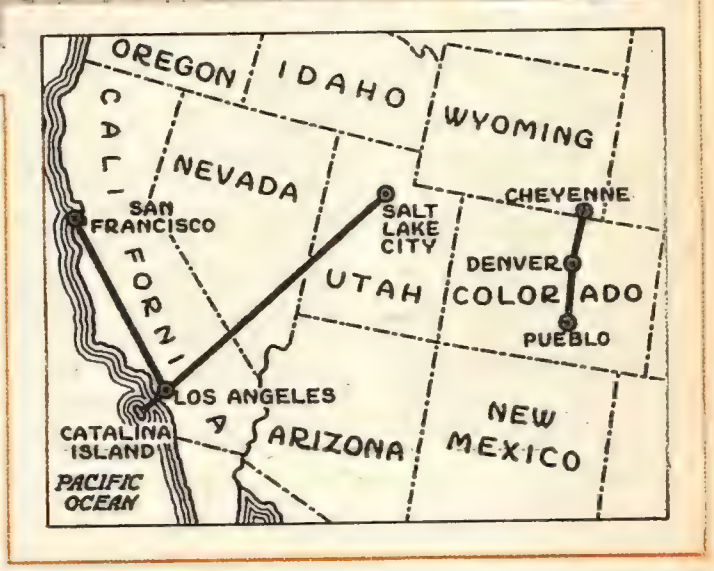
If Pat had known what a strange predicament John was in, at the very moment she scowled at the unoffending snail, she would have been appalled. Read about his troubles in next week's Liberty.

One of the new Western Air Express trimotored planes about to take off on its regular daily flight with passengers and freight between San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Making Flying Pay

The Story of the Western Air Express

By
WILLIAM M. HENRY



A map showing the routes where the Western Air Express achieved its record. The new air line connects San Francisco and Los Angeles; the Catalina line is a project now under consideration.

(Reading time: 10 minutes 22 seconds.)

SEEKERS after stories of romance and achievement seldom turn to the paper-covered, closely printed pages of the annual report of the Second Assistant Postmaster General for soul stirring, pulse quickening chronicles with which to satisfy their craving.

And yet, buried there beneath a mountainous mass of figures seemingly meaningless to the average reader, are facts spelling a story of success so splendid as to conjure out of this dull array of digits the romantic flying figure of an aërial Young Lochinvar.

Aviation has reached the point where nobody is surprised at anything that takes place.

The public seems rather to expect the unexpected to happen in the realm of aëronautics. In the early summer of 1927 the world went mad at the achievement of an unknown youth in spanning the Atlantic. Three months later the public had become so accustomed to transoceanic air conquests that the only way to create excitement was to fall in the ocean—not fly across it.

And so, when Wilkins and Eielson, roaring across the icebound Arctic from Alaska to Spitzbergen in twenty hours, or Kingsford-Smith, spanning the Pacific from California to Australia in three space-annihilating leaps, could hold their place upon the front pages for but a fleeting moment—how little chance there is of focusing popular attention upon the accomplishments of a concern whose comparatively unromantic business it is to carry Uncle Sam's mail between two western cities 600 miles apart, and whose chief claim to distinction lies in the fact that it flies each way every day, doesn't have accidents, and does make money?

A LITTLE more than two years ago the business men of Los Angeles awoke to the painful knowledge that their thriving community was on an aërial sidetrack. The government in establishing and developing its transcontinental air mail service had taken a bee line from Chicago to the Pacific coast, hurdling the mountains from North Platte to Salt Lake City and again to San Francisco.

Letters mailed in San Francisco with an air mail stamp reached New York in thirty-six hours and vice versa. Letters mailed in Los

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[MAKING FLYING PAY
Continued from page sixty-five]

Angeles with an air mail stamp spent twelve hours on the train puffing north to San Francisco, arrived just in time to miss the morning plane to the East, and reached their destination sometimes ahead of a letter sent by ordinary postage but quite frequently at the same time, or later.

This sort of thing was not in keeping with the progressive spirit of the southwestern metropolis. It was a painful problem, but they had faced such problems before. They had found they needed a harbor and, having no natural harbor handy, they had fenced off the ocean with a breakwater and made a harbor. They had felt the need of more water and, having no sure supply close at hand, had gone a couple of hundred miles to the everlasting snows of the Sierras and brought water enough for 2,000,000 people across the desert in an aqueduct. So they solved their air mail problem in typical Southern California style.

They needed direct air mail service. The government wouldn't provide it. The obvious solution was to carry their mail to a point on the transcontinental route about equidistant from Los Angeles and San Francisco and there transfer it to the government planes, thus giving the two great California cities the same service to points in the Middle West and East.

The whole family travels by air now!—A young couple take their baby aboard a Los Angeles-San Francisco trimotored "aërial parlor car."

IT was with no wild idea of making money that the new line was launched. No airplane line in the world had ever made any money for a sustained period. None was showing any signs of doing so. Europe's long established air lines were amply aided by government subsidies which enabled them to transport their load at a figure considerably below their actual operating expense. No. This line, which they christened the "Western Air Express," was an organization in which those who invested did so more on the theory that they were making a civic contribution than with any thought of profit.

A number of citizens circulated a subscription paper asking for contributions for the establishment of this line. The idea appealed to a number, who subscribed from $1,000 to $5,000. A hard headed business man was chosen for the presidency, an experienced army flier was persuaded to take a year's leave of absence to superintend the actual flying and maintenance, a hustling young business man was picked to stir up patronage for the line, a number of representative and influential citizens agreed to serve on the board of directors—and the Western Air Express sprang into being.

On April 17, 1926, the citizens of Los Angeles saw the first big red plane soar away from a field on the eastern outskirts of the city headed for Salt Lake City, Utah—600 miles away to the northeast. There the letters would be transferred to the government plane that was, at that identical moment, roaring away from its western terminus at San Francisco. What did the civic minded stockholders care if no airplane line in the world ever had acquired any considerable amount of money? Los Angeles was no longer on an aërial sidetrack.

The planes chosen for the new run were Southern California designed and built Douglas biplanes with 400 horsepower Liberty engines. It wasn't entirely local pride that led to the choice, however, as the record for efficiency made by the big steel birds soon demonstrated. Douglas had built the planes in which Eric Nelson, Lowell Smith, and Leigh Wade in 1924 had made the first flight around the world.

With the new born enthusiasm of a community asserting its delight in achieving equality of transcontinental air mail delivery with a favored rival, the people of Southern California multiplied ten times over the daily average of twenty pounds of air mail which had been originating in that region previous to the establishment of the direct service.

Actuated by civic pride, by the novelty of the thing, by genuine desire for speed, they built up the poundage originating in Southern California to a point where for the first few weeks an average of 238 pounds of air mail per day was leaving Southern California.

And day by day the big red planes continued to leave on time and to arrive on time. Those who had at first used the air mail out of a desire to support a worthy cause or just for the novelty of it found that there was a genuine saving of time far beyond their expectations.

And as the planes continued to arrive and depart with the regularity of clockwork, the citizens continued to patronize them. Instead of falling off, the air mail total grew and grew.

All abo-o-oard!—The crowd gathered at a Western Air Express station to watch one of the passenger planes take off.

Soon the company, which had instituted a passenger service to Salt Lake City to swell the company income in the hope of making expenses, made the discovery that the air mail sacks were becoming so heavy and so bulky that it was no longer possible to carry two passengers per trip. One of them must make way for the additional mail. Business was good.

The hustling young business man was digging up more and more mail for the planes to carry. The ex-army pilot had established a unique system of operation whereby each plane flew only six hours out of each seventy-two, undergoing inspection, repair, and overhaul during the remainder of the time. No plane was ever leaving the ground unless in first class condition.

The planes had a reserve fuel supply and margin of speed sufficient to enable them to fly fifty miles or more off their course to circumnavigate storms, and still keep to their schedule. Each plane's reserve of power and fuel of thirty to forty per cent above the normal demand made it possible to meet any emergency.

The end of the first month of operation found a perfect record established. Every trip had been completed on time.

The ordinary mishaps of aviation seemed to have been warded off by careful planning, expert ground management, and careful flying. Month in and month out the big red planes came and went on schedule. At the end of a year of operation, the official report of the Second Assistant Postmaster General gave the company a rating of ninety-nine and six-tenths per cent perfect on its delivery of mail.

Such a record could not be hidden under a bushel. It became a matter of comment not only in the United States but wherever planes were flown. Many of the features of the operation became more or less accepted as standard for model air line operations. As the government turned over its various air lines to private companies, the practices of this western concern became the regular thing.

THE Guggenheim Fund for the Promotion of Aëronautics, which had for some time been awaiting an opportunity to advance the cause of aviation through the establishment of a model passenger air line, came out with the announcement that it would help finance a line of passenger airplanes by means of an equipment loan—and that the operation of this line would be in the hands of the Western Air Express for two reasons:

First, the proposed route between Los Angeles and San Francisco promised to be ideal in the matter of weather.

Second, the unrivaled record of safety, efficiency, and economy made by the Western Air Express gave the best promise of successful operation of this new experiment.

On May 31, 1928, the Western Air Express had been in operation over its original route between Los Angeles and Salt Lake City for twenty-five months. During that time the planes on this route had flown a total of 1,006,545 miles without serious accident to equipment or injury to any employee or patron.

No mail had been lost or destroyed. The operating record was still better than ninety-nine per cent perfect. And, wonder of wonders, for more than a year the company had not only paid a two per cent quarterly dividend, but had piled up a cash reserve and was continuing to do so.

On that same date, the Western Air Express had been operating for a week one of the finest passenger air lines in the world. Operating three giant trimotored Fokker twelve passenger planes furnished by the Guggenheim

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-SIX]

fund, this company was making daily flights each way between San Francisco and Los Angeles, 400 miles apart.

Departing from a modern passenger station with every convenience and facility provided those who travel by rail, the passengers hop from the ground at 10:30 sharp. Flying at better than 125 miles an hour they pass high over the vast panorama of California. Promptly at 1:30 the giant plane glides to earth at the destination. It holds to schedule regardless of unfavorable conditions, for these planes can attain a speed of more than 150 miles an hour.

Far off in Colorado big red planes of the Western Air Express fly daily between Pueblo and Denver and Cheyenne, Wyoming — carrying mail, express, and passengers between these points. Down in Southern California plans are now being made to operate a line of amphibian planes between Los Angeles and Catalina Island.

One of the mail and passenger planes with which the Western Air Express set its record.

The obvious question that arises on reading this strange story of the air line that succeeded and made money where others have failed is: "How come?"

The answer is double barreled.

First: Efficient management and operation. Anticipation of financial loss made the management doubly watchful of expense. Overhead was cut down. A few efficient employees were used, instead of cheaper ones in larger numbers. In the operating end, it was obvious that losses were the result of lack of care. Careful choice of pilots and planes, a good excess of speed, gasoline capacity greater than the normal amount needed, and a painstaking system of care and inspection proved the adage that an ounce of prevention is worth the proverbial pound of cure.

Second: Civic support, promoted originally by local pride, but maintained and increased by perfect service. Government figures divulge the fact that Southern California, with only two and one-half per cent of the nation's population, sends or receives more than twenty-five per cent of the total national air mail volume and approximately forty per cent of the total transcontinental dispatch.

Previous to the establishment of the Western Air Express, Los Angeles sent about twenty pounds of air mail per day. This total has mounted gradually until during May, 1928, the average poundage of the Western Air Express was in excess of 700 pounds daily.

Further figures on air mail volume given out by the Post Office Department emphasize this point, showing that the Los Angeles-Salt Lake line has the highest per capita air mail use of any section of the United States, being for the year 1927 approximately four times that of its closest competitor. The second highest area in per capita air mail use is the Pueblo - Colorado Springs - Denver - Cheyenne line, which is also operated by the Western Air Express. Here are the figures of the Postmaster General for 1927:

	Per 1,000 Population. Lbs.
Los Angeles-Salt Lake line	119.4
Pueblo-Cheyenne line	33.1
San Francisco-Chicago line	32.1
Dallas-Chicago line	30.0
Transcontinental route New York-San Francisco, including New York-Chicago overnight service, first half of 1927	14.7
Same during second half of 1927	27.2

Boiled down, these facts should present a sure formula for successful operation of an air line—and here it is:

1.—Convince yourself that your air line is a civic necessity, but that you're sure to lose money on it; hence procure the best possible business management and operating brains to keep expenses down and efficiency up.

2.—Convince the public you serve that they should patronize the line because it is a civic enterprise, because it is safe, and because it saves time and time is money.

3.—Deliver the goods.

A simple formula, isn't it?

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

'Twas Better to Wait

Luanne, two years older than her baby brother, is proud of the fact that he is cutting his first tooth, and watches every opportunity to broadcast the good news.

"See, Bobby has a new tooth!" she proudly announced to a friend of her mother, trying to open the baby's mouth at the same time.

Bobby protested loudly against such treatment, and Luanne, seeing her efforts were useless, said, "Oh, well, it doesn't matter, it isn't finished anyway."—Mrs. A. C. Hutchins, 1815 Sixth Ave., Des Moines, Ia.

* * *

Cold Comfort

Betty was riding in an automobile on a bumpy road with her grandmother and aunt when her grandmother was bounced up and her head bumped against the top of the car. As she complained a little, Betty said sympathetically, "It'll feel better when it twits hurtin', dranma."—Mrs. Homer E. Tate, 1500 Hilton Ave., Ashland, Ky.

This Ethan Allen figure identifies the genuine Ti-con-der-oga box.

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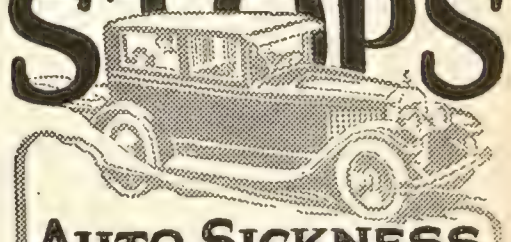

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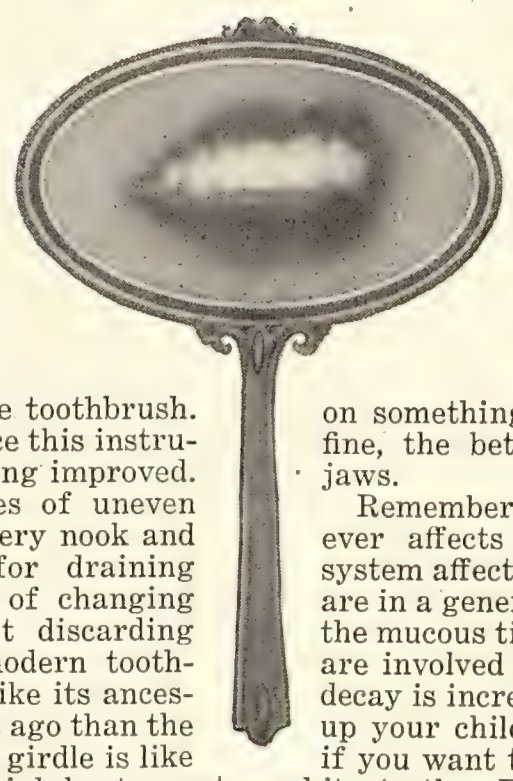
When Beauty Smiles

By Eileen Bourne

IF Beauty's smile isn't all it ought to be it certainly isn't the fault of the dentists. They not only work like mad to educate us in the proper care of our thirty-two separate troubles, but are always creating some better way to achieve the dazzling effect everybody desires.



Of course, it all begins with the toothbrush. Under expert advice this instrument is always being improved. What with bristles of uneven length to reach every nook and cranny, devices for draining them, and means of changing the brush without discarding the handle, the modern toothbrush is no more like its ancestor of twenty years ago than the present day elastic girdle is like the old fashioned high-bust corset.

Some fanatics in the dental college are even advocating the abandonment of the brush for a wad of cotton, which may be thrown away after use. But most doctors agree that if you sterilize your brush frequently and hang it in a sanitary place to drain, you are fulfilling all important hygienic demands.

The main thing is that we should accept a keen sense of responsibility toward our molars and bicuspids. Many of us are still far too casual about them and are apt to neglect the daily use of the simplest equipment.

Dental floss is one of the most important items. It will do what the most aggressive brush will not do—pass between teeth which grow close together. It should be used the last thing at night to remove the danger of decay due to minute particles of food, for it is during the night that the unpleasant process is most active.

When it comes to dentifrice, our mentors give us no absolute rule to follow. Most dentifrices are useful chiefly in forming a soapy film which removes the mucin plaques from the surfaces. Present opinion is opposed to doing any home work with powdered pumice. It is too severe for the enamel, and the dentist knows best how to mix and use it. You can, without harm, use a little paste on a piece of cotton or soft cloth for polishing. Once a week is enough for this.

Only a complete change of environment and diet, however, can save us from the advisability of three or four dental cleansings daily. If we lived on hard foods we might have molars and bicuspids that were naturally clean and resistant. The more apples and crusts we eat, the more closely we approach this happy state. And the harder and longer we chew on something we can grind up fine, the better for gums and jaws.

Remember, also, that whatever affects the stomach and system affects the teeth. If you are in a generally acid condition the mucous tissues of the mouth are involved and the danger of decay is increased. Don't bring up your children on soft foods if you want them to have hard, white teeth. The human animal mustn't forget how to bite.

Perhaps, therefore, if you are suffering from tender or infected gums, an increase of crisp and raw foods on your menu will help. Local treatment consists of medication prescribed by your dentist, and of a gentle massage. To prevent receding gums milk of magnesia is good. Still better, especially in cases of pyorrhea, is a wash consisting of two drops of the fluid of ipecac in half a glass of water.

BRUSHING the gums, not hard but with a quick rotary movement, gets up the circulation and overcomes excessive sensitiveness. There is a suction treatment used by some dentists for cleansing the gums which has proved helpful.

Another dental enemy is tartar. This is a deposit of lime which in adhering to the teeth threatens to corrode them. It must be mechanically removed, and this is another job for the dentist. You can, however, do a great deal to prevent its formation by using fruit juice as a nightly mouth wash. Orange juice or unsweetened grape juice curdles in the mouth and dissolves the mucus. Furthermore, it acts as an antiseptic cleanser of tongue and membranes.

So you see that most preventive dental work costs nothing but trouble. As for service charges at the dentist, they may be kept down if you park yourself in his chair every few months and have every defect taken care of while it still is small.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page Liberty Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

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The Get-Up of the MALE

A Slight Leer at Men's Fashions

By

IRENE KUHN

Pictures by F. N. WEATHERLY

(Reading time: 16 minutes 58 seconds.)

I'M tired of all this male yapping about women's clothes!

In fact, I'm fed up with the smug complacency of men in this matter of their own clothes, and gorged with their endless critical chatter about women's fashions. I'm bored with the alleged wise cracks from press and stage about the way we girls rig ourselves out, and in this era of true confessions I'm glad I can tell all. The men can like it or leave it.

"Where's my pants? Where's my tie? Did you see my collar button? Who in heck took my cuff links?"

Every time they get dressed they yodel the same old Whine Chorus. And if the womenfolk laugh up their arms, they have good and ample reason for mirth.

Women have been kidded for years about the complexities of their clothes. Cartoonists have made fortunes depicting the trials of the maidless home when the husband is pressed into service to help his wife dress.

Wisecrackers from behind the footlights have padded the business of their acts with inane chatter on feminine foibles. Even the boys who bellow over the radio broadcast airy persiflage about our trappings.

Back in the bustle age, when dresses buttoned or hooked up the back, and in those gay in name only '90s, when a lady would just as soon appear in public without her dress as without her corset, there was some excuse for it.

But what's the matter with the men? Don't they know that eons and eons ago, as married life is measured, women got tired of being hooked up wrong all the time by clumsy and complaining spouses? Don't those tired business men who go to the theater realize that the corset is about as extinct as the horse car?

Are they all so tongue-tied that the men who are married haven't passed the word around that women's dresses for years have been slip-ons—over the head and on—with a jerk of a belt here and a snap or two there?

And surely some of them at least have observed the phenomenon known as the freedom of the knees! Skirts for women have gone up; and it looks as if we were smart enough to be able to keep them up to where we want them—at the knees: an elevation that has given all the moralists nervous prostration, but which has furnished all of us women with a new pride in keeping trim figures. For you can't be fat and wear short skirts.

When we hitched up the skirts we cut down the shoes—witness, now, women wearing low cut pumps and slippers all the time. The début of the low cut shoe was simultaneous with the low cut coiffure. Women descended on barber shops and ordered the attendants therein to "make it short."

But have the men done anything about their depressingly monotonous uniforms? They have not.

They continue to rant about women's clothes even while they themselves are incased in the slavish armor of sartorial tradition. Their necks are stiff and sore, but unbowed.

Lest the men think that I'm alone in my opinion of their foolishness, let me quote from a recent speech made in London at the Royal Society of Arts by Lord Dawson of Penn, the King's physician.

"One of the best things we can do is to imitate our womenfolk," said Lord Dawson. "For not only have they added to the gladness of life by the beauty of their dress, but a number of women have improved their physique out of all proportion to us males.

"I wear six garments, including shoes," says the author, "and the result, if I do say it, is a well dressed woman who will never give anybody eye trouble." This is the author.

Have you seen the derby hats with the little red feathers stuck inside the ribbon band? Strut, peacock, strut!

"Another point worth noting is that it takes the modern girl far less time to dress and undress than it does the modern man."

Lord Dawson should be hailed as the emancipator of his sex.

Have you ever taken a really good look at the get-up of the male? Have you ever wondered how masculine personalities survive the dull, flat sameness of their garb?

Have you ever counted the number of buttons a man has to button before he is what he calls dressed? Have you ever wondered at the silly fetishes to which men cling in their apparel—collar buttons, shirt tails, buttonholes without buttons and buttons without buttonholes?

Stiff collars and stiff shirts—sometimes, anyway—woolen suits in summer, and woolen golf stockings no matter what the temperature! Where, in the face of these absurdities, do they get the nerve to rap us?

Let's begin from the skin and work out.

We'll take the women first and dispose of them, showing what a simple and painless process is dressing for the feminine sex.

© Wide World

The modern miss can slip out of her pretties in just six motions and three minutes minus.

[CONT. ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE GET-UP OF THE MALE]
[Continued from page sixty-nine]

I wear six garments, including shoes. The ensemble consists of a combination brassière, girdle, and bloomer arrangement which is adequate, comfortable, and attractive. Two stockings, rolled, thus eliminating the necessity for garters, two shoes, and a dress, make the total, which weighs very little but serves all purposes, including protection and modesty.

A coat, hat, and gloves make four more for outside wear; and the result, if I do say it as shouldn't, is a well dressed woman who will never give anybody eye trouble and can always make the train on time.

Now let us cast a pitying eye upon a representative of those critical sons and husbands as he struggles in the morning to collect his clothes and make himself presentable.

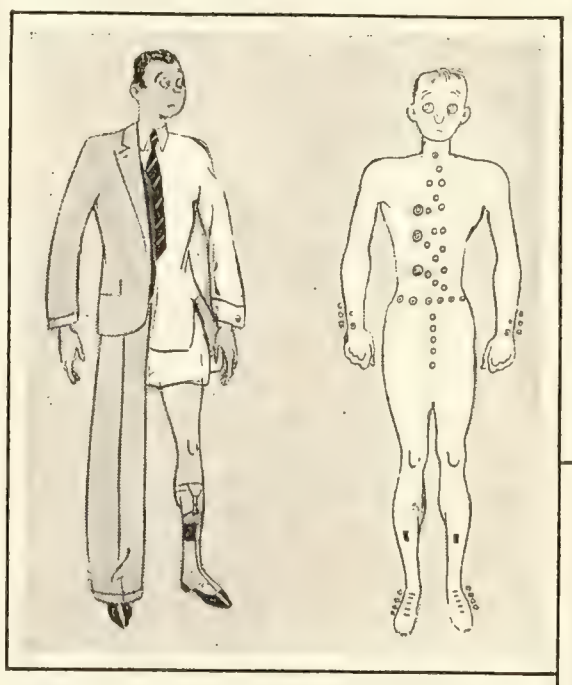
Men's clothes are emphatically plural.

First, there is that modern garment, the athletic one piece union suit. This garment has been evolved from that popular underwear duet of shirt and drawers. Modern though the union suit is, it has at least six buttons in front and one in back.

Next come the two socks and their supporting company, the garter twins, each of which must first be hooked to the sock in two places and buckled around the leg. Five pieces already, and our big, strong man is not even ready to step out from behind the dressing room door.

On goes the shirt—six buttons down the front, an always refractory hole for a collar button in back, and two starch clogged slits for the collar button in front, not to mention those awkward cuff links.

By this time the pants have been found under the diminishing pile of clothing on the chair. Pants have more buttons than a watermelon has seeds. Six in front, six metal or bone disks to hang suspenders on, and another on each hip pocket, the principal reason for which seems to me to be so that the button manufacturers can give their blonde girl friends diamond bracelets.



Button, button, who has the button? According to the author, modern man has—about fifty or sixty, she says, and most of them unnecessary.

MOVING up again to the neck, a collar and a tie enter the picture. Some men who are meticulous about things and have plenty of time go in for a tie fastener, a tie pin, and arm bands—pegged down like a circus tent in a storm, they are.

Before we take off seriously on this collar and tie stuff, let us give our harassed male time to put on his shoes. He'll need it, for his shoes are probably laced boots, and I'll bet the laces are broken, or one or two of the hooks. Maybe he wears low shoes and spats. Those dog blankets have four or five more buttons apiece and two buckles!

I just mentioned a certain type of man who goes in for tie fastener and arm bands. This type prefers suspenders to a belt. Where suspenders are hitched on to their four buttons in front and two rear, a belt has to travel through six or eight loops on the pants.

The belt is, to be really fair about things, permanent equipment, as far as daily traveling is concerned. But, you know, there are particular males who change their belts daily; and with these the belt has to make the loop circuit daily. Or take the case of the man who changes his suit daily and has only one belt—he's in the same fix.

Some wary ones who always carry an extra pair of specs go in for both suspenders and a belt. That's caution.

And now, to get back to that collar and tie. The profanity that is put into circulation when that front collar button balks always makes me wonder how long men can remain as dumb as they are about some things and still live.

Take the cravat, now. The real purpose of the necktie, after all, was to keep the neckband of the shirt together.

But does man use a modest, neutral colored tie for the practical purpose for which it was intended? Not much! He thinks almost as much of his decorative tie as he does of his right eye.

Back in the days when men's imaginations let them in for rainbow hued silk and velvet clothes, they used to wear, in lieu of a tie, a lace thingumabob that hung from the collar band. It was called a jabot or kerchief. It was not all lace, for it was a sneeze catcher as well.

After the neckerchief had done double duty in the names of decoration and utility, a few of the more sensitive of the young bloods whose hay fever was particularly bad revolted. They began carrying these ker-choo-ker-chiefs in their hands. The custom became popular and in no time at all the cambric and lace what's-it became a hand kerchief.

While in contrast to mere man Miss 1928, as our x-ray drawings show, does not sport one single button in the whole six garments she wears.

When the hand kerchief was finally transferred permanently from the hand to the pocket, the tie around the neck, with a single mission—to bind decoratively—had become a fixed mode, too.

Starting life as a cravat, and a broad one, it has thinned down to a slim four-in-hand, and sometimes it expresses itself in a bow, often an automatic bow.

This, to my mind, is but the handwriting on the neck. Men, by this token, would seem to be tiring of the labor their involved dressing requires. They are getting rebellious, too, I'm told, about collars, especially stiff collars. If they are really serious about it, I'll lay off this collar subject if they will stop yapping about us.

How does our little weskit? It does nicely, thanks, with six buttons down the front and a belt and a buckle in back!

And the coat? The double breasted model has three buttons down the front for active service, and three more for nothing more important than the observance of tradition.

It has from one to four buttons on each sleeve. What for? Because the tailors have been doing it that way since the first one did it in England to discourage the use of the coat sleeve in place of a handkerchief among English schoolboys.

The exterior decoration of the male requires the presence in his lapel of a buttonhole for which there is no button. The lapel slit is used as a flowerpot, or as a sort of miniature sandwich board for those lodge markers which men collect as they become joiners.

The overcoat is similarly peppered with buttons, and often it has a halfway belt on the back, which does no work but still wears buttons.

Now, before we take a census of the pockets in men's clothing, let's count the buttons. Approximately fifty-eight or sixty. And there are a lot more that no wife or mother knows about until she's asked to sew 'em on.

Why is a shirt tail? What reason or purpose is there for the existence of that part of the shirt that is below the belt? It is excess and bulky baggage with which no modern woman would ever think of burdening herself.

The nearest counterpart in feminine garb that I can think of is an apron. But if it *is* an apron, why keep it in retirement? Why not give it a chance to see the world from out front, where it would do its plain, apronlike duty?

MY idea about this shirt business is to amputate the tails. It has often been discussed, but the men go right on being dumb about it. Why don't you men hitch your shirts with an elastic band at a normal waistline, the way the girls hang their bloomers?

If the shirt could once be "detailed" into the blouse section and man assured that it wouldn't ride up over his belt, I think he'd like it.

The pajama manufacturers have started it with a new type of night garment that fits around the waist and eliminates the drawstring arrangement.

And that brings up another subject—pajamas.

Women can get to bed with one up and off movement, and one down and on. And the result, clothed in pink crêpe de Chine, is really very attractive.

The harassed male has to button himself in all over again, and into two garments, the lower one of which he ties on for good measure.

And did you know that some pajamas have pockets which button? *Pourquoi?* Heaven only knows!

I have refrained, for reasons of modesty, from revealing all, despite my threat some paragraphs back, for my acquaintance with the intimacies of men's dress was obtained from a slim husband who had no need for those other unmentionable garments which are worn by men with Santa Claus figures.

But they wear 'em. I know they do. I have friends who have fat husbands who have told me so, and who, with tears of chagrin, have displayed these garments at a private showing. They call them abdominal supporters. But let's be frank about them.

They're really masculine corsets, and you'd be surprised to learn that some of our really fine men go in for them, buttons, elastic, and all. They're white as a rule, not pink, however.

Are men vain about their figures? My dear, have you ever watched them before a mirror, any mirror, from full length glass to the subway slot machine tinies? What were mirrors placed behind the old saloon bars for? Women didn't go to those places then.

Vain? What's the bird that does the barnyard crowing? The rooster (male). What's the bird with the long tail of many colors that's always shaking its iridescent greens and blues in the sunlight? The peacock (male).

At the last opening of Congress in Washington the papers devoted almost a column to the masculine styles of the lawmakers.

"Knight of the old classic dress," was the term applied to Senator Thomas Heflin of Alabama.

"Speaker Longworth's sartorial supremacy will be challenged, it appears," read the article, "by Representative James M. Beck of Pennsylvania, whose attire attracted favorable attention as he took the oath of office. They dress after the *current fashion.*"

And the reporter, after noting that Senators La Follette and Blaine were *faultlessly and formally tailored,* said that Vice President

Dawes refused to be *stampeded* into formality.

Nevertheless and notwithstanding, they are all slaves to the collar button!

In commenting on the four women of the House, he said: "They dress conservatively in what might be termed 'business style,' such as women wear to club meetings of various kinds. There are no frills or furbelows about them."

The four women members undoubtedly had no time for frills and furbelows. They probably spent most of the morning helping some brother or husband find his clothes.

What do men lose oftenest, besides their temper? Their collar buttons, of course.

Battles, matrimonial and otherwise, have been fought over missing collar buttons. Shins, furniture, and dispositions have been marred irreparably in a search for the elusive little devils in the dim morning light, with the train whistling around the bend. Fortunes have been lost because the collar button went into conference under the bureau.

WHEN tempers have been ruined, where do we usually find the missing collar button? In the cuff of the male's pants leg.

Why are cuffs on pants? Do they serve any purpose other than catching dust and disappearing collar buttons? Not one.

They are as useless as the extra pockets on men's clothes. Just a minute until we total the number of pockets with which an American male surrounds himself. List to the list:

Coat—3 outside, 1 inside. Vest—4 outside, 1 inside. Pants—2 side, 2 back, with a smaller pocket at the belt, side front, for the watch. Some pants even have an extra inside secret pocket for the bank roll, to fool the bandits.

You've all heard the stage comedian who finds a woman's purse and details its contents—powder and rouge compacts, lip stick, change, handkerchief, etc. It just shows how smart we girls are. We assemble all our small belongings in one readily accessible place.

A man has fourteen pockets, exclusive of his overcoat, in which to lose things—and how!

The next time you go to a wedding, watch the best man fumble through his pockets for the wedding ring and hold up the business of uniting two loving hearts. And if you are delayed in a line at the entrance to the orchestra seats, here is the reason. One of those big, efficient men is looking through all fourteen pockets, and maybe the four in his overcoat, trying to find his tickets.

Here are a scant few of the items I've seen from time to time in the average man's cloth pigeon holes, sometimes all of them at once:

Cigars, cigarette case, pipe, tobacco pouch, soiled and clean handkerchiefs, fountain pen, pencils (all without points), glasses, theater ticket stubs, nail file, comb, nail clippers, seven papers of matches (one in every "important" pocket), old letters, the little old red book of addresses, a memo book, a patent lighter, a watch, an empty cigarette package, a circular letter from an oil company, advertisement of a remedy to cure baldness, receipts, bills, knife, snapshots, auto license, keys, bottle opener, a flask (in one of the rear pockets), collapsible cup, cigar clipper, aspirin tablets, cigarette holder, pocket mirror—oh, yes, some of them carry 'em!—elastic bands, newspaper clippings, spectacle case, chewing gum, bill case—sometimes with money in it—small change— But why go on?

Women take time in dressing because they enjoy the ritual, not because they have to. I can beat any man dressing, and I've done it with one to whom I was married. I've done it with many others who were sleeping in the same hotel as I was, when the alarm sounded—one of those newspaper stories where somebody got a clew in the middle of the night and everybody had to chase it immediately.

I can hang up a record for dressing in three minutes flat, because I don't have to shave or button fifty-eight buttons.

Have you ever watched a man shave? More fun! The best of them do it in five minutes and cut themselves only twice. A two minute shave by an expert rates eight cuts. Before they can get away to a frothy start, they have to find the razor, swear through the shelves of the bathroom cabinet for blades, and then adjust one. The antique razor has to be stropped as well. Two minutes more.

The soap must be groomed into a well foamed lather. Another two minutes. The lather must be slapped on. Let's say that takes a minute. We'll give the boys the benefit of the doubt and say it requires only five minutes to prepare for the shave.

Five to prepare, five to perform, five more for the styptic pencil, court plaster, or bandages, and then at least another five to decide where to throw the used razor blades.

I merely mention this shaving angle, in passing, as an instance of the style slaves that men have turned out to be.

Not that they weren't when they didn't shave to speak of, because then beards and mustaches had to be curried and curled. And before that the boys had wigs to powder and fix.

Every time I hear a husband vocalizing on the subject of his wife's marcel or water waves, I think of the men who go to bed with pompadour promoters or protectors, as the case may be—skullcaps to keep the thatch sleek and well groomed, boudoir football helmets that sometimes tie under the chin and that are supposed to cause the hair to lie flat and behave.

And I think, too—though never without a chuckle—of the mustache curlers that some of our biggest and strongest men wear, following the example of the former Kaiser Wilhelm.

HAVE I mentioned hats? There are just five kinds for practical use that men may wear—stiff straws, soft straws like panamas and bangkoks, soft felts, derbies, and silk toppers, stiff or collapsible.

The collapsible topper is popular with bachelors who night-club until breakfast, when they return to their hotels or rooms with coat collar turned up, topper crushed under the arm, and a cap on the head, fooling nobody.

The smart man, the sportsman, when he goes a-voyaging, wears a cap. If he gets to the Orient, he breaks out in an elephant hat, the dear ol' sun helmet of the tropics which the bronzed Englishman with that well tubbed look wears so well.

And oh, girls, have you seen the derby hats with the little red feathers stuck inside the ribbon band?

Strut, peacock, strut!

The feathers, silly as they are, may indicate a hopeful sign of awakening clothes intelligence in man; that is, if they are symbolic, if they are the red feathers of revolt.

If men will take a page from the feminine fashion book, the chapter on ease and efficiency in clothes, they may, in a century or so, advance to the point where women are now. I'd suggest, as an experiment, a union suit that is equipped with long socks, silk or lisle, attached, so that garters may be eliminated. Further, buttonless shirts, with the tie painted or embroidered on the cloth; and coat and pants in one, somewhat after the manner of the present day flying suit, only better fitting, and equipped with patent fasteners.

In the meantime, while you men are taking years to decide how to make yourselves clothes comfortable, let up on the kidding of women's clothes, which are in the postgraduate class while yours are in the prekindergarten.

We've got you lashed to a clothing store dummy when it comes to looks, simplicity, and comfort!

THE END

Why is a shirt tail? asks the author. And follows it up by saying it ought to be amputated and shirts hitched with an elastic band at the normal waistline.

Like drinking the saline waters *of the* European Spas

EACH year distinguished people from all over the world throng to the spas and health springs of Europe.

At Vichy you see them—at Carlsbad, Aix, Wiesbaden—gaining relief from their physical troubles.

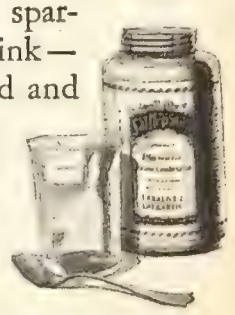
Many are the ills which these health waters relieve—indigestion, rheumatism, headaches, poor complexion. And the reason is very simple; these waters are charged with valuable salines that are the natural enemies of acidity and constipation—cause of many, many ills.

Sal Hepatica—the practical equivalent of these famous spas

Few of us have the time or the opportunity to take the "cure" abroad, but still we may enjoy the benefits of the Saline Treatment. For Sal Hepatica, with its delicately blended natural salines, is the practical equivalent of these famous health waters.

Like them, Sal Hepatica cleanses the intestines promptly and clears the blood stream of poisons. And because it neutralizes acidity, corrects constipation and helps normalize bodily functions, Sal Hepatica is a great standby in relieving indigestion, headaches, rheumatism, poor complexion and a host of varied ills.

Dissolved in water, Sal Hepatica bubbles up into a sparkling effervescent drink—pleasant to take, mild and thorough in effect. Your druggist has Sal Hepatica. Get a bottle to-day and keep it always on hand.



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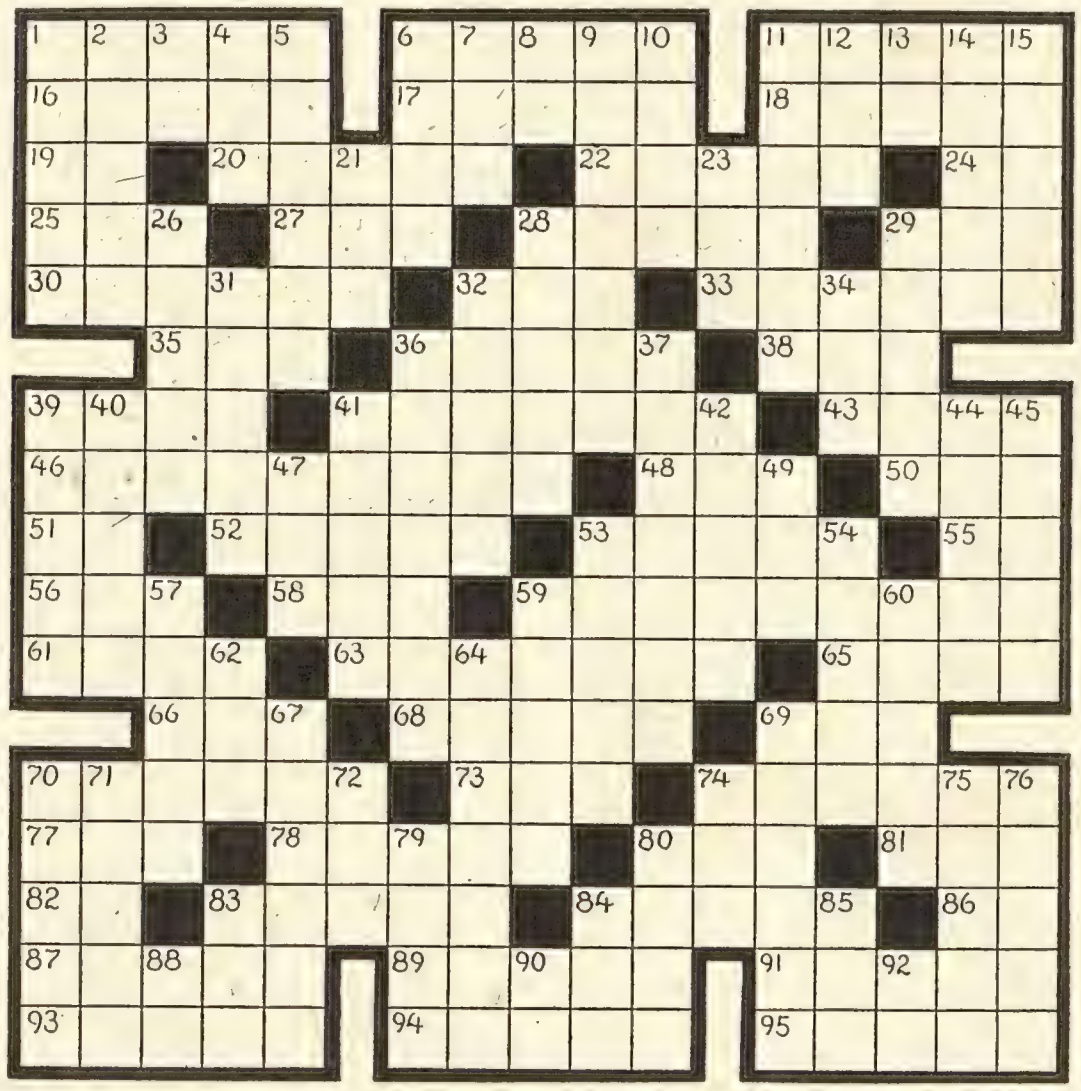
Broken Square Puzzle

Here is a design which presents words of from two to nine letters, with none unkeyed. Also, it is well within the most rigid restriction as to black squares, the proportion being less than one to six.

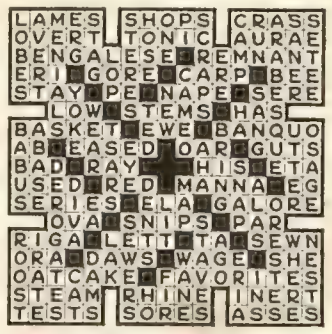


HORIZONTAL

1 Less
6 Gush suddenly out
11 Not new
16 Erse
17 More recent
18 Doorkeeper in a lodge
19 Toward
20 Keenly desirous
22 American Indian
24 Measure of area
25 Printer's measures
27 A Siouan Indian
28 Cringe
29 Evening
30 Emblem
32 Mire
33 Proceeded on
35 Sloths
36 Scorched to hardness
38 Droop
39 Classify
41 Stopped undesiredly
43 Division of time
46 Substance of which anything is composed (plural)
48 Dude
50 Having little humidity
51 Exists
52 Pickles in brine
53 Priestly associate of Moses
55 Sun god
56 Alighted
58 Letter of the Greek alphabet
59 Pertaining to the back part of the skull
61 The brother of Jacob
63 Descendants of Shem
65 Plays idly with
66 Measure of length
68 Auctions
69 Sty
70 More serene
73 Color
74 Marks denoting insertions
77 Suffix used to form plural nouns of agency
78 Warm
80 Rod, as of metal
81 Perch
82 Note of the scale
83 Stone mug
84 A duck
86 Letter of the Greek alphabet
87 Follow as a consequence
89 Rent
91 Memoranda
93 Mentally sounder
94 Ethereal salt
95 Rends

VERTICAL

1 Minute objects
2 Sarcasm
3 The symbol of nickel
4 Utilize
5 Military caps
6 Killed
7 Equality
8 Note of Guido's scale
9 Reshape
10 Fishing boat having a well
11 Shops
12 Nervous twitching
13 The symbol for aluminium
14 Permission
15 Strayed
21 Girl (colloquial)
23 Atmospheric moisture
26 Shrewd
28 Ringlets
29 Moved forward gradually
31 Lacerates with the teeth
32 Coarsely ground grain (plural)
34 Negative
36 Likenesses
37 Mars
39 To look joyous
40 Fertile spot
41 A companion of Paul
42 Daughter of Oceanus (Greek mythology)
44 Disposition in regular lines
45 Former English gold coins
47 Rodent
49 Sharp, quick, explosive sound
53 Mimed
54 Saltpeter
57 Chinese weights
59 Lubricated
60 Character of sound (plural)
62 City in Germany
64 Sea soldiers
67 Alphabetic symbols
69 Progenitor
70 Goddess of growing vegetation
71 Central part of an amphitheater
72 Female ruff
74 Lowbred, presuming person
75 Regulator
76 Game at cards
79 Stack
80 Litter for the dead
83 Entreat
84 Compass point
85 Deer
88 Symbol for tin
90 By
92 Symbol for tantalum



Answer to last week's puzzle

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18
COLORS

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Olive Green	White
Violet	Orange
Medium Blue	Pink
Light Blue	Brown
Dark Blue	Yellow
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Sepia	Green

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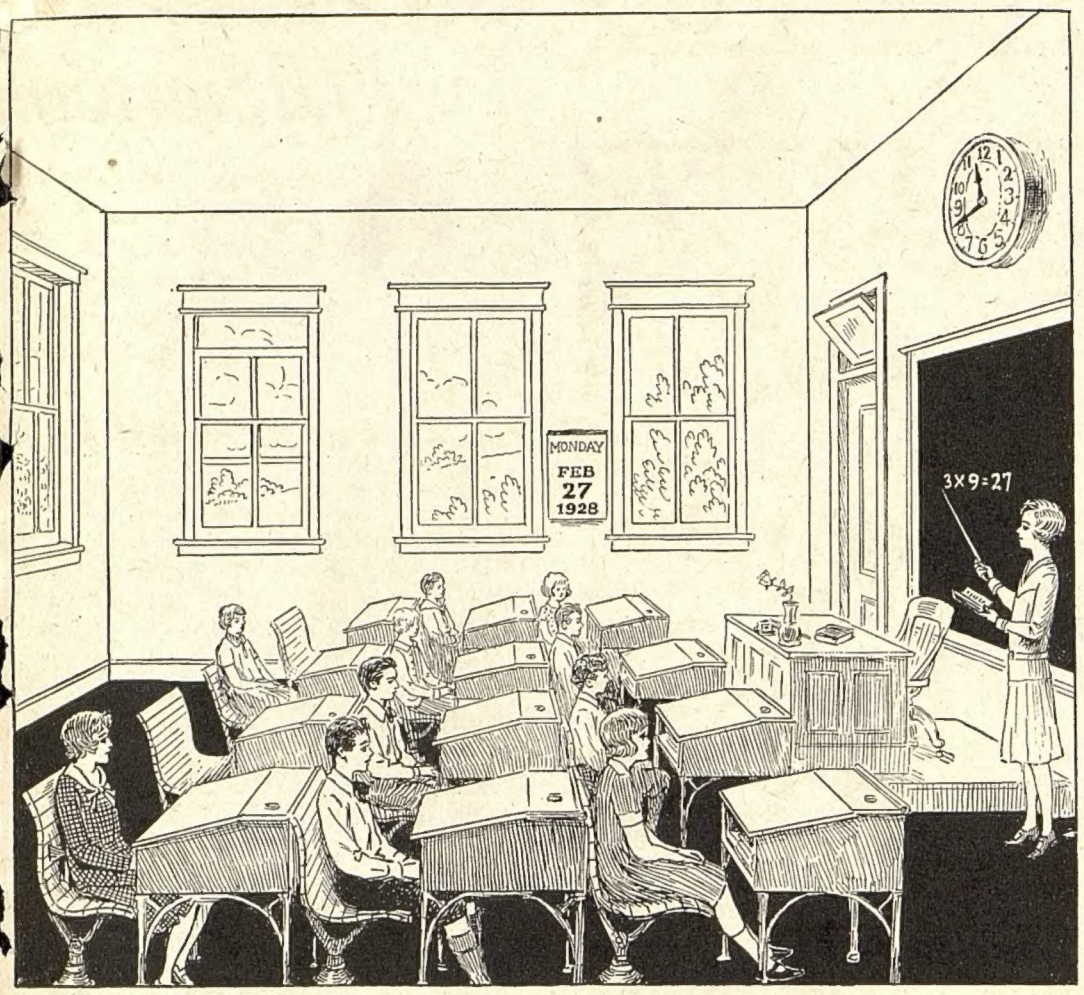
Mind Tests



THE extent of your ability to note and to remember details may interest you. Test it by examining the above picture for one minute; then cover the picture and see how many of the following questions you can answer correctly:

How many windows are visible?
Are all of them closed?
How many pupils' desks in each row?
Are all of them occupied?
Is the teacher's desk on a platform?
What is shown on the blackboard?
In which hand does the teacher hold a pointer?
What does she hold in her other hand?
What date does the calendar show?
What time does the clock indicate?

IN the following sentences you are given a choice of words which sound alike but are spelled differently and have different meanings. Cross out those which cannot be used correctly in the sentences in which they appear. Time limit, one and a half minutes.

1. His reign / rein / rain was longer than that of the former king.
2. To pare / pear / pair fruit is to peel / peal it.
3. The capitol / capital of main / maine is Augusta.
4. Installation of officers was an impressive write / right / rite.
5. The bough / bow is the four / fore part of a ship.

ANSWERS: Cross out (1) rein, rain; (2) pear, pair, peal; (3) capitol, main, mane; (4) write, right; (5) bough, four, for.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 33

1—The Himalayas.
2—Five, six, and four, respectively.
3—A sailing vessel of the fifteenth and the following centuries. Used especially by the Spaniards.
4—Parker House.
5—An expert in precious stones, or a cutter and polisher of them.
6—From limit to limit; throughout the whole region.
7—Right and left.
8—James Whitcomb Riley.
9—Key West, Florida.
10—James K. Polk's.
11—Obadiah.
12—Queen Victoria of Spain.
13—Fratricide and sororicide, respectively.
14—Mississippi.
15—It is a contraction of "fourteen nights."
16—Great Britain.
17—In Brazil. It was explored by Theodore Roosevelt.
18—Ellen Terry.
19—Jules Émile Frédéric Massenet.
20—A passage with only one outlet, as a blind alley.

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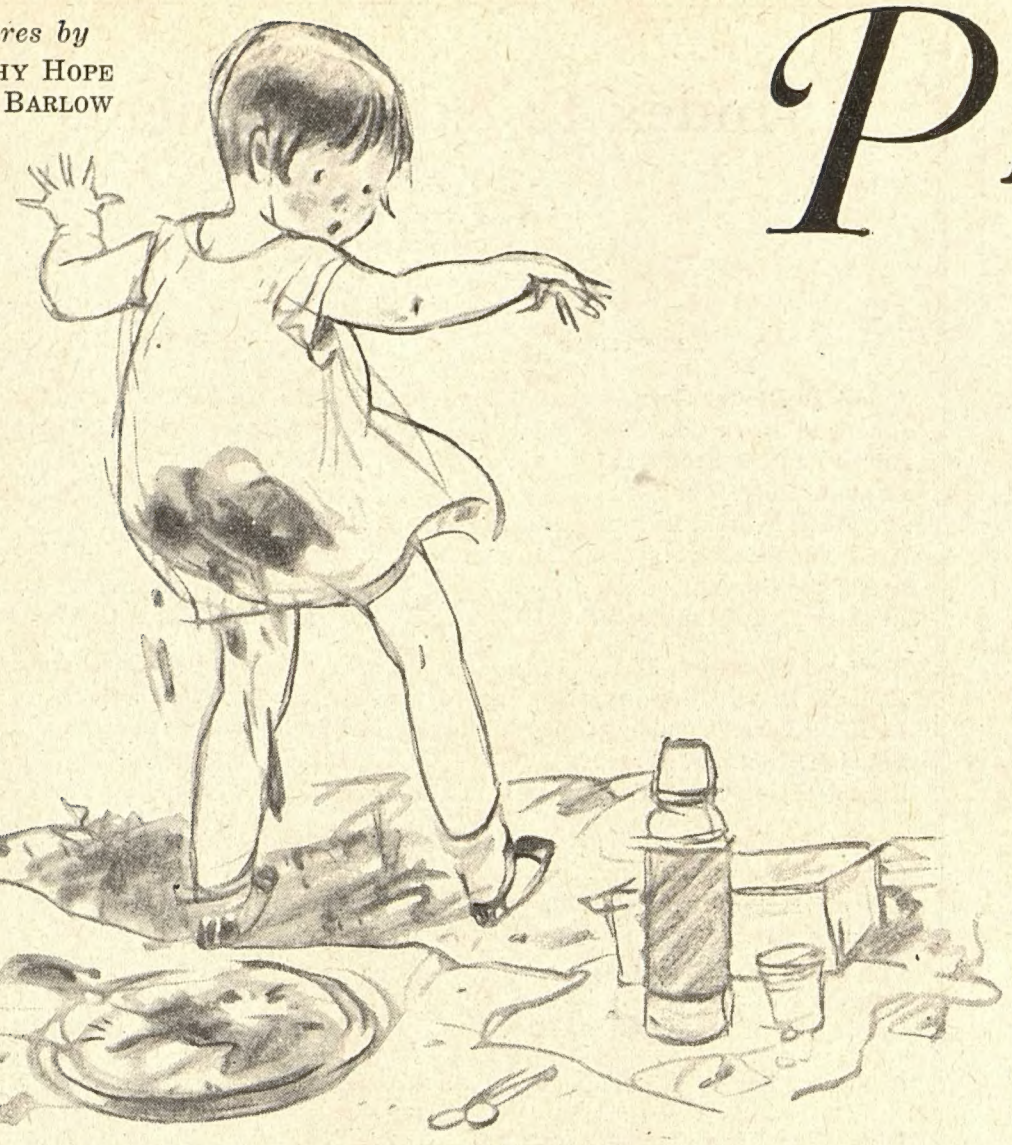

They don't put black berry pies down where you're going to sit at parties.

PARTIES *Are* Better

As Dictated by TONI, JR., *to*
ANTOINETTE DONNELLY

(Reading time: 4 minutes 8 seconds.)

DEAR WORLD:

I've been to a picnic.

A picnic isn't a party. It only seems like one when you're getting ready to go. You get scrubbed up just as hard. Your ears and behind them gets washed. Also, your hands and your knees. And your hair gets brushed. And you're tole for goonness sake please try not to rumple it all up before you get started. Also, your dress shouldn't get all mussed up too. And to try to be good so everybody'll be proud of Mother's little girl.

I don't think everybody was proud of Mother's little girl at the picnic. I don't think anybody was. I wasn't very proud of her myself.

You can't be very proud of anything when you've got an Ant inside of you.

Did you ever have an Ant inside of you? Or a spider? I don't know if I've got a spider too. The spider didn't walk over my sand wich right before I took a big bite like the Ant did. But I couldn't find the spider either after I took the bite.

I don't see why they invite ants and spiders and mis-keetos to picnics. Although Mary says that's what makes it a picnic.

So I asked Mary what she liked better—picnics or parties. And she said picnics *and* parties because you got lots to eat at both. But Mary didn't eat a Ant. So I told her I liked parties best. And Mary said what did the Ant taste like. And I said it didn't taste. It runned so fast it must have got down before it got tasted.

And she said is it running fast now. And I said yes, feel it. She feeled it. But she said that isn't a Ant. That's a olive. I said olives didn't run fast like that. She said they did too. They runned all over the picnic table when Uncle Frank broke the bottle open.

Anyway, I like parties best. Because they don't put black berry pies down where you're going to sit at parties. And you don't get your dress all spoiled sitting down in black berry pies. And you don't get scolded for spoiling the pie, also for spoiling your dress.

And parties aren't wet like picnics are. I mean I never was at a wet party. But Uncle Frank was at one once. I heard him telling my Daddy it was the wettest party he ever was at.

When we got up in the morning Mom said it was a perfect day for a picnic and she'd make the sand wiches while Mary and me was dressing weselves. And when she was making the pie we got Janey and Nancy and the new doll ready to go. Mary said she'd take her little washtub and I said I'd take my bicycle also the doll carriage and Mary said she'd take hers too. So when Mom got the big basket all ready and filled with cakes and sand wiches and pies Mary and me was ready with all our things too. When Mom saw them she said this is not moving day you can't take all that stuff along.

Then it looked for awhile as if there wasn't going to be any picnic. I mean with us in it. Mom said if we didn't stop that crying and acting up we'd stay home and she'd go to the picnic without us.

I would have liked it for a dress only for the mis-keetos.

Then she said she'd let us take our little suit cases and Mary could carry the tin cups in hers and I could carry the paper plates and napkins in mine.

We went on a train. We didn't nearly get off. The conductor said I called it out three times, Ma'm. How did I know you wanted to get off here? And Mom said but we've got to get off here. So he pulled a cord and she grabbed us and herself all up in a hurry and we went flying out as fast as we could.

When we got out Mary membered she forgot her suit case. She started to scream. I membered I forgot mine too so I runned after the train but it beat me. It went so fast. And my green hat was under the seat where we sat, too.

SO Mom said, well, so long as we're here we'll have to make the best of it. And pretty soon we came to where the picnic was in the woods. And a lady was fixing up a long table.

When she saw Mom she said I'm so glad you came. Where are the cups and the plates and the napkins. And Mom said I guess they're in Albany by now and Toni's hat is with them. But the lady didn't laugh at Mom's joke.

Anyway, Mom told Mary and me we'd better run along and keep out of the way for awhile. When we kept out of the way for quite a long while Mom thought she'd better come and see what we were up to. But before she got to the pond Mary had run screaming to her that I was drownded.

I wasn't drownded. I'd only gone down twice and you have to go down three times to get drownded.

Anyway, when Mom grabbed me she was saying something. My ears were so full of water and so was I that I couldn't hear what it was. But it didn't sound like scolding—not until we both came up where the picnic people were all wringing wet. I mean we were wringing wet—not the picnic people.

My clothes were hung up on a line to dry.

I thought from something Mom said I was going to be hung up to dry, too. But they found a towel which I had to wear for a dress, too. I would have liked it for a dress only for the mis-keetos.

Anyway, I like parties best. Because they don't have ponds at them nor mis-keetos nor ants or olives to run around in you when you come back home.

Do you know who Rosemary Rosie Elephant Seal is? Well, she's a little girl who—but read about her next week.

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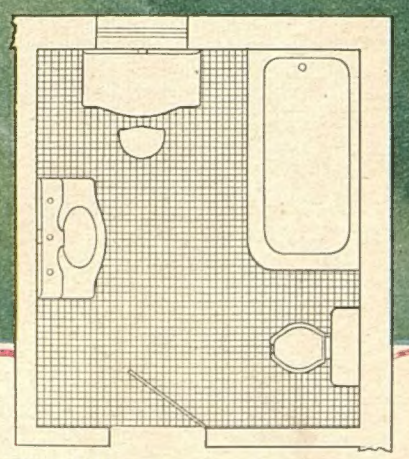

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